aturday Evening Post · June 5, 1965 · 25c

POST

CORRUPTION IN MASSACHUSETTS A STATE ON TRIAL

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

I SPIED FOR THE RUSSIANS PART TWO

TEDDY KENNEDY: Is he running for President?

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
LIBRARY
BOX 927
BIG SANR

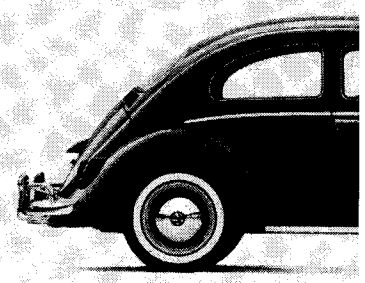
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN YOUR THOUGHTS SUMMER JOYS ARE NEVER-ENDING. NOTHING KEEPS YOU OUT OF THE SWIM, AWAY FROM THE MERRIMENT, APART FROM THE PARTY. NOTHING CAN...

IF YOU USE THE COOL, CLEAN, FRESH PROTECTION OF TAMPAX

BATHING SUIT BY PETER PAN. DRESS BY JR SOPHISTICATES. COIFFURE BY PIERRE HENRI.
TAMPAX® INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION IS MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



©1963 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Is the small car going out of the picture?

They're growing the new cars much bigger this season.

And to think that only a year or two ago, it was just the other way around.

For a while there, you could buy a car that you could actually park on the first try. And that didn't need power this and power that to get around the block.

We're going to miss them. And we think a lot of other people will, too.

Because we think there are people who still want to put a sensible amount of money into a sensible amount of car.

So prepare yourself: the 1966 Volkswagen will be exactly the same size.

And it will have exactly the same shape.

Volkswagen dealers will still have parts to fit any VW ever made.

And the people who are buying 1965 Volkswagens won't feel as though they're driving last year's model.

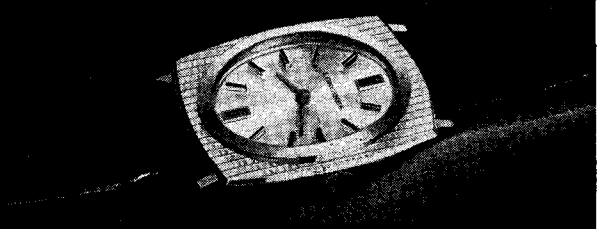
Maybe most small cars are going out of the picture. But there's one small exception.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

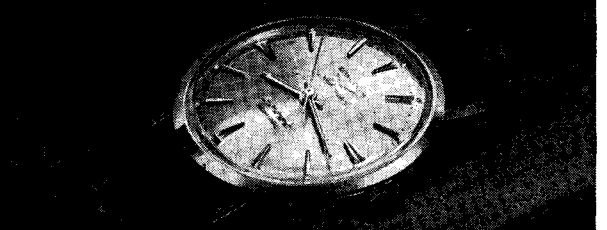
FOR SALE ONLY BY FRANCHISED JEWELERS AND JEWELRY DEPARTMENTS

LONGINES THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

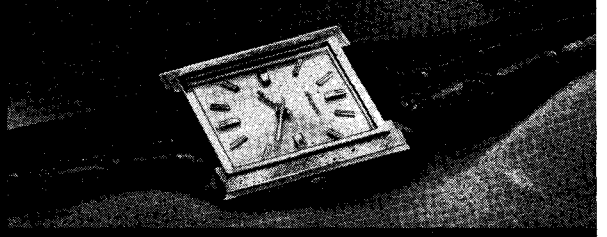
LONGINES WATCHES
SPECIALLY SELECTED
FOR FATHER'S DAY



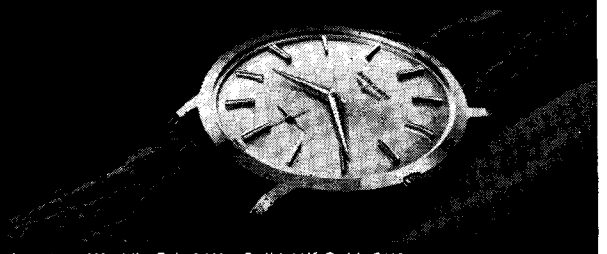
Longines World's Fair Deluxe 2855—Solid 18K Gold, $185.



Longines 5 Star Admiral 1470—Automatic, All-Proof, $120.



Longines World's Fair 2620—Solid 14K Gold, $150.



Longines World's Fair 2411—Solid 14K Gold, $110.

HONOR FATHER WITH AN HONORED LONGINES —IT'S THE ULTIMATE COMPLIMENT

No father is too young—none too mature for the thrill of pride your thoughtfulness will evoke. He will wear your Longines watch lovingly—show it with joy. No other watch in the whole world has been so frequently and consistently judged superior for excellence, elegance and accuracy—none is so uniquely the world's most honored watch.

For example, during the past 10 years alone, Longines has won more official honors for accuracy in Government Observatory Competitions than any other timepiece.

A Longines is a man's watch par excellence—choice of famous scientists, explorers, pioneer aviators—official watch for championship sports all around the globe.

Longines offers you highly perfected automatic watches, automatics with calendars, elegantly styled dress watches in solid karat gold, wrist chronographs, even watches for skin divers—the choice is almost limitless.

See your Longines-Wittnauer Franchised Jeweler. There you will find Longines watches, good advice and competent service as well. He will be honored to serve you and your family.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY
Since 1867 Maker of Watches of the Highest Character
Longines-Wittnauer Building, Fifth Avenue, New York

10 World's Fair Grand Prizes
28 Gold Medals

LEFT *Longines Creation M 1932—Solid 14K Gold Bracelet Watch with Calendar, $350.*

RIGHT *Longines Diamond Dynasty 2853—Solid 18K Gold, 13 Matched Quality Diamonds, $275.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening
POST

Founded in 1728 by
Benj. Franklin

WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. Editor

OTTO FRIEDRICH Managing editor
ASGER JERRILD Art director
FRANK KILKER Associate art director
DON McKINNEY Chief articles editor
WILLIAM EWALD Assistant articles editor
L. RUST HILLS Fiction editor
MARSHALL LUMSDEN Photography editor
STEWART ALSOP Washington editor

Senior articles editors JOHN APPLETON (books); HILLEL BLACK (general); SANDFORD BROWN (business); THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (national affairs); WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK (national affairs); LESLIE HANSCOM (entertainment); JOHN HUNT (speaking out); ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (national affairs); DAVID A. LYLE (foreign); MICHAEL M. MOONEY (general); JEANETTE A. SARKISIAN (general); STEVEN M. SPENCER (science). **Assistant** BARBARA J. POSEN. **Editors-at-large** JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, ROGER KAHN, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN. **Contributing writers** TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, EDWARD BEHR, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, MYRON COPE, SANCHE DE GRAMONT, ROBERT P. GOLDMAN, PETE HAMILL, C. ROBERT JENNINGS, STANLEY KARNOW, MARVIN KITMAN, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, RICHARD LEMON, RICHARD WARREN LEWIS, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, ROBERT K. MASSIE, CHARLES McCARRY, GILBERT MILLSTEIN, DON OBERDORFER, JAMES PHELAN, JERRY A. ROSE, WILLIAM SAROYAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR. **Senior fiction editors** MacLENNAN FARRELL, DAVID McDOWELL. **Associate fiction editor** SUSAN STANWOOD. **Assistants** ANN BAYER, FRANCES GERALD, GERALDINE KRUG. **Technical photography director** JOHN HARM. **Assistant photography editor** ROGER VAUGHAN. **Associate photography editors** ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, SALLY A. REUKAUF, JOSH EPPINGER III. **Contributing photographers** JOHN LAUNOIS, LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER. **Regional photographers** OLLIE ATKINS (Washington); BILL BRIDGES (Los Angeles); LYNN PELHAM (Miami). **Photo lab** ROBERT MOORE (chief). **Senior copy editors** RICHARD L. LEHMAN, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER. **Associate copy editor** NORRIS RANDOLPH. **Assistant** MARY ANN O'ROARK. **Layout** JOHN DAXLAND, DAVID HANNUM, GERALD T. COUNIHAN. **Editorial production** FLORENCE CONWAY. **Assistant** RITA ORTIGA. **Research** LIA SMITS (chief); AYŞE GÜRSAN, MYRA L. BLUESTEIN, MARILYN FLAIG.

J. M. CLIFFORD President
JESS L. BALLEW Publisher

© 1965 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published biweekly; twenty-six issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa. and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $3.95; 2 Yrs., $7.45; 3 Yrs., $10.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Pan American countries, 1 Yr., $5.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $6.95. UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, J. M. Clifford, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres., Publisher, The Saturday Evening Post; John S. Connors, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. Executive offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Editorial and advertising offices THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

IN THIS ISSUE

June 5, 1965 • 238th Year, Issue No. 11

Articles

I hate Paris in the springtime *(Speaking Out)* . . . . . *Robert Daley* 10
The intellectuals and Vietnam *(Affairs of State)* . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 18
Ceiling zero *(The Human Comedy)*. . . . . *William K. Zinsser* 22
Massachusetts: Rogues and reformers in a state on trial . *Edward R. F. Sheehan* 25
Horses in the living room . . . . . *Daniel P. Mannix* 36
"I spied for the Russians" . . *Robert Glenn Thompson with Harold H. Martin* 38
India: Downhill toward disaster . . . . . *Stanley Karnow* 78
Shirley Temple: Her eyes are still dancing . . . . . *C. Robert Jennings* 93

Fiction

The battle of Squashy Hollow . . . . . *P. G. Wodehouse* 50
The survivors . . . . . *Theodore Weesner* 62

Departments

Letters . . . 4 America, America . . . 68 Post scripts . . . 76
Hazel . . . . . 90 Editorials 98

About this issue

To uncover the complicated story of political maneuvering in Massachusetts, EDWARD R. F. SHEEHAN spent six months interviewing every leading political figure in the state, as well as many of the more obscure members of the legislature, and poring over innumerable volumes of state records. But despite the state's history of corruption, Sheehan finds the picture not altogether gloomy. "Massachusetts may have a poor reputation now," he says, "but tremendous improvements are being made, and I think the state has a marvelous future." A native of Boston and a graduate of Boston College, Sheehan is a former foreign correspondent and was a press attaché at American embassies in Cairo and Beirut. He is author of *Kingdom of Illusion*, a novel published by Random House, and is now at work on a novel about Massachusetts politics. . . . DANIEL P. MANNIX, who tells about HORSES IN THE LIVING ROOM, has written extensively about animals and is author of the book *All Creatures Great and Small*. . . . Cover photograph by TED POLUMBAUM.

Edward R. F. Sheehan

Moving?

Don't forget your Post and we'll send you this moving guide!

The Saturday Evening Post offers the New Home Journal to every subscriber who is moving. If you will let us know your new address at least EIGHT weeks before you move, you won't miss an issue of The Post, and we will send you the New Home Journal free. It helps you plan your move, saves time, trouble and money. For others it costs $1. The post office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. To keep your Post coming, send us your new address, including Zip Code, and a label from a back copy. For service adjustments send your latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia Pa. 19105.

The Saturday Evening Post
The Curtis Publishing Co.
Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

Please send my free copy of New Home Journal. I will be moving to my new address on this date:

month____ day____ year____

IF YOU ARE MOVING
PIN LABEL HERE
DO NOT PASTE
Then print your name and new address below.

Name (Please Print)_____

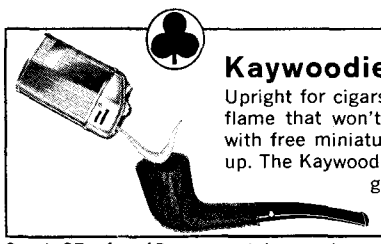
My new address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

☐ Check here, and enclose one dollar, if you want New Home Journal but do not yet know your new address

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

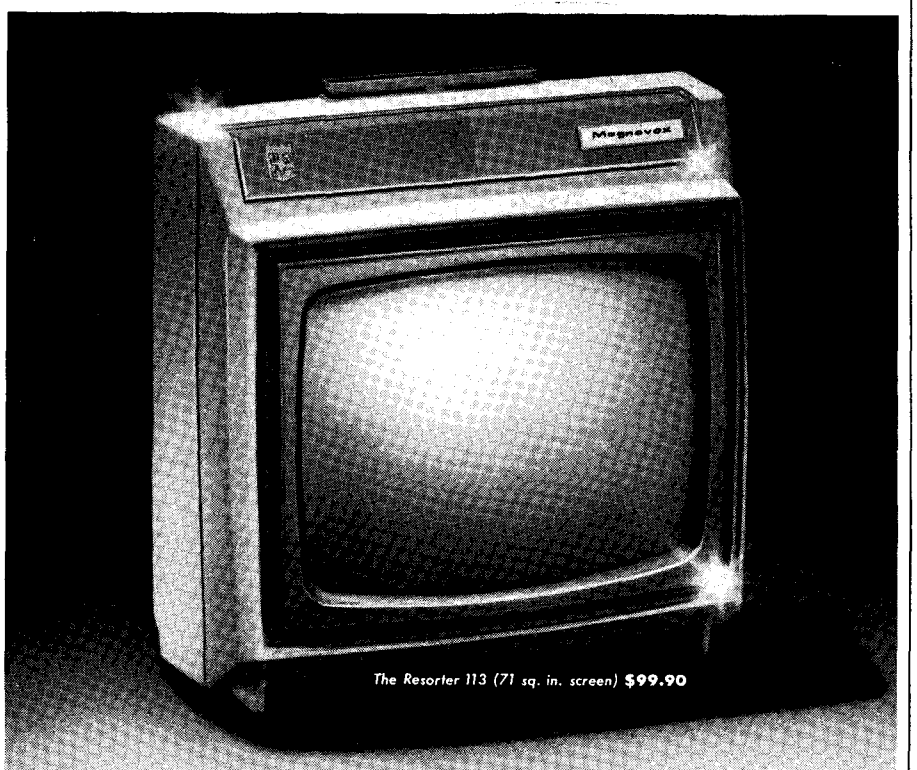
Pipes and sets $5.95 to $2,500



Kaywoodie Butane Pipe Lighter

Upright for cigars and cigarettes. Tilt for large, soft flame that won't scorch your pipe. $9.95 and up, with free miniature refill. Table models $14.95 and up. The Kaywoodie name and quality make it a great gift to give or receive.

Send 25¢ for 48-page catalog and sample of new imported Kaywoodie Tobacco. Tells how to smoke a pipe; shows all shapes and styles. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc. N. Y. 22, Dept. E5.



Magnavox now costs so little, why settle for less?

This beautiful compact TV costs only $99.90...an incredibly low price for Magnavox quality. You get sharp, stable pictures even from distant stations; famous Magnavox sound; the reliability of exclusive Magnavox Bonded Circuitry plus many other advanced features. See the wide variety of TV models...sold direct through Magnavox franchised dealers (listed in Yellow Pages), saving you middleman costs.

the magnificent Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Letters

The far left

Richard Armstrong has left out an important part of the story in his article THE EXPLOSIVE REVIVAL OF THE FAR LEFT [May 8]. The recent revival of social protest is not the mere fanatical activities of a radical left. America has a tradition of marches, picket lines and sit-ins in such movements as prohibition, woman suffrage and unionism.

As a participator in some of the demonstrations, I know for a fact that many of those involved are neither anarchists nor dope addicts, beatniks nor Communists. Many are serious-minded students and teachers who, as is my case, are in "the establishment" and want to improve it. Furthermore, the support of religious or affiliated groups such as the American Friends Service Committee and the National Council of Churches should not go unmentioned.

As much a threat as "the radical left" may be to American democracy, it is minimal compared to those other trends of vandalism and apathy found among the youths of today. Is it not our responsibility to encourage the individuals and groups whose values and activities manifest concern for peace, civil rights, capital punishment and economic welfare?

MICHÈLE WEIDLINGER
Newberg, Oreg.

● When the young far-leftists call the Communist Party "fuddy-duddy," no doubt they are unaware that it is the expert tacticians of Communism who pull the puppet strings to which they dance. Most amazing is the fact that young Americans with brains enough to reach collegiate status are also dopes enough to become dupes of the world-wide Communist conspiracy.

S. OMAR BARKER
Las Vegas, N.Mex.

● As a student at the University of Pennsylvania, I have had the opportunity to observe these so-called "students" and their leftist allies on the faculty in action. These groups are a distinct numerical minority. The radical elements on campus create a clamor which belies their small numbers, but the overwhelming majority of the student body regards them with loathing and contempt.

By attaching themselves to the legitimate cause of the civil-rights movement, the leftists hope to legitimize their real aim, the triumph of Communism at home and abroad. This attempt to put civil rights and Communism in the same package is distressing to the millions of Americans who believe in full justice for the Negro people, but realize that the ultimate goal of the radical left is the negation of human rights.

WILLIAM J. NELMS
Philadelphia, Pa.

● Marxists of all shades and varying political predilections overlook the general prosperity and technological success of the capitalist countries. Instead, they concentrate on the failures of our system vis-à-vis race relations and our infrequent flirtations with McCarthy-like madness.

Those of the extreme right recognize fully the impressive economic gains of our free-enterprise system, but deny *in toto* the obvious democratic imperfections of our society.

Each group admits to half a truth. That is why both are so inimical to our society of freedom and democratic commitment.

RABBI ISRAEL B. KOLLER
Port Arthur, Tex.

Sauna

I'm sure that John Skow's article on saunas [THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING POACHED, May 8] was not meant to deter those who have never had the exhilarating pleasure of one of Finland's oldest fads. An *authentic* sauna utilizes a wood-burning stove with a receptacle on the top for lake-washed rocks (not common fieldstone), a wooden floor, wooden benches in tiers, pine or cedar walls, wooden buckets, a hot-water tank heated by the stove and a cold-water tank. The individual can regulate the degree of heat by sitting on a lower or higher bench for less or more heat, or by pouring a cupful of water on the rocks for even more heat. The necessity of soap should go without mentioning; additional accessories, however, include cedar switches and beer—not, as stated, birch twigs and rye whiskey.

CHARLES H. KANGAS
Loves Park, Ill.

● Without moisture and stones, you bake, not poach, and end up with an *oven* for people, not with a sauna.

Also, there is a fine point missed in the navel anecdote. You translated the Finnish proverb *Lammin ja lysti kun napakin savuua* to mean, "warmly pleasant when your navel smokes." It should be translated something like "warm and pleasant when *even* the navel smokes." This is Finnish humor.

TEUVO A. LANEN
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Subsidized culture

I agree completely with your editorial OUR HUNGRY ARTISTS [May 8], concerning the $10 million to be appropriated to support the arts. I earned my first money as an artist when I was 16 years old, and that was over 25 years ago. I've yet to see an artist who was any good at all not making a comfortable living. The cultural free lunch is a mistake—there are too damned many non-artists, non-writers and non-poets cluttering up the artistic scene as it is.

ROBERT J. LEE
Carmel, N.Y.

● It is my considerate opinion that The National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities has much loftier horizons than your editorial acknowledges: to bring culture to less-fortunate nations, to exchange culture on a world-wide basis; to create goodwill through the arts on an ambassadorial level.

WALTER HORTENS
Society of Illustrators
New York, N.Y.

● ". . . the poet who requires a government subsidy has little of value to tell us."

Why, you smug, self-important, ivory-tower son of The Establishment!!!

A. E. AYOTTE
Miami, Fla.

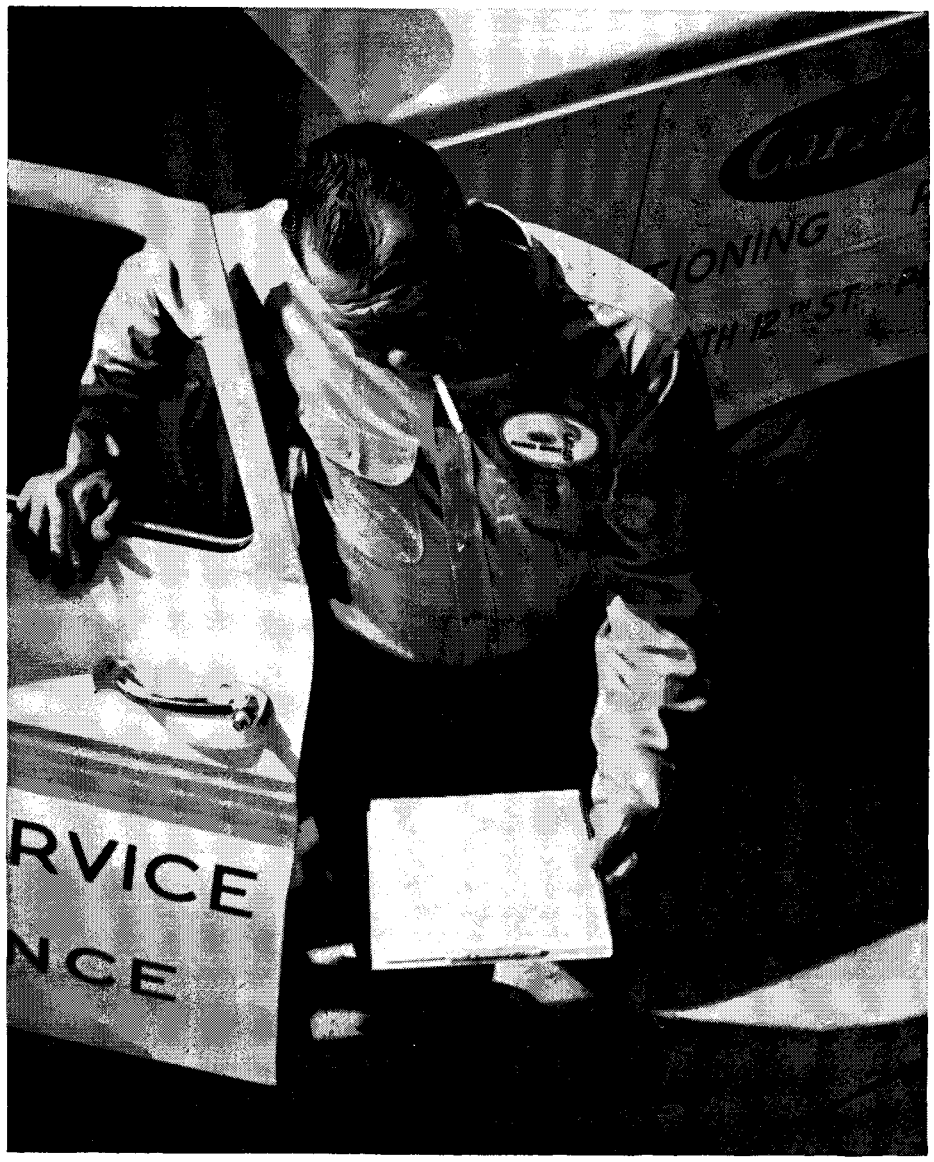
The last surrender

William Zinsser, we pray, will not fly away to Great Britain in June to see the battle of Runnymede (reenacted) until the Civil War Centennial *really* draws the curtain [LOST: ONE CENTENNIAL, May 8]. Brigadier General Stand Watie [Cherokee Indian] officially surrendered the last gun and saber of the War of Secession June 23, 1865, at old Fort Towson, Indian Territory. Due to imperfect communications, Generals Watie, Maxey and Cooper, as well as many thousands of Confederate Indian soldiers, were a bit late in hearing of Lee's surrender and the last gasps of the Trans-Mississippi. On June 23, 1965, the Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma Civil War Centennial Commission, and the town of Fort Towson will celebrate that final event.

DOROTHY ORTON, *Chairman*
Fort Towson Commemoration Committee
Ft. Towson, Okla.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose Carrier air conditioning and get twice the assurance—the brand and the man



Two reputations are important to you when you are buying air conditioning: the manufacturer's and the dealer's. Both Carrier and Carrier Dealers specialize in air conditioning. Another reason why more people put their confidence in Carrier than in any other make.

Carrier Air Conditioning Company

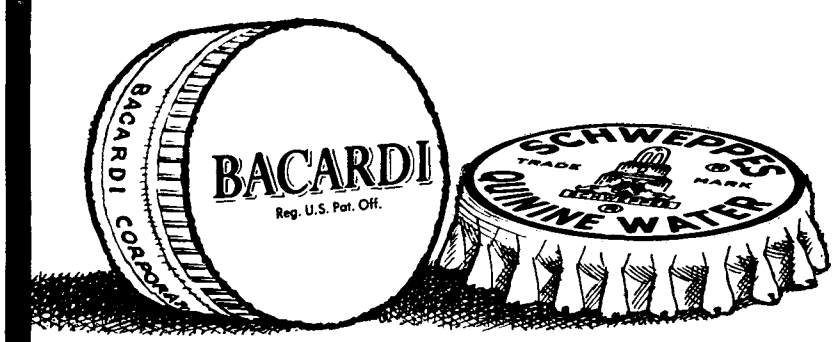
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's a better way to do it

...with a Nicholson hacksaw blade

Quality tools by Nicholson: Files • Rotary Burs
Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades • Hole Saws
Ground Flat Stock • Industrial Hammers

NICHOLSON
Nicholson File Company, Providence, R. I.



DRINKMATES!

Eureka! Bacardi 'n Tonic is discovered as a change for the best!

It's a real find—especially when you're hot on the trail of a cool drink. Smooth, dry, light-bodied Bacardi rum never leaves a trace of sweetness or a hint of aftertaste. So it's a mystery you haven't discovered Bacardi 'n Tonic yourself. It's a good mystery—better get to the bottom of it soon!

TRY A BACARDI® DRINKMATE
ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

© Bacardi Imports, Inc., Miami, Fla. Rum 80 & 151 Proof

Letters

Credit due

What a great cover picture of the window-wall of the Second Presbyterian Church in Fort Lauderdale, Florida [April 24]. What a disappointment to our Studios to get no credit for designing and executing the glass!

Europeans take great pride in their native artists. They recognize them, fete them, subsidize them, and acclaim them. Why is it that American artists are more apt to be treated as if they were commercial enterprises?

MURIEL C. WILLET
The Willet Stained Glass Studios
Philadelphia, Pa.

Farm controls

Congratulations to Alice Pearse Bean for saying, and saying so very well, what all small farmers, striving to be independent and to bring up their families close to nature, have been trying to express by every means in their power for so long. [GET THE GOVERNMENT OFF THE FARM, May 8].

I. B. SKINNER
Middleville, Mich.

• As a desk-oriented city dweller, I have only humble appreciation and gratitude for the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The American people are fed by six percent who till the soil. A constant flow of food and fibers for the industrially and commercially occupied populace is a national need of continual urgency and importance. Agriculture, like transportation, is a business effected by a public interest.

RONALD L. HICKS
Houston, Tex.

• I agree, it isn't good business for the Government to buy grain for which there is no use. But it is good business to keep American agriculture in ready reserve for the day it is needed in its full capacity. Left to our own bargaining capability and the natural law of supply and demand, the 151-acre farms would soon disappear. Instead we'd probably have 151,000-acre farms. Russian agricultural crises are a good illustration of the productivity of large farms farmed without individual incentive.

LOUIS URICK JR.
Britt, Iowa

• Mrs. Bean is under the impression that Congress stampedes to the floors to vote restrictive and overbearing legislation upon the farmers. She must believe that the old "farm block" in Congress still exists. Nothing could be farther from the truth. With the increase in city and urban Congressmen in Washington, it is practically impossible to obtain sound farm legislation. When this legislation *is* obtained, it must be approved by the farmers themselves, by an overwhelming two-thirds majority of those voting.

She states that the wheat farmers voted overwhelmingly "no" in 1963 against a rigid acreage allotment and marketing quota program. Almost half the wheat farmers approved the program, but since a full two-thirds did not vote "yes," the program was killed for everyone. Since these same farmers have produced a great surplus of their commodity, and wanted a control-type program to help stabilize prices and reduce government storage, the voluntary wheat stabilization program was enacted.

If Mrs. Bean did not wish to participate in the wheat program, reduce her planting of wheat and receive the government payment, she should have refused. It was strictly voluntary.

NEAL C. PHILLIPS
Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service
Halifax, N.C.

Coming soon...in The Post

A MAJOR REPORT:

The life of the Russian woman

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

Tragic story of a Hoffa victim

LONG SEARCH FOR LIFE ON MARS

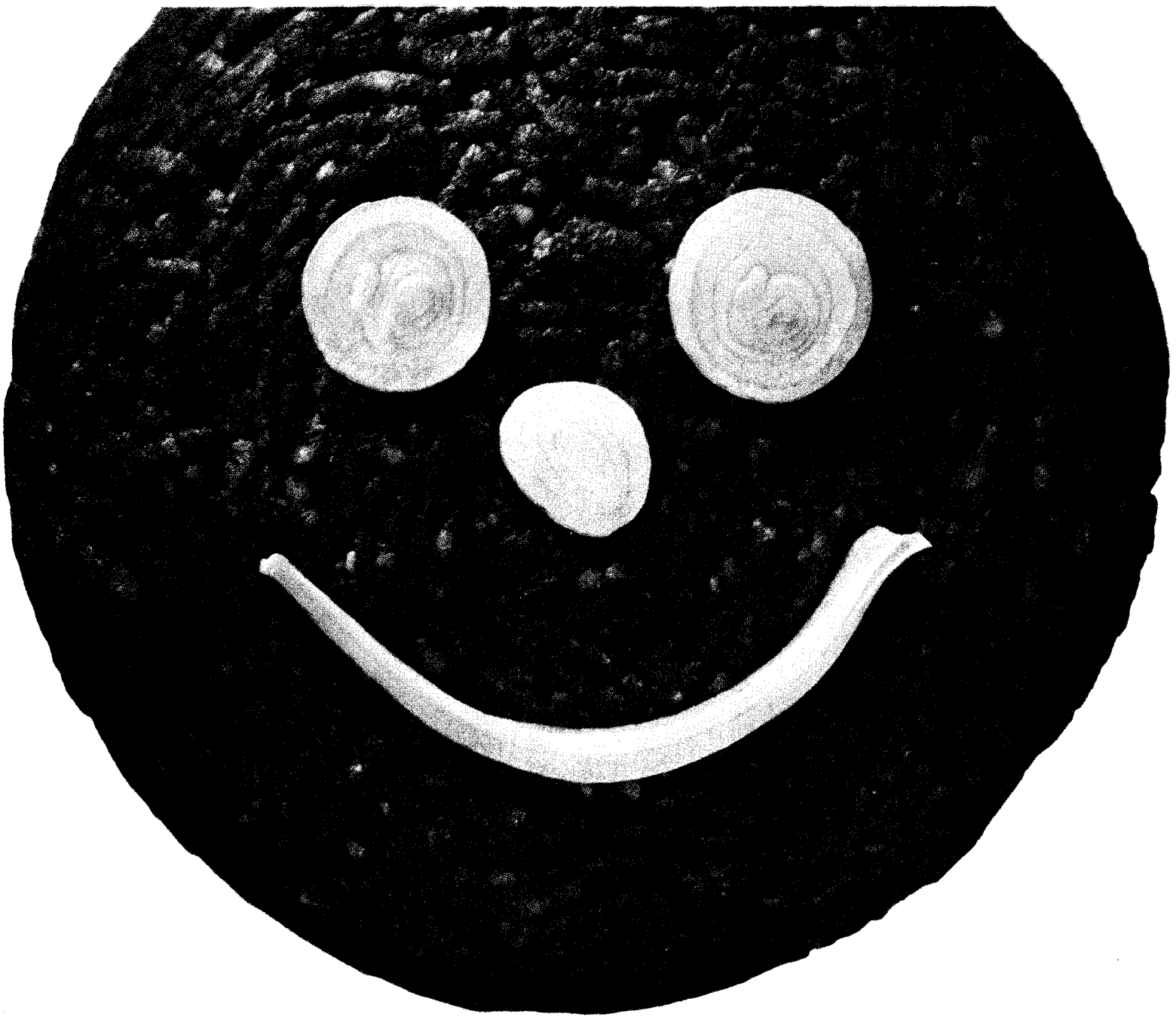
Anatomy of a Klan murder

By WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

3–Andrée Abecassis. • 10–Larry Fried (Pix). • 18–Wide World. • 25, 26, 27, 28, 29–Ted Polumbaum. • 30–UPI, Ted Polumbaum. • 31, 32, 35–Ted Polumbaum. • 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 46–Larry Fried (Pix). • 49–New York Daily News. 78–Raghubir Singh (Nancy Palmer Agency). • 79–David Channer (Nancy Palmer Agency). • 80–Brahn Dev (PIP). 81–Horst Erler (PIP), Murali (Pix). • 82–Sion Samuels (PIP). • 83–Raghubir Singh (Nancy Palmer Agency). • 86, 88–Ted Polumbaum. • 93–Culver Pictures, Don Ornitz (Globe). • 94–Don Ornitz (Globe), Culver Pictures. • 95–Culver Pictures. • 96–Don Ornitz (Globe), Wide World. • 97–Don Ornitz (Globe). • 98–Burt Glinn (Magnum).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ask any hamburger about Philco Instant Cold.

You'll learn that Instant Cold is the most important difference in refrigerators today.

Philco Instant Cold keeps food fresh longer. Chills faster. Gives more cold in less running time. Shrugs off kitchen heat, no matter how often you open the door.

Most refrigerators just don't have the reserve power to keep proper food-preservation temperatures when the traffic gets heavy. That's why Philco developed Instant Cold.

In documented tests where refrigerator doors were opened up to 72 times a day, Philco Refrigerators with Instant Cold maintained uniform food-protecting temperatures far better than six other leading makes. And they chilled foods faster than any other brand tested!

NO FROST, TOO. Of course there's no defrosting ever in this new Philco — No Frost in the refrigerator section and No Frost in the freezer. Your choice of colors at no extra cost. And the Model 17RM58 shown gives you a giant 16.3 cubic feet of space in just 30 inches of cabinet width!

NEW POWER SAVER. Saves electricity the others waste. Just push a button for peak performance with far greater economy. You save as much as $15.76 a year* in electric bills. It's a Philco exclusive!

Isn't this everything you could want in a new refrigerator? Of course it is. Ask any hamburger. Better yet, ask your Philco dealer.

*Based on locale and national average electric rates.

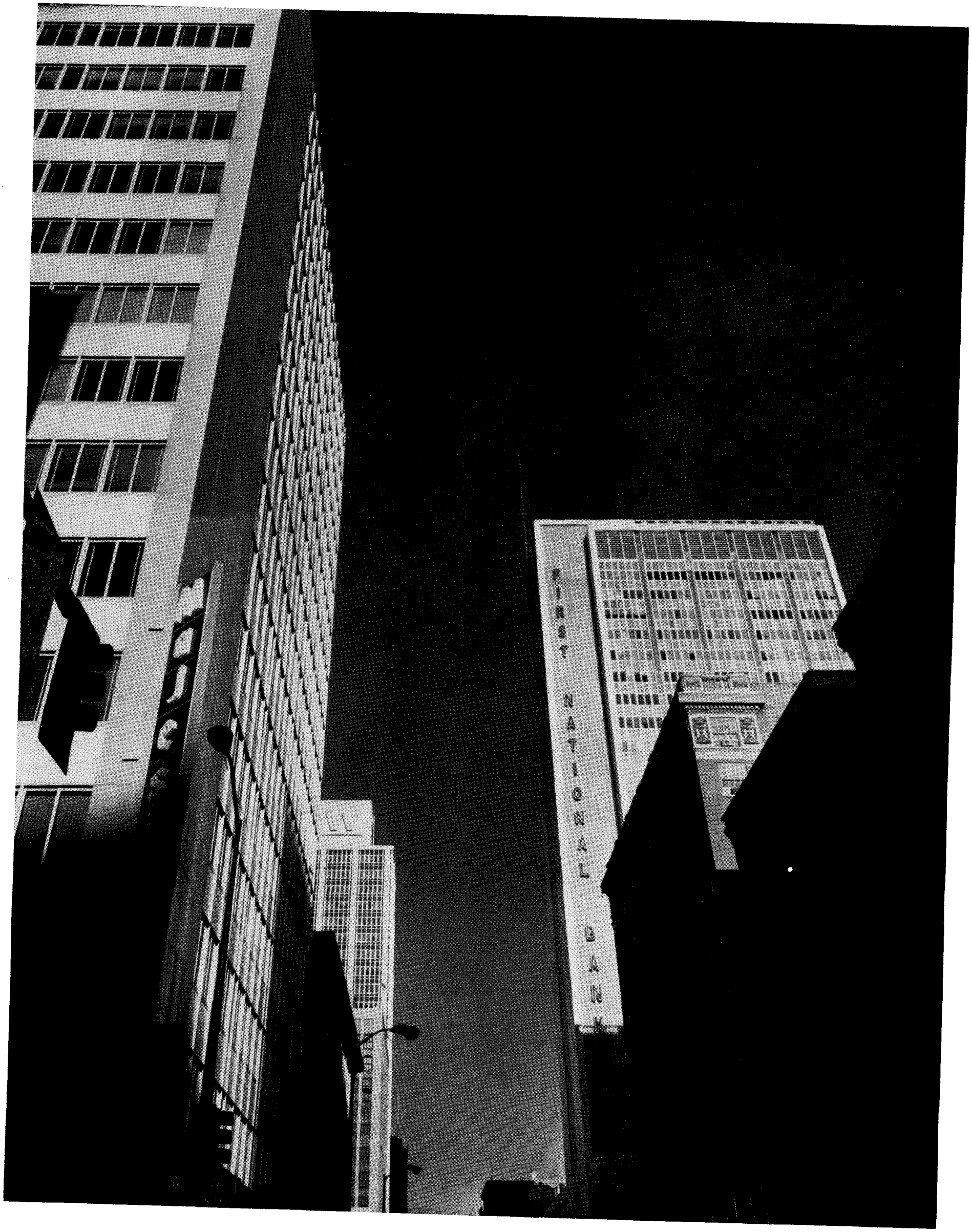
For the name of your nearest Philco dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

PHILCO

A SUBSIDIARY OF *Ford Motor Company*

TELEVISION · STEREO PHONOGRAPHS
RADIO · HOME LAUNDRY · RANGES
REFRIGERATORS · AIR CONDITIONERS
FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Denver, ten years ago:

Boomtown with a water crisis

Back in the Fifties, Denver, Colorado, was Boomtown, U.S.A.—one of the fastest growing cities in America. Business and industry expanded rapidly. One third of a million people moved to Denver.

But the city wasn't ready for the explosive population increase. How Denver faced up to its critical hour is absorbing reading.

World War II triggered Denver's big boom . . . and its critical water problem.

Denver became a major staging area for the Armed Forces. And an important manufacturing and supply center. After the war Denver's role as headquarters city for the entire Rocky Mountain states area expanded rapidly.

Major oil deposits were discovered in the northern U. S. More than 150 oil industry firms moved to Denver. Office requirements almost doubled overnight. Air transportation boomed. Then, in the mid-Fifties, the city became the production center for the Titan missile operation.

Water and survival

With new residents averaging 1800 a month, Denver officials were faced with a major water crisis. Existing water supplies simply could not meet the soaring demands.

The people of Denver—a metropolitan oasis on a semi-arid plateau along the eastern side of the Rockies—have always been conscious of water management. They have to. The area's average rainfall is less than 14 inches a year.

Plans had even been made for the eventual development of the abundant water sources on the western side of the towering Continental Divide, an incredibly difficult and costly job. Borings had been started on a 23-mile tunnel. But the explosive growth of the Fifties took the city by surprise. Denver's Board of Water Commissioners was forced to "blue pencil" a line around the city, completely cutting off expansion of water service in the suburbs.

Metropolitan Denver was literally strangled by its limited water supply.

Then came the punishing droughts of 1954, 1955 and 1956. Almost water bankrupt—with only a half year's supply in its reservoirs—Denver had to convert its long-range dream into swift action. A package program—calling for an immense speedup on the tunnel project and construction of massive Dillon Dam on the Blue River—was submitted to Denver's thirsty citizens in August, 1955.

An expensive solution

The cost was huge: $75,000,000. But the promise of robust growth was bright. The bond issue passed by a resounding 14-to-1 margin. Work began immediately.

And on July 17, 1964, after many months of 24-hours-a-day work, clear mountain water started pouring through Roberts Tunnel at the rate of 130 million gallons a day.

The water was desperately needed. By 1964 metropolitan Denver had become home for more than a million people—70% of them dependent on the Denver water supply. And 1964 was another drought year. The city could not have survived without the Blue River water.

Today, Denver expands daily as the financial nerve center of the Rocky Mountain area. Its 1400 manufacturers employ 70,000 people—a 67% increase.

Denver has become a major U. S. center for government activity. And an important education center. It has attracted a variety of new industries, including a glittering complex of research and development organizations.

Bank clearings for Denver, not including the five-county metro area, totaled nearly $13 billion in 1962—up 117% over 1950. Buying income for the metro area was up to $2,523,233,000 annually.

The "Blue Line" has been erased. Land values in the once-desolate plains around the city have soared.

Building permits in the five-county area climbed from $113 million per year to $368 million in only 12 years. Nine major skyscrapers —all built in the last 10 years—have transformed the city's skyline.

And Denver's spectacular mountain reservoirs contribute $1,000,000 annually in added tourist revenues.

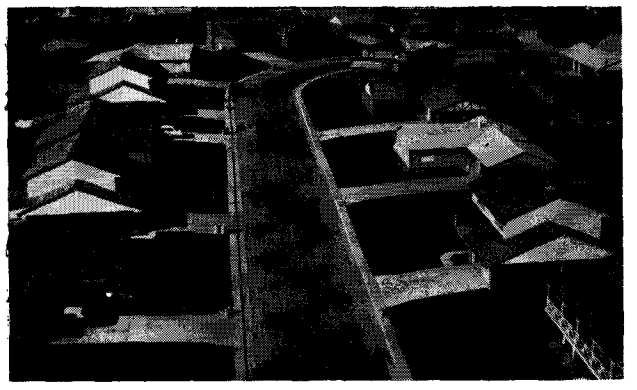
Without water and careful water management, all of this growth and prosperity could not have occurred. Today Denver has enough water to support continuing rapid growth for years to come.

What's the water situation in your city?

Denver's story is clear proof that effective solutions to water problems usually begin with farsighted individuals and effective local action.

The time to act is now. Because by 1980 we'll need twice the water we're using today. You can get a better perspective on our nationwide water problems by writing for the new booklet, "WATER CRISIS, U. S. A.," Dept. P-25, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois.

Dillon Dam—on the western slope of the Rockies—adds 254,000 acre feet of water to Denver's water storage capacity, doubling the existing capacity.



Water is survival for Denver's one million citizens. Every one of its handsome lawns, a matter of considerable civic pride, is a tiny irrigation project.

MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA . . . **CATERPILLAR**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The author, who now lives in Connecticut with his French-born wife and their three children, was based in France as a correspondent of the NEW YORK TIMES. *His newest book,* THE SWORDS OF SPAIN, *will be published next fall.*

I HATE PARIS IN THE SPRINGTIME

(and also in the summer, winter and fall)

By ROBERT DALEY

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

I hate Paris, and you ask, "But how could anyone?" You say, "I'd give anything to live in such a romantic place," and I say, after 10 years in France, that I won't live in Paris again. Let me try to explain.

In Paris apartment buildings the heat goes on and off by date, not temperature. Usually the heat starts November 1 and ends April 15, and God help you if a cold snap occurs outside of those dates. Now, it happened that we had a baby born in Paris one April 13, and it was 40 degrees the day the infant came home from the hospital a few days later. I sought out the concierge, but the matter was out of her hands, Monsieur. Nearly all French apartment houses are cooperatives, and only a majority vote of the tenants could get the heat put on.

Seven families lived in that building, and so I needed three votes to go with my own. You might think this would be easy, since every apartment was as frigid as ours. But no, the first tenant I polled pointed out that he was gone all day, and a fire sufficed him at night, and he could hardly be expected to pay for the other tenants, could he?

Another lady was going away for the weekend, and naturally would not vote for heat when she wouldn't even be there for two of the days it would be on. A third lady lived on the top floor and said the sun heated her place enough. "What sun?" I shouted. Everybody except this lady knows the sun doesn't shine in Paris for 10 months of the year.

I rang the fourth bell, desperate by now. I explained about the baby. I pointed out that less than one dollar a day per tenant served to heat the building. At last this tenant wrote on the ballot: "No for me; yes for the baby."

That gave me one vote, and I quickly got another from a family not obliged to pay for heat because of some peculiar agreement with the manager of the building. The vote was now three to three as I rang the last bell. A disheveled young man answered the door in a silk dressing gown, looking scared. I imagined I caught a glimpse of bare leg through a half-open door. Evidently I had interrupted some sort of rendezvous. An expression of relief came over his face to find it was only me. Hardly listening to my plea, he voted yes, and we had heat at last.

This incident is quite typical of your glamorous City of Light, a city where deep-rooted hostility is the way of life—the most popular expression of the Gallic soul. Once you have lived in Paris, it is hard to understand how the legend of Paris got started, and it is at times infuriating that it continues. For instance, if you are working in Paris, as I was, and you beg your employer to transfer you, he invariably refuses on the grounds that Paris is glorious, so there must be something wrong with *you*. Finally you have to quit your job (as I did) to get out of the place.

For the fable is indeed rich by now. Hemingway calls Paris "a moveable feast," and the songs talk about loving Paris, with light, gay hearts, in springtime and fall. Paris is a city for lovers, for artists. Paris is a city of sidewalk cafés, of chic girls. Paris has the Left Bank, the Grands Boulevards with thousands of Maurice Chevaliers strolling along, swinging canes.

Some of this is somewhat true. Lots of lovers kiss on benches along the Seine. Many do so because they can't marry until they find an apartment—Paris has an acute housing shortage about which very little, almost nothing, is being done. The sidewalk cafés are plentiful, and you can indeed sit all day over one coffee. Unfortunately this coffee will cost you 60 cents, because of Paris's roaring inflation. You can always remind yourself that if you do sit over the one cup all day, this makes for a cheap day's rent.

The girls do indeed look chic, and some of the people are quite sophisticated. But to show real charm, you have to want to please someone, to do something for him, and that is the last thing Parisians care about.

Of course, a good part of all this can be overlooked if you're whipping through on a fast visit. But when you live there, things happen to you that are hard to overlook. For example, the time I was robbed. I had parked my car outside the *New York Times* bureau on the Rue Caumartin. In it were a typewriter, suitcase, camera and the manuscript of a book I'd written. When I came down an hour later a window had been forced and the car looted.

Frantic, I rushed to the nearest police station and begged that something be done—the thief could not be far off. The desk sergeant checked his watch, which read 9:55 P.M. "Too bad, Monsieur, but we close at ten. Why don't you come back in the morning?" He could take my complaint now if I insisted, but nothing could be done until tomorrow. Why not write him a letter?

Even if you pay an enormous rent in Paris, the bird-cage elevator breaks down—and stays broken down for weeks. Friends of ours paid $500 a month rent for an apartment that looked across the Seine at the Eiffel Tower. Their guests got ecstatic over the view, but what they didn't know was that in this luxury building the hot-water heater was constantly out of commission, and once stayed broken down for weeks. Why should anyone fix it, since the repair would only benefit the tenants?

Once our building ran out of oil in January. New oil was ordered immediately but did not arrive for seven days, and this is typical of Paris. No one there is going to rush to help out anyone else in an emergency. Why should he? *You* wouldn't rush to help *him* out.

Even Paris's famous stores refuse to make it easy to buy their overpriced goods. Sales clerks rarely bother even to show a complete line of an item and often become rude if the customer attempts to pay with a big bill, by check or in foreign currency. The government, eager to attract foreign currency, gives tourists a 20 percent discount on many items if payment is by foreign traveler's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How come Metropolitan Life helped take care of more than 120,000 broken bones last year?

Take all those broken bones, plus all sorts of other care and repairs, and Metropolitan's health insurance payments came to $524 million. A hefty figure—and that was just in 1964 alone.

One reason for the big payout is all the people we provide with health insurance—over 12 million, which is more than any other company on earth.

Suppose somebody in your family had to go to the hospital. Who'd pay the bills? Wouldn't it be good to know that Metropolitan was there to help you out—fast and without fuss? Call your Metropolitan adviser for a Family Security Check-Up. This can put your family's financial picture in clearer focus than it's ever been.

There's no obligation... *except to those you love.*

More choose Metropolitan Life
millions more than any other company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now Dial comes in white

What else is new?

Nothing. Dial has always been mild enough for newborn babies. So why change that.

And after all, Dial is the most effective deodorant soap you can buy. (And who would ever want to change that.)

Really, the only reason for our new color is just to give you a wider choice. Pink, Gold, Aqua—and now, brand new White. So take your pick. They're all Dial, and you can't beat that.

Aren't you glad you use Dial Soap! *(don't you wish everybody did?)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Want to get back to taste?

Hires has it . . . deliciously! A distinctive, satisfying taste that is refreshingly Hires' own.

So isn't it high time to break away from the ordinary . . . to make Hires Root Beer the next soft drink you buy?

Because Hires blends pleasure with purest quality, it's right for you and the children, too. Pick up the colorful *new 6-pack carton.* Hires Root Beer. High time!

check, but often the shops won't accept the checks or accord the rebate. They don't profit from the discount, so why should they enable the tourist to do so? If the tourist doesn't like it, then let him go somewhere else.

France prides itself on being a land of liberty, but its liberty comes liberally mixed with anarchy. Small laws are rarely enforced. Prostitutes march up and down in front of respectable businesses, driving away clients, and nothing is done about it. Taxicab drivers are supposed to accept all fares, but nobody makes them; and, being Parisians, they're not going to do it on their own. You often have to beg to be accepted, and if you aren't going in the direction the cabby wants to go on his way home, he will snap the equivalent of "Get lost, buddy" over his shoulder.

Such hostility is evident in the head of state, who is, when all is said and done, a typical Parisian. Most of his subjects consider him a mean, self-centered man just like themselves. De Gaulle is not anti-American, as some seem to think. He's anti-everybody. And he gives a sort of official stamp of approval to all acts by private citizens which are hostile and selfish.

Certainly the Parisians' current rudeness has some roots in politics, or at least the state of the nation. France is probably the strongest nation in Europe right now and is in a position to impose its will—or ill will—upon part of the world. This feels good after so long a time. But on the personal level, the good life is still around the corner. Paris is 42 percent more expensive than New York, and the inflation is so bad that by the time a man saves enough money for the car or TV set he wanted, it costs half again as much. Many Parisians must feel part prince, part frustrated pauper—a very nasty feeling, no doubt, and one to be vented as soon as possible.

The last day I was in France I needed to change the equivalent of a $20 bill. I went into the café where we had bought our cigarettes (at 70 cents a pack) and was told no. I tried the gas station where we had bought our gas (at a dollar a gallon), the bakery where we had bought so much bread, a wine shop, a radio shop on the corner where I had bought our radio. No one would cash the bill. Everyone was surly.

The radio man, I saw at once, did not intend to help. I imagined he thought: Since you are leaving and you're no longer even potential customers, why should I do you a favor? He opened his cash drawer. It was stuffed with small bills. I remarked on this. He shook his head. Finally, grudgingly, he gave me two $10 bills for my $20. "That's all I can spare," he said and slammed the drawer closed. And I thought: Oh I'm glad to be leaving this place. I thought: Americans are not like this, and I was filled with longing to be among Americans. There is a tendency in Europe to mock Americans as being too tall, too rich, too unsophisticated. But what Americans really are is too basically nice. Europeans—and particularly Parisians—don't understand this. They can't believe that an entire nation of people would try to do the *nice* thing most of the time for all of their lives.

Of course living in Paris was not totally unpleasant. We used to love to go to the concerts at 10 o'clock Saturday mornings—two dollars for an orchestra seat. It always seemed an unexpectedly fine time of day to listen to good music. We used to love certain of the fine restaurants, and driving home late at night through the wet, empty streets, because Paris is truly the most beautiful city in the world. We used to love trying wines we did not know, and sometimes finding exquisite ones which were not too well known, and therefore not too expensive. We loved the taste of the best bread in the world, and eating the succulent Belon oysters in dingy bars. We loved the tenement studios of certain indigent painters we knew, and the cabarets where these same men sang and played guitars at night. And I used to love sitting in front of the cafés, watching the girls go by, each of them elegantly turned out, each saying to me, in effect, "Look at me. Look how pretty I am."

Paris has all these things, but they are not enough, because how can you live in a place where shopkeepers who know you won't give you change for a $20 bill? Paris is a place where a racetrack ticket-taker refused to let me return to my car—20 yards away—to get the binoculars I had forgotten. "Mister," he said, "if you go out that gate, you can buy another ticket to get back in." Paris is a city where the sommelier of a fine restaurant, Le Grand Vefour, roundly told me off because I asked to see a wine bottle or its label. We had ordered an 1895 Château d'Angelus but were served an unlabeled decanter of wine that tasted brand-new. If the sommelier had cajoled me or cited the reputation of the house or even just lied to me, I would have understood. But did it make sense to attack me? Perhaps it did to him.

And I must not get nostalgic and forget covering the fights at the Palais des Sports, and the knockout in the opposite corner of the ring, and asking "What did he hit him with?" Reporters always help each other at ringside, because they know that only the newsmen on one side can see the knockout punch. But all the French reporters quickly covered up their notes, refusing to answer. Next morning it was amusing to read in six papers that the loser had been felled by six different punches.

Paris, seen by a young man for the first time, is a stunning place. It is hard to avoid plunging into a headlong love affair with France. It is harder still to decide to break it off. But romantic Paris has turned into a harridan. The French government, recognizing this, has instigated a new program. Debarking tourists are to be handed books of chits, each chit to be given to some cab driver, waiter or clerk who has shown special politeness. At year's end, the chits can be turned in for prizes. The object is to teach the French to be nice all over again.

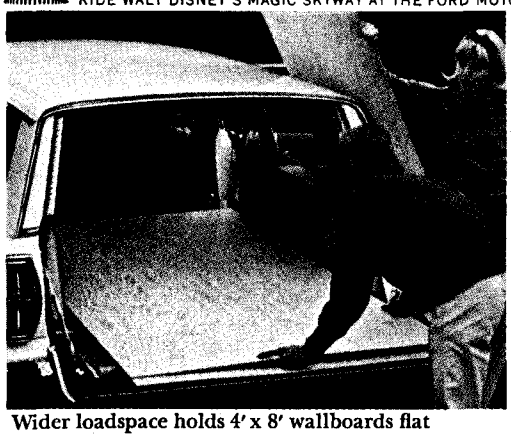
Who knows? This program might even work, and I would like to think so. But perhaps it is too late.

When the columnist Art Buchwald lived in Paris, people were always asking him if the French hated Americans. "Yes, indeed," Buchwald would reply. "The only people the French hate worse than the Americans are the French."

Robert Daley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



Wider loadspace holds 4′ x 8′ wallboards flat

Built-in wind deflectors help to clean rear window

Convenient face-to-face rear seats add extra passenger space

Read why the 65's from Ford are America's best-selling wagon line

PRODUCTS OF Ford

The Total Performance 1965 Ford Country Squire

Ask any hundred owners why they bought Ford wagons and you'll very likely get a hundred different answers. That's how much news there is in the Ford wagon line this year.

Take the big Ford wagons. With unique face-to-face rear seats, they'll hold a family of ten. (And these facing seats fold down flat to give you lockable storage under the rear deck!) New, built-in wind deflectors guide silent streams of air across the rear windows to help keep snow and dust from accumulating. Up front, you'll find new luxury interiors, and a ride so smooth, you'll think you're driving a luxury sedan.

That's not all the news! Take Falcon. Falcon's standard engine is more powerful this year, yet it actually delivers even better fuel economy than last year. (Up to 15% better economy in Falcons equipped with standard 170 cu. in. Six and optional Cruise-O-Matic transmission!)

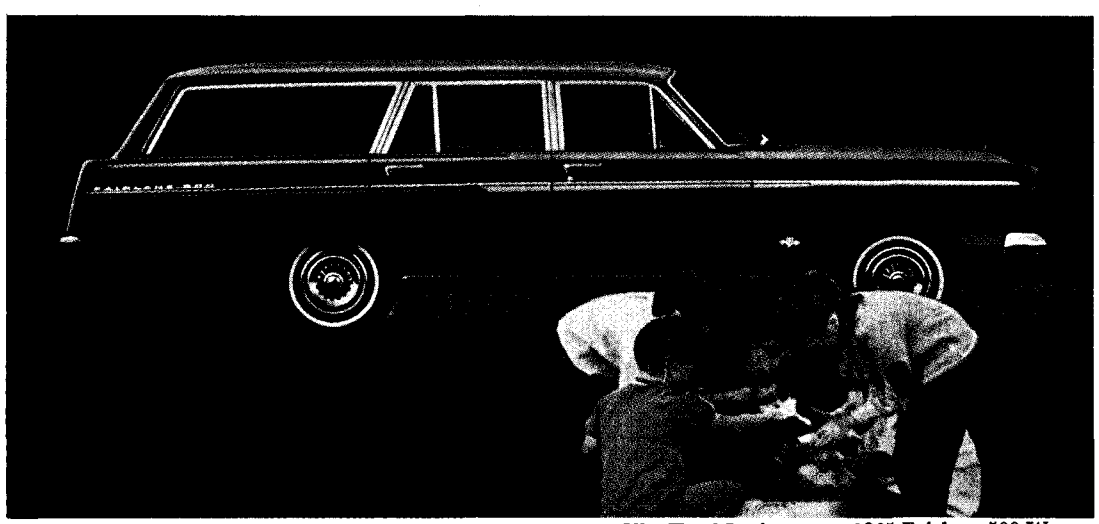
Fairlane's full of surprises this year too. It's been completely restyled . . . into the most elegant Fairlane ever built. Outside, Fairlane wagons are trimmer, leaner, easier to park. Yet, inside they give you almost as much passenger space and loadspace as the biggest wagons.

Ford wagons come in four sizes, 14 different models—including the extra-duty Club Wagon models. That's the *widest* choice of *any* wagon-maker. Find out why more people buy Ford wagons. Drive one today!

Best year yet to go Ford!
Test Drive Total Performance '65

FORD

MUSTANG · FALCON · FAIRLANE
FORD · THUNDERBIRD

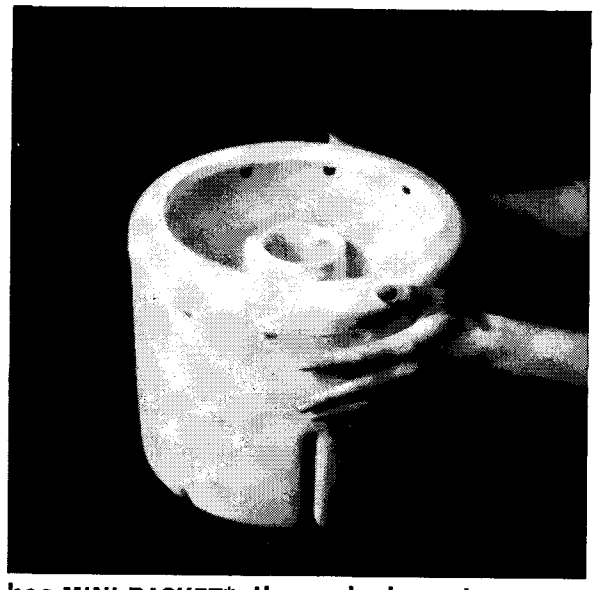


The Total Performance 1965 Fairlane 500 Wagon

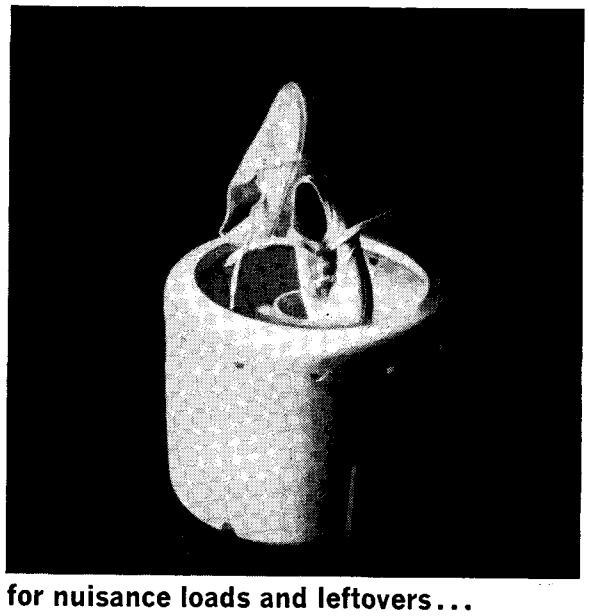
The Total Performance 1965 Falcon Squire

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only General Electric's giant-capacity washer...

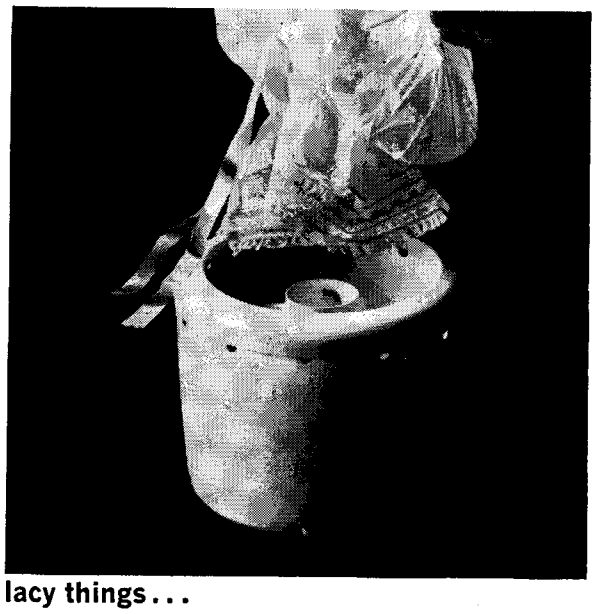


has MINI-BASKET*, the exclusive extra

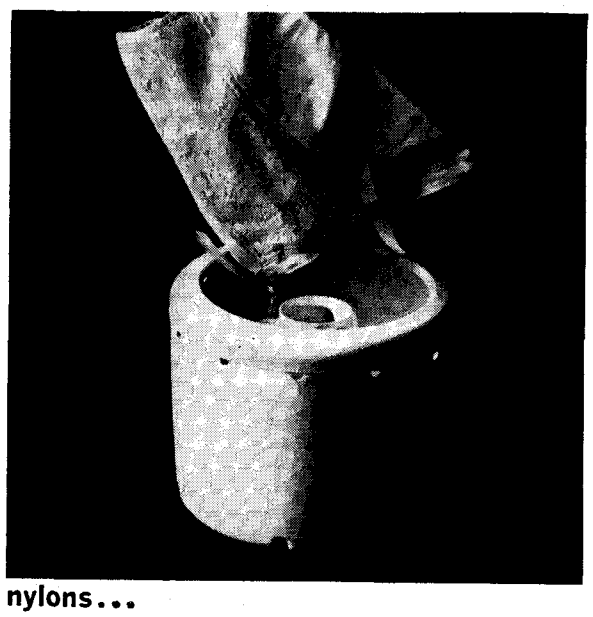


for nuisance loads and leftovers...

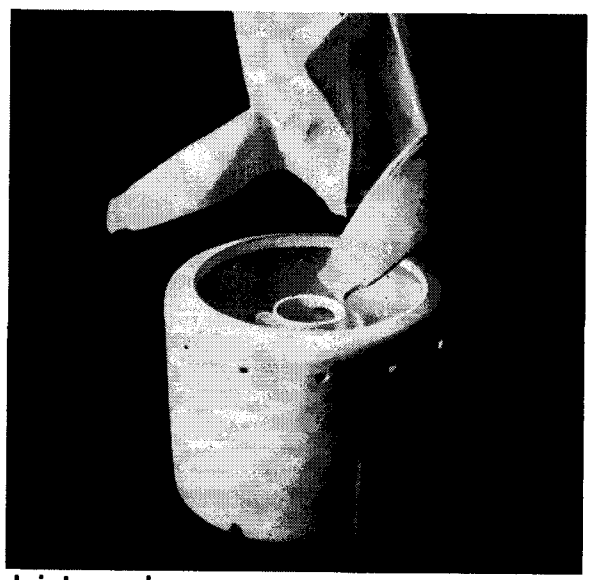
frilly things...



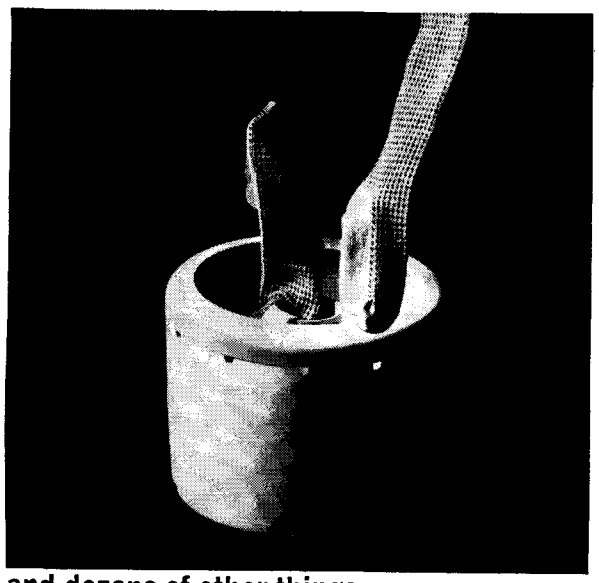
lacy things...



nylons...



dainty woolens...



and dozens of other things...

you never dared machine-wash before!

Wonderful? And there's more!
A G-E Washer is built to last—engineered to tough commercial washer specifications.

It's the dependable one you've wanted . . . and does *all* your washables.

This G-E Washer not only does big family-size loads up to 14 lbs. of heavy fabrics—it gets them truly *clean.* The exclusive extra is MINI-BASKET—does small loads up to 2 pounds. Delicates, synthetics, leftovers. And last-minute emergency needs.

MINI-BASKET saves you money. You use less water—only about one-third the amount of water you'd use in the big wash basket, even at its smallest load setting. Less detergent also—just a tablespoon or two.

General Electric's Filter-Flo® washing system traps lint fuzz in both the MINI-BASKET and the big washtub, not on your clothes.

Your General Electric dealer has this new washer ready for you to see. See him now!

*Trademark of the General Electric Co.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86

except the people who drink it

Of course . . . because they know that "old-fashioned" doesn't mean out of fashion. Good taste never goes out of style. Like the great taste of Old Taylor 86. Smooth, rich, mellow. The kind that comes with unhurried care and coddling—78 years' worth. Now there's a tradition of taste that really talks to today's moderns. How about you? *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Kentucky.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

The intellectuals and Vietnam

WASHINGTON:

The war in Vietnam has brought to the surface again a mysterious phenomenon. This is the peculiar fatuousness which the profoundly anti-intellectual Communist system seems to inspire in a good many American intellectuals and would-be intellectuals.

At least until 1948, it was fashionable among many intellectuals to admire, or find excuses for, the system presided over by that ferocious enemy of the free intellect, Joseph Stalin. This fatuousness of an older generation of intellectuals provided useful ammunition for the home-grown anti-intellectual yahoos, like Sen. Joseph McCarthy. Nowadays it is becoming fashionable to proclaim that Mao Tse-tung's version of Communism is the wave of the future in Asia, and to castigate the American Government for its blind refusal to permit the future's wave to roll over South Vietnam.

From Berkeley to Harvard, the chic thing for the "politically aware" professor to do is to conduct "teach-ins" on the iniquities of "American imperialism" in Vietnam, or to march in protest demonstrations, or, for the less dashing, to sign "open letters" to the President, like the remarkably silly open letter of protest recently signed by 149 Yale professors.

Surely this is a mysterious business. Logically, liberal-minded intellectual persons should hate and fear Mao's Communism as instinctively as they hated and feared Hitler's Nazism. For as an idea-killer, an enemy of the free mind, Mao outdoes Hitler and Stalin combined.

The anti-intellectual campaign in Communist China, which began in earnest in 1963, is now reaching a peak of intensity. Chinese intellectuals have been bluntly warned that they are suspect, not only individually, but as a class. Some months ago Hu Yao-pang, secretary of the Communist Youth League, announced that "intellectuals always belong to certain social classes and serve the interests of these classes."

Warnings to intellectuals are now constantly reiterated in the Communist press. In January of this year, for example, *Red Flag*, the Chinese Communist theoretical journal, thundered against "intellectuals who refuse thought reform, refuse to integrate with the masses, and become 'spiritual aristocrats' perched proudly high above the toiling masses."

According to a leading Government expert on Communist China, the idea that Mao wants above all to kill is "the concept of 'humanism'—i.e., the fraternity of peoples, human dignity, happiness, and individualism." Humanism has become a respectable concept among Soviet intellectuals since the post-Stalin thaw. Therefore Mao Tse-tung is determined to "wall off Chinese intellectuals from any contact with currents of relative moderation in the Soviet bloc," and the whole concept of humanism is now denounced in China as a bourgeois distortion of Marxism-Leninism.

The attack on humanism has its superficially amusing aspects. For example, Professor Ma Yen-sheng, of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, recently published a long letter of abject "self-criticism." Professor Ma wrote that he had found himself of late increasingly "filled with bourgeois sentiments." He began to have strange notions about "the idea of universal love," and even to dream of a world "filled with friendly love," and forever at peace. Thus was his mind increasingly infected with "bourgeois sentiments."

And how did the infection start? Largely as a result of listening to the degenerate, Western, bourgeois work, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

A fondess for "bourgeois" music is deeply suspect, and instantly marks an intellectual as a candidate for a "Mental-Reform-Through-Labor Camp." Debussy, against whose music Mao is said to have conceived a particularly violent prejudice, is even more dangerous than Beethoven. The periodical *Peoples' Music* recently announced that the music of the Chinese patriotic oratorio, *The Long March*, had been completely rewritten because in its original form it recalled Debussy's degenerate bourgeois style.

Writers must be especially wary of the taint of bourgeois influence and humanism. *The Chinese Journal of Literature and Art* has warned writers that the "writing of middle-character stories" is proof of such taint. A "middle character" is someone "not perfect and not totally bad." In Chinese Communist literature, middle characters (i.e., human beings) no longer exist. All characters must be either perfect "toilers and peasants," or wholly evil "class enemies."

In last October's issue of *China Youth Daily*, the following sharp warning to a leading Communist Chinese philosopher appeared: "The kind of life advocated by Comrade Feng Ting, which would provide good things to eat and wear, good places to live in, and cordial relations between husband and wife and between parents and children does not accord with the Communist ideal."

On the contrary, the "Communist ideal" demands that the youth of China make a "class analysis" of their parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and other relations. Deviationist ideas are to be reported immediately to the local block officer or farm party secretary. Even jokes may smack of deviation—a Peking newspaper warns that some jokes "savor strongly of feudalism and capitalism."

Nor are the dead immune. *China Youth* tells its readers that "we should make a class analysis of those who have died." Such a class analysis seems likely to lead to the removal of the famous and beautiful tombs of Hangchow. For these tombs "are the graves of poets, scholars and courtesans, and are therefore . . . serving merely the purpose of spreading the foul odor of the reactionary ruling classes . . . and must be removed."

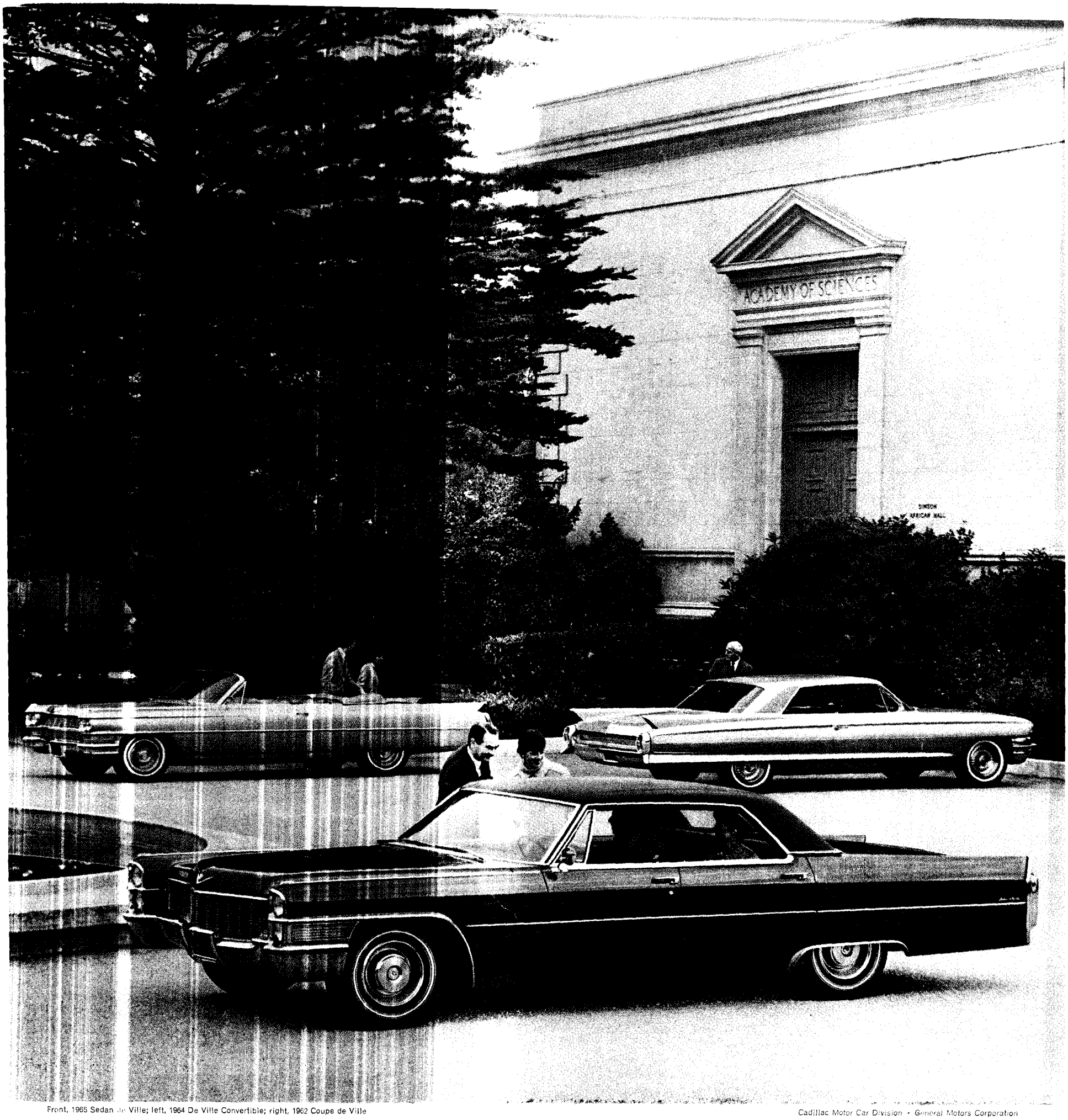
How is one to avoid being sent to a "Mental-Reform-Through-Labor Camp" as a result of a negative class analysis? Very simple:

"[We must] use the Thought of Mao Tse-tung to analyze . . . events. If they correspond with the Thought of Mao Tse-tung, they are right. We must support, believe, praise them. If not, they are wrong . . . we must expose and attack them." George Orwell's Big Brother asked for no more total an abdication of man's right to think for himself.

Perhaps the "Thought of Mao Tse-tung" is indeed the wave of the future in Asia, and the American effort to contain Asian Communism is therefore futile, as such intellectuals as Dr. Hans Morgenthau preach. But it does seem mysterious that so many American intellectuals look forward with complacency—even positive relish—to the Communist victory in Asia, which they regard as inevitable. For they are looking forward, of course, to the rapid spread of a system which means the murder of the free mind.

Stewart Alsop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Front, 1965 Sedan de Ville; left, 1964 De Ville Convertible; right, 1962 Coupe de Ville

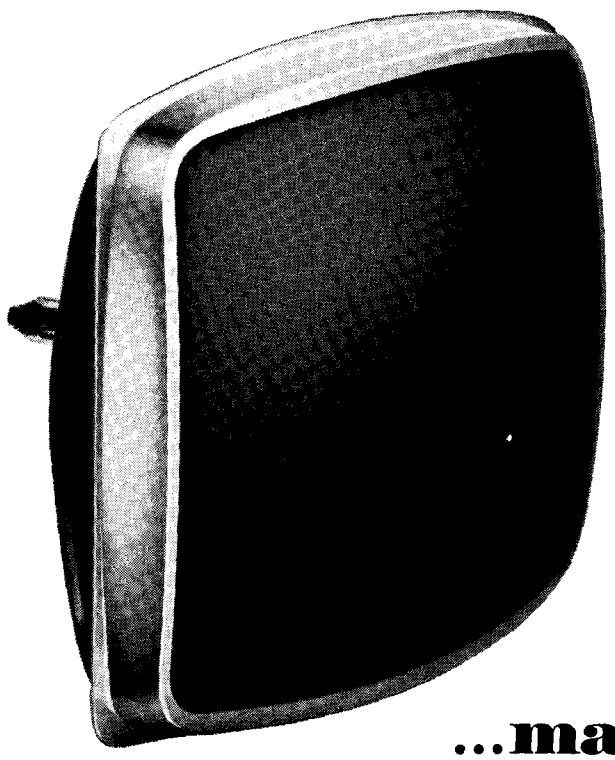
Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation

GO AHEAD...GO CADILLAC !

In whatever price range you plan to choose your next car, you should consider Cadillac above all. Naturally, if your choice were unrestricted you would prefer one of Cadillac's eleven exciting models for 1965. Next best choice would be a late-model, previously-owned Cadillac. For it is a widely recognized fact that a well-maintained, one-owner used Cadillac is actually the only real rival of a new Cadillac. And new or used, the one place to choose your Cadillac is at your authorized dealer's. His wide selection and his reputation for quality are your assurance of motoring satisfaction. Go ahead . . . go Cadillac!

Standard of the World *Cadillac*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Admiral 21" (overall diagonal) flat-faced, slimmed, squared picture tube...

(23% more picture than 19″ TV)

...makes this slim Admiral portable possible.

It's almost all picture... the only 21" portable! First from Admiral! From $169.95*

19" 21"

The one-and-only new Admiral 21″ Portable TV gives 40 square inches more picture than 19″ TV . . . on a flat-faced, movie-square screen . . . in the same size cabinet as most 19's! Admiral quality precision-engineering hugs the components to the tube, makes it secure to take the jolts and jars a portable gets. Two speakers, one on each side, give all-around sound. See this new Admiral 21″ portable. *There's nothing finer at any price.*

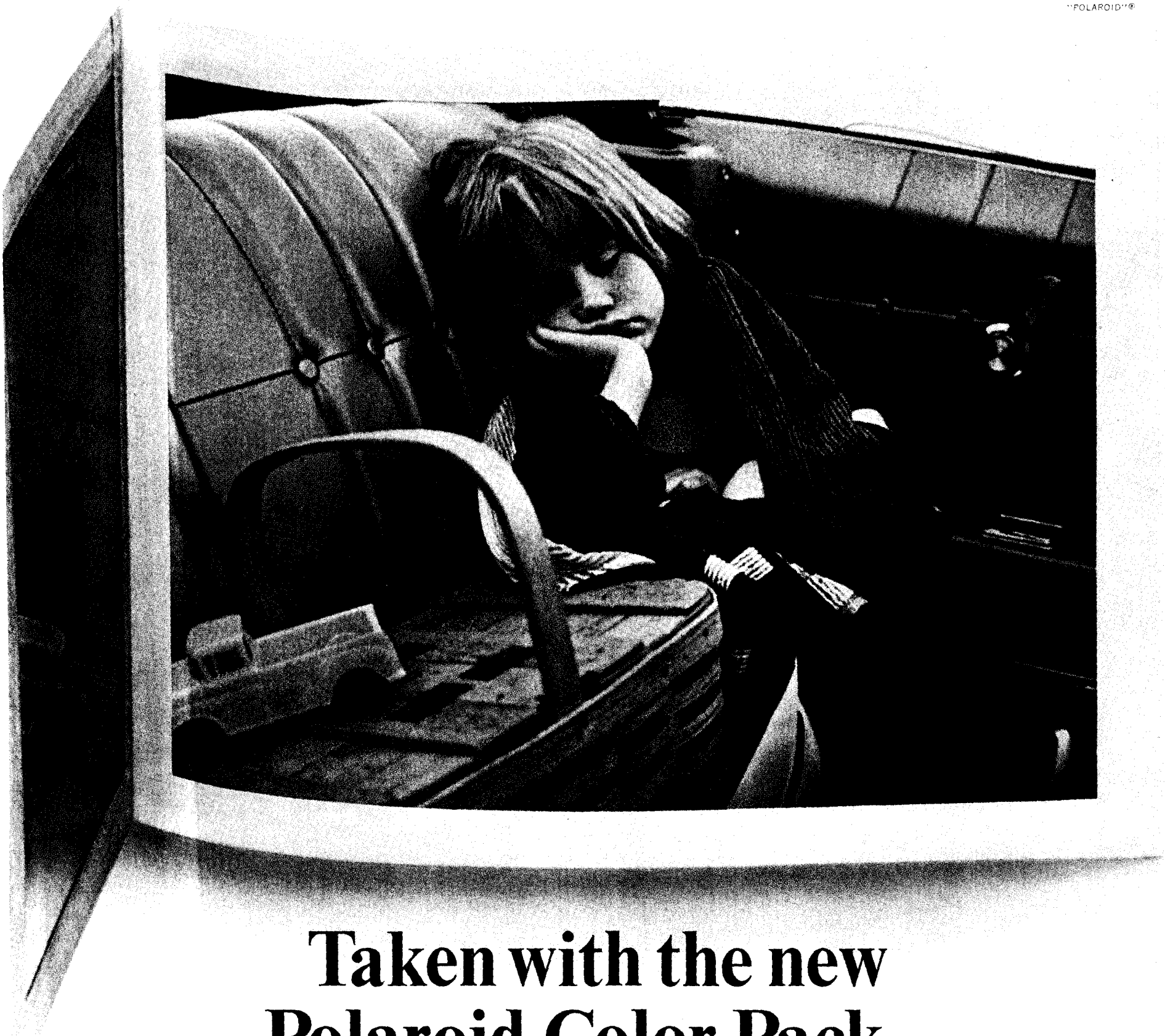
Admiral®

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

*Mfr. suggested list price PG 2151. Slightly higher some areas. Shown above, The Promenade, PG 2127. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"POLAROID"®



Taken with the new Polaroid Color Pack Camera that's ½ the price of the original.

Same great film. Same fast loading. Same electric eye. Same big color prints in 60 seconds (black and white in 10). Yet it's an economy model, at half the price.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Human Comedy

CEILING ZERO

By William K. Zinsser

We can no longer blink the fact that America has lost its ability to put up a good ceiling. First New York built a concert auditorium—Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall—whose ceiling had such poor acoustics that the audience couldn't hear the music. Then Houston built an indoor baseball park, the Astrodome, whose ceiling was so bright that the players couldn't see a fly ball.

Of course, that's the risk we run in America by doing these things openly. For all we know, the Russians have put up dozens of ceilings that didn't work. We hear only about the ones that succeed. Yet the whole world witnessed our blunders in New York and Houston.

At such times one almost wishes that the American press were not so free. How galling it was to have the critics reveal that in Philharmonic Hall the woodwinds were dry, the string tone was raw, the horns had a muddy color, the hall was full of audio illusions, and nothing fused. The whole nation had to swallow its pride while a team of acousticians tried to correct the trouble, at an added cost of $500,000, by realigning the scores of plaster "clouds" that were suspended from the ceiling.

Similarly, American baseball fans will never forget the mortification of seeing photographs, after the debut of Houston's $31.6 million dome, in which terrified outfielders searched the indoor sky for baseballs that were actually dropping, or had already dropped, 10 or 20 yards away. America wept as a team of technicians and an "optical physicist" tinkered with the 4,596 translucent plastic panels and experimented with baseballs that were yellow, orange, red and cerise. Cerise baseballs in the land that invented the spitter! Oh, shame.

But all is not lost. The obvious solution is for Philharmonic Hall and the Astrodome to trade ceilings. Each ceiling has exactly the properties that the other building needs—to such a striking degree, in fact, that I think a shipping clerk mixed the two orders.

It is remarkably easy, for instance, to follow a ball at the Philharmonic. I often pass the time, during the orchestra's dull selections, tossing a tennis ball into the air and catching it again, and when a work of electronic music is being performed I play catch with a friend in the balcony. In all this time I have never once "lost" a ball. On the contrary, the clarity of the white pellet against the Philharmonic's plaster clouds is so striking that this is obviously the ideal type of ceiling for the Astrodome in Houston.

Meanwhile, nothing has been written about the acoustics in the Astrodome. Yet the sound in that giant arena is incredibly good. I venture to say that nowhere else in baseball does the crack of hickory against horsehide have such a pleasing tonal color, and the overall fusion is little short of amazing. Obscenities shouted from the dugout to the opposing pitcher can be heard in the centerfield bleachers with no distortion; likewise, epithets shouted from the centerfield bleachers to the plate umpire can be heard by him with no loss of frequency response. In short, all the immemorial sounds of the national pastime—the chewing of tobacco, the spitting into the glove, etc.—are blended with optimum fidelity into the acoustical spectrum.

Everything therefore points to a trade of ceilings. The only real problem is to get a good fit, for the Astrodome is round and Philharmonic Hall is rectangular. If this minor difference should make the task impractical, the next best thing would be for the two organizations to switch cities. The Philharmonic would move to Houston and take over the Astrodome, and the Astros would come to New York and play in Philharmonic Hall—first, of course, removing the seats.

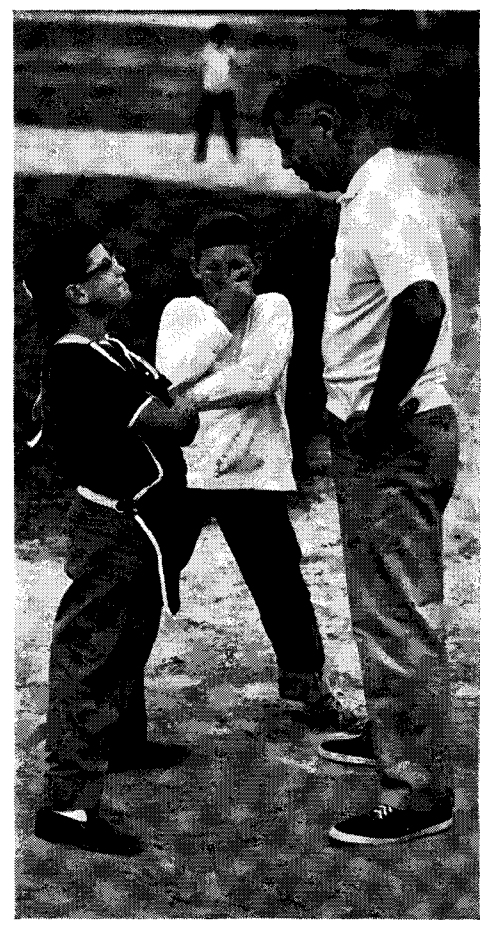
And they would be assured of a warm welcome as a component of Lincoln Center. The Center's president, William Schuman, once aspired to be a baseball player and has even composed an opera based on *Casey at the Bat*. He'd probably insist on playing second base for the Astros, but that would be a small price to pay for getting a stadium where the fielders weren't in constant danger of being hit by a falling optical physicist. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DAD'S GETTING TO PLAY THIS YEAR

Du Pont LUCITE® House Paint put him in the lineup

It's a shame that so many other Dads can't join this one. But they have to paint the house. Again. Too bad they didn't use Du Pont LUCITE® House Paint— just like the Dad who is playing.



DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living
. . . through Chemistry

Less work, more wear. This Dad knows that's what you can expect from LUCITE. He used to paint with ordinary oil-base paint. Always found himself repainting a lot sooner than he expected, too. Not to mention how long the job took.

You'll like the way starting and stopping points blend. When you're finished, fast cleanup will speed you to the ball game. Just wash your hands and brushes with soap and water.

You save time as well as money when you don't have to repaint so soon. LUCITE has been proven to resist blistering, cracking, peeling and color fading much longer than oil-base paints. (One of these common failures is most likely the reason your house may need painting now.)

Then he tried LUCITE, and Dad had time to be a slugger. So will you.

Surface preparation is held to a minimum with LUCITE. You don't even need a priming coat, except over bare spots. What's more, you can paint over damp surfaces. And LUCITE dries so quickly that bugs and dirt can't stick to spoil the job.

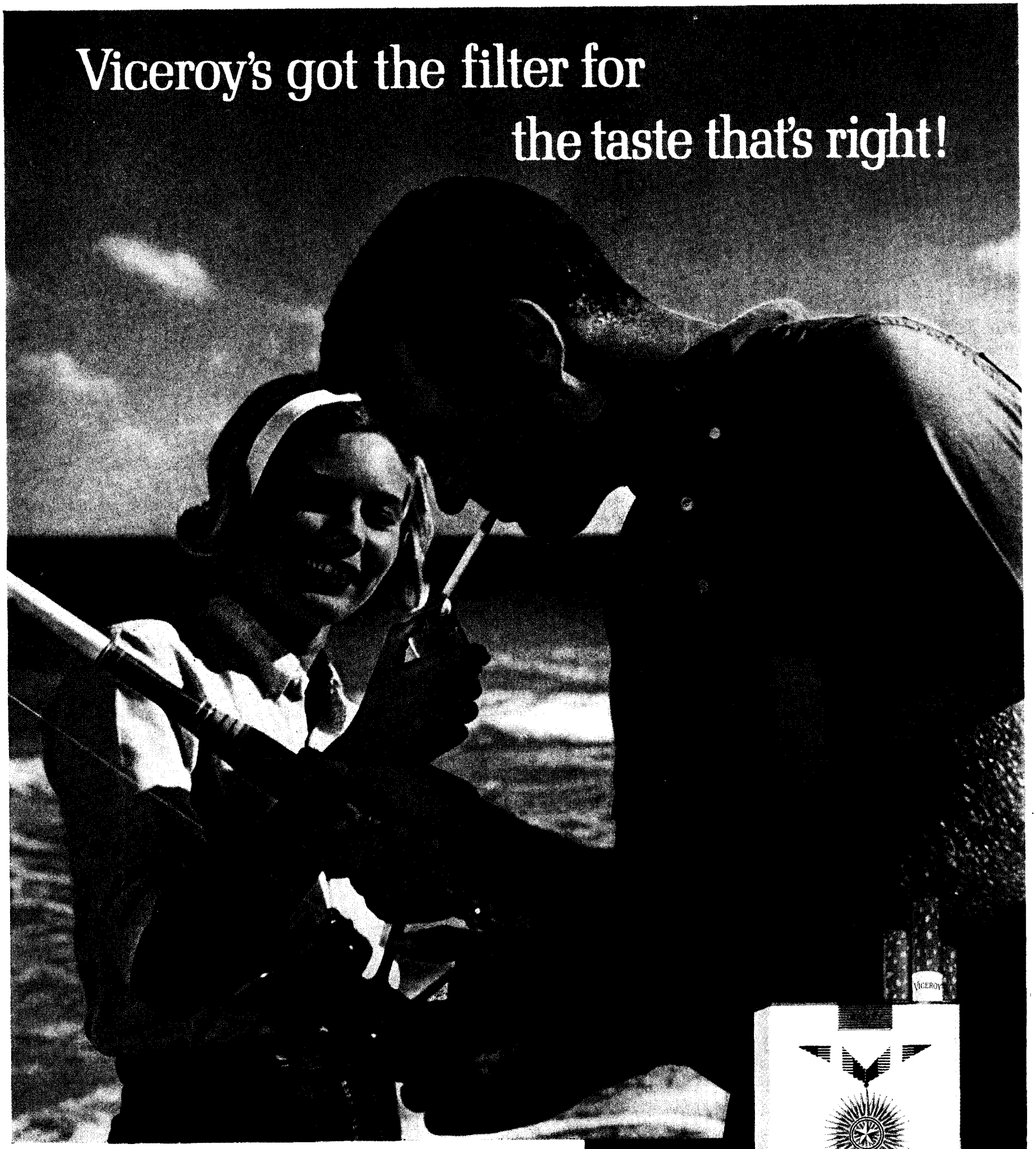
So put yourself in the "less work, more wear" lineup. Paint with LUCITE. (You can use it on wood, masonry, stucco—any surface.) Make extra free time to do the things you really want to do.

BATTER UP.

less work... more wear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Viceroy's got the filter for the taste that's right!



Viceroy is specifically designed to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. Not too strong... not too light...Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

The filter for the taste that's right!

VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES

©1965, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION B&W *The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His brother Jack was detached from Massachusetts' troubles, but Sen. Edward Kennedy—here chatting with supporters on a visit home—must involve himself or risk failure.

MASSACHUSETTS: ROGUES AND REFORMERS IN A STATE ON TRIAL

By EDWARD R. F. SHEEHAN *photographs by Ted Polumbaum*

In the land of the Kennedys and Lodges—a state some call the nation's most corrupt—colorful scoundrels have run off with millions, bribed legislators and caught up high public officials in their outrageous schemes. Now a new generation is fighting for reform. Can it bring the ordeal of Massachusetts to a close?

Boston State-House," observed Oliver Wendell Holmes 107 years ago, "is the hub of the solar system." And so it was. Since the foundation of the young Republic, the capitol of the Massachusetts Commonwealth had been the habitat of great men. There it stood, high upon Beacon Hill; beneath its gracious Bullfinch dome, amidst Siena marble and Palladian windows and classical columns, the deeds of Daniel Webster, Edward Everett and Horace Mann lingered echolike in the corridors. Alas, the splendor of that earlier epoch has diminished slightly since then. The State House, and the politics of the commonwealth generally, have gained renown of another kind, more in keeping with the rough-and-tumble of a Jacksonian inaugural than with the elegance of proper Bostonians.

For the atmosphere of the State House today is nothing if not Jacksonian. The musty, mausoleum quality of the capitol's interior is clamorously vivified at dawn by the invasion of big-breasted, big-biceped washerwomen wielding mops, and from that moment the tomb is a shrine of living folklore, a marvelous tabernacle of types.

Miscellaneous loiterers encamp themselves on balustrades; elderly policemen in threadbare blue uniforms shuffle from anterooms

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE YANKEES, THE IRISH, THE ITALIANS —AND HERE COMES A NEGRO

on various errands of officialdom; shifty-eyed lobbyists rendezvous outside the Legislative Documents department, chomping on cigars, murmuring confidences. Yankee squires, exuding duty and outrage, hurry to the hearing on a legalized lottery. An enormous woman in white shoes waddles into the state auditor's office. The corridors resound with chitchat; the State House habitués speak a language very much their own. "Jo-Jo! . . . Sully boy! How-*wah*-ya? How goes it down in your depahtment? . . . Any more thirty-day slots down at the Registry? . . . See ya, Sul! Keep the faith!"

There are dudes; there are lean functionaries in grimy fedoras and well-fed legislators in velvet-collared Chesterfield overcoats that somehow fail to suggest Chesterfield manners. There are nuns tending tours of underprivileged children, and adjutants presiding at ceremonies of wreath-laying on this pedestal or that monument. There are favor-seekers, lurking outside the executive chambers, poised to contest for the ear of Republican Gov. John Anthony Volpe as he, phalanxed by his entourage, hastens from his elevator.

Progressing through the blue-carpeted anterooms, past walls adorned with oil portraits of his predecessors, Volpe will occasionally reach out to receive a written petition or to squeeze an extended hand. He is a short man, well-dressed, and his gray Homburg reinforces his image of respectability. This is important to him, for he is at once a symbol and a paradox—a symbol of Italian penetration into a political establishment heretofore dominated by the Yankees and the Irish, a paradox in a Republican Party previously the preserve of Unitarians, Episcopalians and Brahmins.

Volpe is the son of immigrants, an ardent Roman Catholic, and a former hod carrier. A man of mercurial temperament, he is understandably proud of his accomplishments. "We were poor," he says. "Dad was a plastering contractor, and I was only eleven or twelve when I went to work with him as a hod carrier. Later on, I wanted to go to M.I.T., but he needed me in his business, so at night I attended the Wentworth Institute to study plan-reading and estimating."

In the middle of the great depression Volpe cashed in a $300 insurance policy, borrowed $200 from an uncle, and founded his own construction firm in his mother's front room. It grew into one of the largest contracting companies on the East Coast, and today Volpe is a millionaire. If anything, his frugal beginnings are as responsible for his Republicanism as his subsequent wealth. "My father, God rest him, always told me I could never make two and two add up to five. 'John, you can't spend money you haven't got,' he used to say."

Volpe's inauguration last January was pregnant with historic irony. The scene was the House of Representatives, whose walls are mounted with murals commemorating the founders and custodians of the commonwealth—the great Yankee statesmen-scholars. Among those sharing the dais with Volpe were Edward Brooke, the Negro attorney general of Massachusetts (who is also a Republican), and Henry Cabot Lodge, the governor's personal guest. Ambassador Lodge graciously surrendered his chair to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Springfield and spent the entire ceremony seated on the floor, never quite deciding where to rest his very long legs. It was a moment to remember. Here was Henry Cabot Lodge, of the Cabots who talked only to the Lowells and to God, literally at the feet of the colored lawyer and the erstwhile hod carrier who were now the leaders of his party. Massachusetts had turned its history inside out.

The seating at a recent ceremony portrays the ethnic revolution in the state's politics: Old-line aristocrat Henry Cabot Lodge sits at feet of Edward Brooke, Negro attorney general.

But this was nothing compared to what has happened to its reputation. In the beginning, and for more than a century afterward, the commonwealth was renowned for the distinction of its public service. Only Virginia contributed as much to the forging of the Republic. Not only John Hancock's celebrated signature but also those of John and Samuel Adams and Robert Treat Paine represent Massachusetts on the Declaration of Independence. John Adams's masterpiece, the Massachusetts constitution, foreshadowed by seven years the federal doctrine of the separation of powers, and is now the oldest written constitution in use anywhere on earth.

In contrast to this happy legacy is the present reputation of Massachusetts as the nation's most corrupt state. Whether the reputation is justified is certainly open to argument. In many states, government is poor and corruption pervasive. And as the home of the celebrated Kennedy brothers—of John Kennedy, who used the state but was rather indifferent to its troubles; of Robert, who had to abandon it to achieve his ambition; and of Edward, whose possible presidential hopes may depend on his ability to dominate it—Massachusetts is often judged with excessive severity by outsiders.

Still, the state's record of exposed corruption is unmatched, not only for its scope but for its ingenuity and flamboyance. Scandals have abounded. Colorful scoundrels have conspired with prominent public officials and leading businessmen to defraud the commonwealth, with great sums of money passing illicitly from schemer to schemer, sometimes through complicated bookkeeping devices and sometimes almost openly, from pocket to pocket or briefcase to paper bag. All manner of public and private endeavor has been touched, from the building of superhighway systems to the licensing of liquor stores.

Perhaps because the state is Massachusetts, where ironies pursue rogues and reformers alike, it was an insignificant middleman, a pawn, who caused the state's most grandiose case of larceny to be discovered. And it has been a Negro, a member of a politically weak

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minority in the commonwealth, who has led the campaign against corruption. In the past two years an astonishing number of high officials have been indicted or convicted on charges ranging from conspiracy to solicitation of bribes. They include two former speakers of the state's House of Representatives, a judge, two members of the Executive Council, the former head of the state police—and a former governor, Foster Furcolo.

Furcolo, who has been indicted on charges of "conspiring to arrange a bribe," held office from 1957 to 1961, and his administration is generally considered to have been the most venal in the modern history of Massachusetts. His successor, Governor Volpe, prevailed upon a reluctant legislature to establish the Massachusetts Crime Commission, and to give it sweeping investigative powers. Last April *The Boston Herald* leaked the first draft of the crime commission's final report. It states in no uncertain terms that since World War II corruption in Massachusetts has reached into every sector of society, eroding the very machinery of democracy itself. The report declared:

> The reality has been worse than we imagined, although we have far from exhausted the possible investigations. . . . We have observed with disgust, indignation and shame the ways in which some of the most highly placed and powerful political figures in the state have betrayed, actively or passively, the public trust. We have observed with pity the ways in which many lesser individuals have collaborated more or less willingly in robbing the commonwealth. . . .
>
> The dollar cost of dishonesty in Massachusetts . . . in recent years has undoubtedly run to at least the scores of millions, but the true figure can never be known. . . .
>
> Corruption in our state [involves] much more than the simple larceny of public funds. It involves a whole spectrum of actions and attitudes—from clearly illegal activities through the widespread . . . extraction of campaign contributions . . . or appointments . . . to the fixing of traffic tickets.

The draft report assigned to the state legislature "a major share of the blame for the conditions in Massachusetts that made it necessary to create the crime commission." It castigated state agencies for dealing in kickbacks, and corporations for cooperating with corrupt public servants. It assailed lawyers for turning legal fees into a "conduit for bribery," and dressed down the police for tolerating illegal gambling on a wide scale.

Presiding over the whole drive against corruption is Attorney General Edward Brooke, the state's chief law-enforcement officer and the nation's highest elected Negro official. Handsome, fastidiously clad, he projects an almost majestic courtliness and suavity. He and his key aides have so far secured the indictment of almost 60 public officials and businessmen, plus a dozen corporations, on hundreds of counts of bribery, conspiracy and larceny. Of the 15 cases the attorney general has actually brought to trial, 13 have resulted in conviction, and the judiciary's agenda has a backlog that will take years to prosecute. But Brooke points out that these purges have already had a profound effect, and that the moral climate of Massachusetts has improved considerably during the last few years.

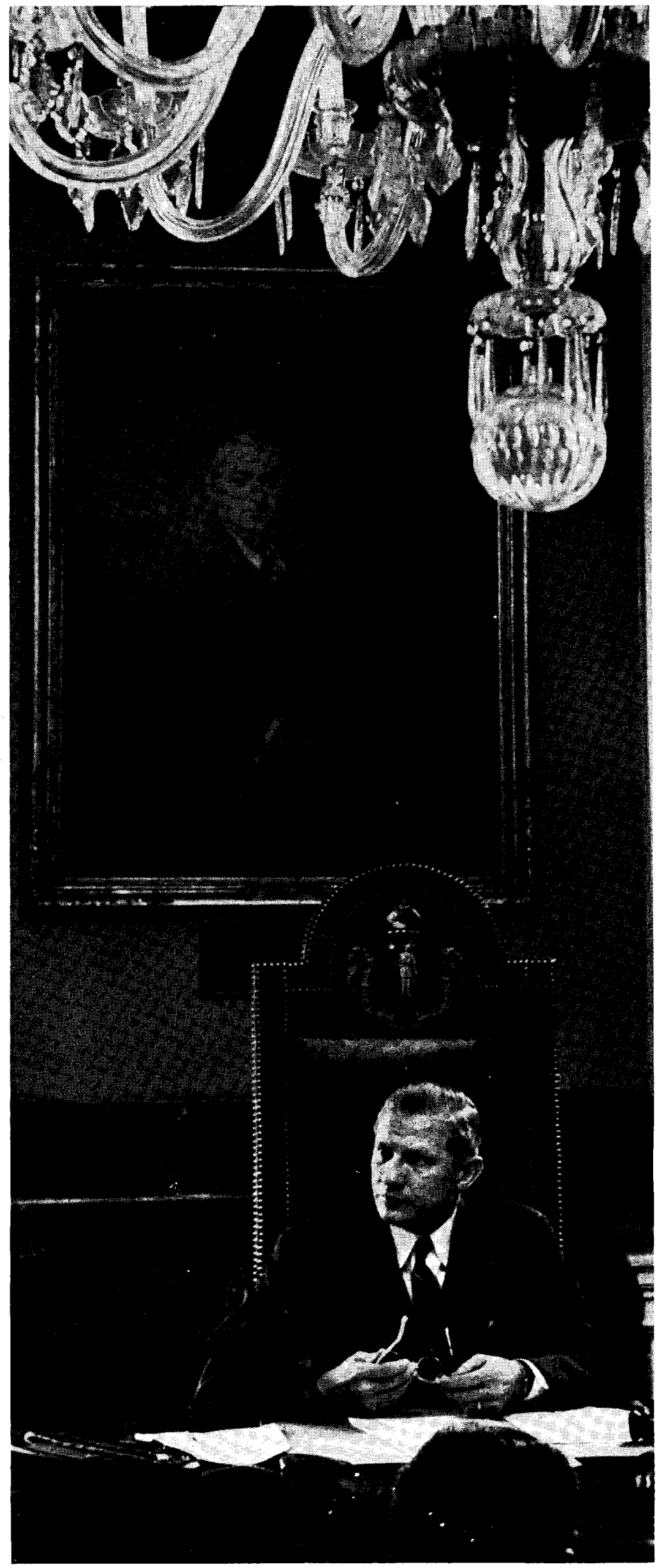
Across this scene of political unrest are cast the shadows of the men who represent Massachusetts in Washington. There is the venerable John W. McCormack, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, now in his 70's and less powerful in Massachusetts than he used to be. There is the aristocratic and taciturn Leverett Saltonstall, also a septuagenarian and the state's senior U.S. senator. (No Promethean fires, John Gunther once wrote, "rage in his lean belly.") And there is Edward Moore Kennedy, the youthful junior senator and the sole political heir in Massachusetts of the late President himself.

John Kennedy did not involve himself deeply in the problems of his own state. It is not true, of course, that he "never lifted a finger" to help Massachusetts, as some local politicians privately contend. He did help the port of Boston and the fishing industry, and he did help to attract a complex of electronics firms to Greater Boston by facilitating federal aid. But he did virtually nothing to improve the local Democratic Party, except when he needed it to advance his national ambitions. His reasons were perfectly understandable: Given his cosmic goals, why should he have squandered his energies and talent on a corrupt and feudalistic system he was convinced he could not change? Nevertheless, it remains evident that many of the present problems of Massachusetts, and particularly of its Democratic Party, are attributable to the detachment of John F. Kennedy.

The great unanswered question in Massachusetts politics today is whether Edward Kennedy will perceive in the deepest internal problems of his state a crucial challenge to be met and grappled with—or whether, like his late brother, he will seek merely to use Massachusetts as a base from which to leap, eventually, into the White House. But before we can consider Ted Kennedy, we must consider the deep problems themselves. We must ask, "How did Massachusetts get that way?"

For the last century the politics of Massachusetts have been convulsed by class warfare—or, more precisely, by ethnic warfare. More stubbornly than in most states, the different races and cultures have resisted amalgamation and ignored the common good, preferring conflict to cooperation. The result has been a disturbed and fragmented society.

The fragmentation began in the mid-19th century, when the potato famine ravaged Ireland and multitudes of impoverished and sickly immigrants swarmed into Boston Harbor. The Yankee overlords herded them into murky hovels and mills at pittance wages. Centuries of British despotism had already endowed the Irish with a natural resistance to established authority, and as the 19th century closed, they came roaring out of the slums of South Boston and Charlestown determined to overwhelm and vanquish their new oppressors. The Yankees, now outnumbered, kept control of the economy, but they could not keep the Irish out of government. Politics became



Governor Volpe chairs a meeting under portrait of his rambunctious predecessor, James Curley.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Yankee in the Irish stronghold of South Boston, ex-Gov. Peabody leads his wife Toni in a brave show during parade on March 17.

FIERCE ADVERSARIES MARCH TOGETHER ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY

for the immigrants and their sons not only a convenient social locomotive but an indispensable source of jobs, public services and graft.

By the beginning of World War I the Irish had taken over city government in Boston and were moving toward control of the State House. The Yankee legislature fought a number of rear-guard actions, but theirs was a losing battle. For now the revenge period of the fragmented society was upon them, and its protagonist was none other than the delightful demagogue, James Michael Curley. First elected mayor in 1913, Curley intermittently occupied that office during the next four decades, and was governor of the commonwealth from 1935 to 1937. He was a builder and unquestionably did a great deal to rectify social evils, but in the grander scheme of things his legacy was negative, and it was not lasting.

"For more than thirty years," writes William V. Shannon, "Curley kept the greater part of the Boston populace half-drunk with fantasies, invective and showmanship." He made the Robin Hood myth his personal legend; he took the old rules of ethnic warfare, combined them with intoxicating rhetoric, and created a formidable formula for winning votes. "The Massachusetts of the Puritans is as dead as Caesar," he once said, "but there is no need to mourn the fact. Their successors—the Irish—had letters and learning, culture and civilization, when the ancestors of the Puritans were savages running half-naked through the forests of Britain." By dramatizing their resentment of the Yankees, Curley provided the Boston Irish with the catharsis they craved, but in the process he diverted their attention from the deeper problems of society, and made "probity" a partisan word. His mischievous influence on the scores of lesser politicians who imitated him can be perceived in Massachusetts to this day.

Curley died in 1958, practically penniless, the last of his breed. No one has stepped forward to seize his pedestal or his power over the masses, but there linger on a few State House personalities almost as colorful as he. Patrick Joseph (Sonny) McDonough, for example. Sonny McDonough is no craven imitator of Curley, but his style and his conversation marvelously epitomize a historical state of mind.

For nearly 20 years Sonny has been the uncrowned king of the Executive Council, an anachronistic elected body which until recently commanded vast powers over the governor's appointments, pardons and contracts. A balding and rubicund Irishman in his middle 50's, Sonny is famous for his wit and seems to enjoy his reputation as a benevolent rogue. His contacts in state government have helped him to build a thriving insurance business, and he is probably a millionaire. But Sonny operates strictly within the law. His critics say, "Sonny doesn't steal—he doesn't have to."

Sonny winters in Florida and summers in Scituate, the Irish Riviera, some 20 miles below Boston. When in the city, he makes his headquarters at the Forty-Six Beacon Street, an opulent restaurant on Beacon Hill which once was a Brahmin mansion. The imported mahogany and red-damask *décor* are very much to his taste, and Sonny is a generous entertainer. Not long ago he graciously consented to an interview, and, over lunch in the restaurant, talked wistfully of his past.

I was born in South Boston," he said, "one of the poorest sections of the city. We have a saying, 'You can take a boy out of South Boston, but you can never take South Boston out of the boy.' I was brought up in a day when I could have made my money by bootlegging. Instead, I got a horse and wagon, and I stood all day outside a shoe factory in Brockton peddling bananas and squash.

"I've been in politics since I was twenty-one, when I first ran for the state legislature. I got into politics because a Yankee lord fired my father in 1928 for refusing to march in a parade for Herbert Hoover. Later I went into the liquor business—I was the biggest beer salesman in New England—and then into insurance."

"Have your connections in state government helped your business?" I asked.

"Well, they haven't hurt. My integrity has never been questioned, but the little favors I've been able to do for various people have helped me no end. Insurance is just my bread and butter. My real love is politics."

"And you're proud of your record?"

"Listen, I filed the first F.E.P.C. bill in the entire country. I have consistently fought the loan sharks for fleecing the poor. Ten years ago I stopped the riot at the Charlestown jail.

"The old-time pols specialized in doing favors and rendering services, but with reform a lot of the human touch is going out of government. I like to help people out. I've put thousands of men to work in the post office and hundreds of mentally retarded children into state hospitals. At Christmas time I use my influence to put some lifer on the street. There, but for the grace of God, goes Sonny McDonough. I believe in casting my bread upon the waters. I've been no bargain mind you. I believe 'ethics' is a word which not even Noah Webster could properly define. I've broken a few rules over the years, and I will again—to help a friend."

"What sort of favors are people looking for today?"

"It used to be that everybody wanted jobs. Now they want you to get their kids into college. And now that they've got jobs, they want prestige. They want to be on boards. Everybody who ever threw a punch at his wife wants to get appointed to the Boxing Board. Everybody who ever got a haircut wants to go on the Barbers' Board. Everybody with a dead grandmother wants to get named to the Embalmers Board."

"Are you against reform?"

"I'm glad you asked that question. You're wrong if you think I represent the old guard. I love eggheads and young Turks—as long as they don't run against me."

"Now about corruption ——"

"The corruption issue in this state has been blown up out of all proportion because this is the state where John F. Kennedy, God rest him, came from. We holler louder about corruption in Massachusetts. I'd like to know just how pure and dainty the *other* 49 state governments are! Don't get me wrong. I'll be the first to admit there's been a lot of gold-bricking on state jobs. I know a lot of ditchdiggers who never lifted anything heavier than a paycheck. I mention no names, but under one governor we had, they stole things wholesale, while they might have gotten away with it if they had stolen them retail. They dredged out everything but the frog pond on Boston Common."

"Have you ever been offered a bribe?"

"I'm glad you asked that question. I've been approached many, many times—by Republicans as well as by Democrats, I might add. I found more thieves on State Street—that's the Boston financial district, for the benefit of your readers in Albuquerque—than I ever found on Beacon Hill."

"How can we improve state government, Sonny?"

"You're beginning to sound like a corresponding secretary for the League of Women Vultures—pardon me, Women *Voters*. All you can do is to try to recruit someone who is fairly financially solvent and not in the hands of the loan companies. Hundreds of thousands of people these days are in the claws of the loan agencies or the banks if you give a big job to one of these people, you're in danger. Most people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are honest, but home conditions—keeping up with the Johnsons, the O'Tooles and the Tuccis—can turn them crooked. The first way to reach a pol is to send him a TV set. If he takes that, send him a Ford or a Chevy next."

"And the next thing?"

"The green—the do-re-mi—the root of all evil, as we moralists call it. Gosh, that's delicious-looking stuffed cabbage you're eating, Eddie. I think I'll take a little taste. Cripes, it's cold! I can't eat cold food! I had enough of that when I was poor."

Of course, a great deal of Curley's—and Sonny McDonough's—venom against the Yankees was justified. For all the Yankees' later identification with probity, proportionately there were probably as many shenanigans with the exchequer under Yankee rule 50 or 60 years ago as during more recent regimes. And Yankee lawmakers must bear much of the blame for the chaotic diffusion of power that has enfeebled public authority during the last 40 years.

For the fragmentation of Massachusetts society is reflected in the fragmentation of its government. During the days of Republican dominance, an exaggerated system of checks and balances was devised to isolate the bureaucracy from political pressures and to prevent the governor from becoming dictatorial. When Curley was governor in the mid-1930's, he justifiably railed against the system, because it prevented him from getting anything done.

Curley was succeeded as governor by another Irishman, who was followed in order by a Yankee, an Irishman, a Yankee, an Irishman, a Yankee—and, in 1957, by an Italian-Irishman, Foster Furcolo. The disadvantages of the system became increasingly vexing even under the best of these chief executives. The governor was not really the master of his own house. He reigned but did not rule over a motley collection of semi-independent department heads and autonomous commissioners, many of them holdovers from previous administrations whom he had no authority to dismiss.

Meanwhile, like the Federal Government itself, the government of Massachusetts has become ever more muddled and vast, spending such immense amounts of money on so many different enterprises that it has passed beyond the comprehension of the ordinary citizen. At the same time the ordinary citizen has come to expect, even to demand of the state government a galaxy of services—public education, public health, industrial development, superhighways, welfare. Compartmentalization and Parkinson's Law have so flourished during the last 15 years that three separate agencies now regulate the production and price of milk. There is a Division of Motor Boats, a Board of Registration in Chiropody, and an Upholstery and Bedding Board. The commonwealth cares for 35,000 inmates in public institutions alone. There are thought to be nearly 50,000 employees on the state payroll—no one, in fact, actually knows the exact number.

The fragmentation of Massachusetts government is reflected all over again in the crippling factionalism at work within the Democratic and Republican parties. The internecine character of Massachusetts party politics is extraordinarily picturesque, but also extremely mischievous. This is particularly true of the Democrats. Feuds abound; the snubs and slights of 20 years ago can decide votes and favors and jobs just as easily as the altercations of last week. Bare bodkins and poison potions the Democrats do not employ, but otherwise their intrigues are worthy of the princes of Byzantium and the court of Ivan the Terrible.

Consider, for example, the political conspiracy hatched by a number of prominent Democrats against Endicott (Chub) Peabody, who succeeded Volpe as governor in 1963 and left office this January.

It has been fashionable in Boston society to lampoon Endicott Peabody as a well-intended but bumbling governor. This, it seems to me, is a vast oversimplification. I found him to be one of the most complicated and fascinating figures ever to plunge into the maelstrom of Massachusetts politics.

Endicott Peabody is first of all an anomaly—a Democrat and an aristocrat, though not a wealthy one. By pedigree he is the peer of the most Brahmin of the Boston Brahmins, and his line on either side is liberally festooned with the names of Cabot, Putnam, Parkman, Lowell and Saltonstall. He is the son of a retired Episcopal bishop; his grandfather, Endicott Peabody the elder, founded Groton School and was the inspiration of Louis Auchincloss's novel, *The Rector of Justin.*

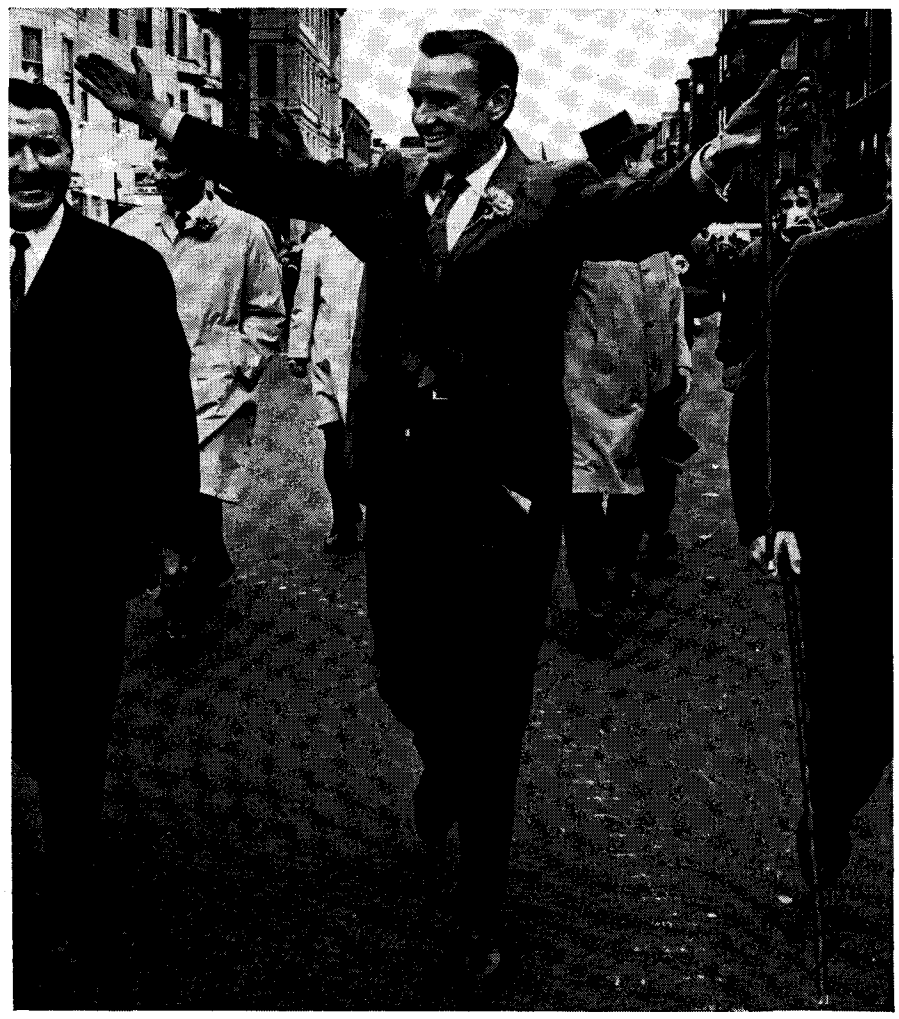
At dawn one morning a month or so before he left office, I drove out to the governor's modest home in Cambridge and sat in his kitchen while his wife Toni prepared breakfast for the two of us. "Grandfather started Groton in 1884 and was still headmaster when I was there," the governor said. "*Ought* was the most important word in his vocabulary. His motto was, 'To whom much is given, of him much is expected.' He drummed into me three things—that every citizen should play an active role in public life, that he should be uncompromisingly honest, and that he should practice physical and moral vigor. Of course, many boys came out of Groton with a feeling of superiority, but to grandfather that was a curse and an abomination."

Peabody entered Harvard in 1938, roomed in Eliot House, joined Hasty Pudding, and was elected president of the A.D., the College's most exclusive club—after the Porcellian.

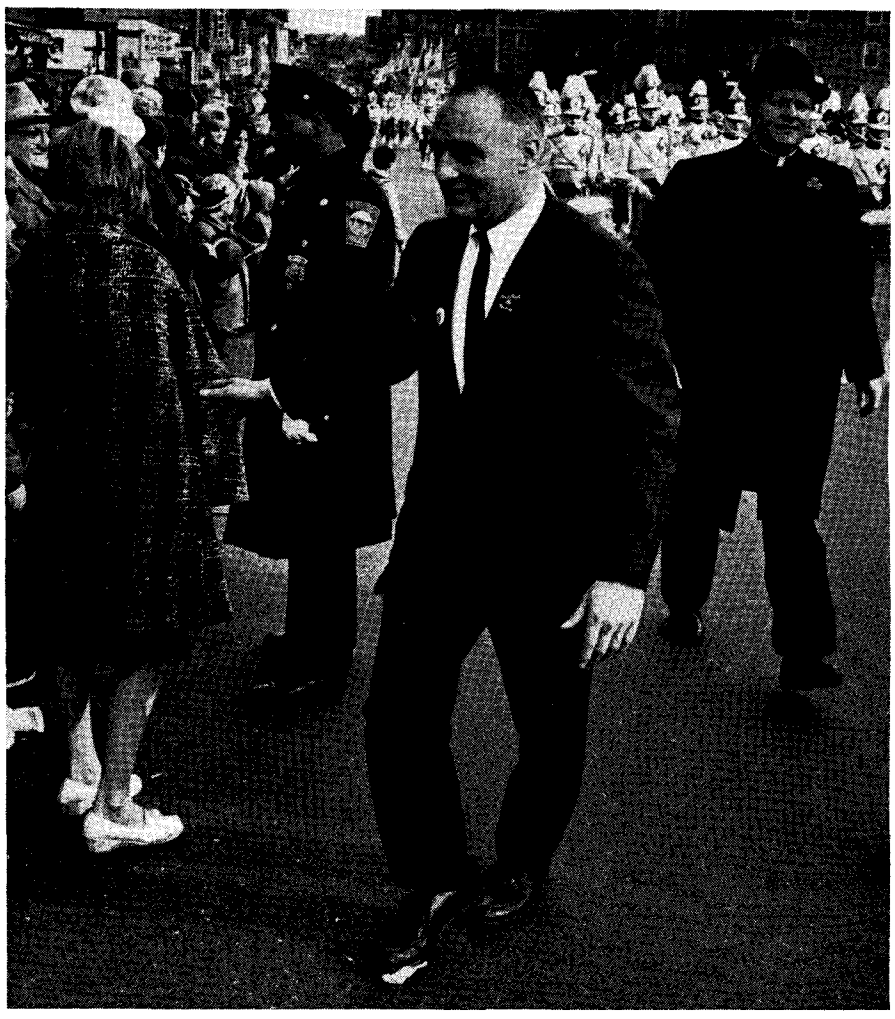
"Actually, A.D. was better than Porcellian," the governor said. "More college participation. The Porcellian was very cliquey." Had he known John Kennedy? "I knew Jack, but not well. Jack was in Winthrop House." The governor did not need to add that Winthrop House was considerably less illustrious than Eliot House.

Peabody became an excellent football player and made the All-American line; subsequently he served as a naval officer in the war, attended Harvard Law School and was elected as a Democrat to the state's Executive Council in 1954. He ran for attorney general in the pre-primary convention in 1956 and lost. He ran again in the primary in 1958 and lost. He ran for governor in the primary in 1960 and lost. One glimpses Chub Peabody, the handsome All-American aristocrat with the slightly stitched-up smile, grabbing for hands outside of delicatessens, backslapping in subway stations at the rush hour, impervious to the admonitions of friend and foe that the proletariat would have no part of him.

Nevertheless, he captured the Democratic Convention's endorsement for



In same parade strides Edward McCormack, proponent of scheme that defeated Peabody.



McCormack urged Lt. Gov. Bellotti (above) to run against Governor Peabody, his chief.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UPI

The late William Callahan ("the shadow governor") had the legislature under his thumb.

Councilor Sonny McDonough: "I've broken a few rules and will again—to help a friend."

A WILD HURLY-BURLY OF RASCALS AND HONEST MEN

governor in 1962, partly because he refused to give up, partly because the back-room politicians wanted a Yankee name on a ticket top-heavy with Irishmen, and partly because they needed a knight-in-armor after so many corruption scandals. Besides, John Volpe, the incumbent Republican governor, was heavily favored for reelection. "Give Chub his chance to lose," the logic ran. "Next time we'll put up another of our own." But Chub campaigned like a man possessed, and Volpe, too confident of victory, did not. Peabody won by 5,000 votes. In his inaugural address he promised to "fight and heed not the wounds."

There were many of those. His first three months in office were confused, and in press conferences his manner was inept. This was unfortunate, for rarely in a politician has the public image failed so tragically to reveal the inner man. "Chub is by no means stupid," explains a good friend on the Harvard faculty. "He's morally inhibited. His mind is constantly preoccupied with ethical judgments. His extreme Puritanism is the key to his character."

Peabody at once collided head on with the "machine" in the Democratic legislature by seeking to oust Speaker John Thompson, the "Iron Duke" who was later to be indicted on 60 counts involving bribes. He failed, and was forced to come to terms with Thompson. He flailed out at capital punishment, and then was forced to eat his words when three policemen were shot in the performance of duty, and enraged delegations marched on the State House. He was photographed serving his wife breakfast in bed and pushing an elderly woman's automobile out of a ditch; public opinion did not react kindly—such innovations were considered unbecoming to a governor.

One day I flew with him in his official airplane down to New York City to attend a dinner party. We were over Boston Harbor; the golden dome of the State House glinted with the reflected glory of the waning winter sun; we could see the aspiring skyscrapers of the new Boston, the serpentine River Charles, and, in the misty distance, the clustered Georgian splendor of Harvard. "How does it feel, Governor," I asked half-jokingly, "to realize you are the master of all you survey?"

"It only makes me want to accomplish more for the people of Massachusetts," he said.

Such a statement, uttered by any other politician, would have had a hollow ring, but Endicott Peabody was deadly sincere. And yet as governor there was something curiously ambivalent about him. He was at his best when he was uncompromising, steadfast to the visionary Puritanism of Groton School. He was at his worst when, goaded perhaps by a praiseworthy determination to get things done, he attempted to wheel and deal with the back-room politicians. And while some of his appointments were excellent, others—motivated no doubt by his strong sense of loyalty—left much to be desired.

Nevertheless, on balance Endicott Peabody was a good governor. His administration was characterized by a noble philosophical commitment to reform. He succeeded in negotiating 85 percent of his legislative program through the house and senate and pioneered a number of significant executive improvements. His splendid Commonwealth Service Corps, an indigenous peace corps, is the first and so far the only state agency of its kind in the country. His mass-transportation act is monumental. Moreover, Peabody helped to secure the $639,000 the Massachusetts Crime Commission needed to conduct serious investigations of corruption.

"I knew what the Crime Commission would find within the Democratic Party," the governor said, "but I went ahead, because we had to do away with corruption wherever it festered." Whatever Peabody's shortcomings, Massachusetts—and his own party—could ill afford to disavow so decent and high-minded a man.

But this is precisely what many leading Democrats did. Peabody's lieutenant governor was Francis Xavier Bellotti—a swarthy, crew-cut newcomer whose popular appeal rested largely on the support of his fellow Italians, but who in fact had grown up in an Irish ward in Dorchester and who, by his own account, was "sociologically and culturally more Irish than Italian." The post of lieutenant governor is largely ceremonial, but Bellotti managed to increase his official budget and began to build a large political organization throughout the state. It became increasingly apparent that Bellotti had his eye on Peabody's job.

He was unquestionably goaded by Peabody's frosty attitude toward him, and by the fusillades that were being aimed at the chief executive from all directions. Whether the Niagara of derision directed at the governor was systematically encouraged during the early stages is not clear; certain disgruntled anti-reform legislators and a number of newspapermen with axes to grind were said to be involved. Peabody's reputation for ineptitude did nothing to diminish the ridicule, and many of the jokes were savage: "What two towns in Massachusetts are named after the governor? Peabody and Marblehead!" In any event, what had been at best an inchoate conspiracy became, in the spring of 1964, a cunning and conscious one.

The conspiracy was sparked in April, 1964, with the death of William F. Callahan, chairman of the Massachusetts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edward Brooke, the nation's highest elected Negro, is leading the campaign against corruption.

Men like young Rep. Michael Dukakis (above) may save the scandal-ridden legislature.

Turnpike Authority. That office commanded enormous powers of patronage and expenditure, and Edward J. McCormack Jr., the state's former attorney general and the nephew of Speaker John W. McCormack, aspired to the vacant post as an ideal base for the resumption of his political career. McCormack approached Governor Peabody, who naturally consulted Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, the titular leader of the party. For a number of intricate reasons—not the least of which was the bitterness that lingered from his fierce fight with McCormack for the Senate nomination in 1962—Kennedy opposed McCormack's appointment and prevailed upon Peabody to give the turnpike chairmanship to State Treasurer John T. Driscoll, a loyal Kennedy partisan. Persuaded that Peabody was too much Kennedy's man, and that if Peabody remained governor his own political fortunes would suffer, McCormack evidently concluded that Peabody had to be displaced.

McCormack's calculations were labyrinthine and long-range. It was expected that the voters would make the governorship a four-year job as of 1966; this would strengthen the office and make it immeasurably more attractive to McCormack; or, he might want to run again for the U.S. Senate. In either case, if Peabody were reelected in 1964, Peabody and a Kennedy candidate could preempt both major nominations in the crucial campaign two years later.

McCormack and Secretary of the Commonwealth Kevin H. White, an equally able and ambitious politician who himself hopes one day to be governor, met with Bellotti and urged him to oppose Peabody in the primary. The understanding evidently was that McCormack would act as a power behind the scenes, and that as governor, Bellotti would somehow advance McCormack's political ambitions in 1966.

Even in the wild menagerie of Massachusetts politics, such a step was all but unprecedented; only once in this century had an incumbent governor been opposed for reelection by a member of his own party, and for a lieutenant governor to attempt this mutiny against his own governor was even more preposterous. McCormack denies that he raised any money for Bellotti's campaign; the Peabody people insist that he did. Sonny McDonough admits that he joined the revolt and helped finance Bellotti's candidacy through his political contacts. One visualizes the cabal during their early conclaves—they soon became disenthralled of one another—only to recall the classical lamentation of Ben Jonson, "Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back. . . . It is a rebel both to the soul and reason, and . . . offers violence to loyalty."

On May 12, Bellotti publicly announced his decision to run for governor and challenged Peabody for the endorsement of the Democratic preprimary convention in June. Peabody beat Bellotti badly in the convention, but Bellotti pressed on for the primary, waging a savage campaign. On television he flashed highly selective film clips of Peabody which made the governor look ridiculous; he ran and reran an old film of Ted Kennedy heaping praise on "my friend Frank Bellotti," thus encouraging the citizenry to believe that the senator had endorsed him for governor instead of Peabody. Kennedy, meanwhile, was flat on his back in the hospital, running for reelection in bed while he recovered from the airplane-crash injuries that almost killed him. He had, in fact, issued a public endorsement of Peabody, but his confinement made it ineffective.

Bellotti beat Peabody in the primary by nearly 27,000 votes and went on to oppose former Governor Volpe, the Republican candidate. Since Massachusetts is an overwhelmingly Democratic state, Bellotti was favored to win.

I rode with Bellotti one day while he toured the western part of the commonwealth. He was spending immense sums of money on outdoor advertising; it was New England's most glorious season, but everywhere we went garish green-and-black signs defaced the autumnal radiance of the wooded hills and vales: DON'T GO BACK! GO BELLOTTI! Bellotti munched intermittently on dried apricots and candy bars while we conversed, and he threw the wrappers out the window. He radiated a certain earthy electricity and spoke with his usual candor.

"Now, take Volpe. For him being governor means the big black limousine and the state troopers and the motorcycles. For me it's meeting and communicating with people in the street. I *need* it. . . . Ted Kennedy never paid any attention to me until I got the nomination. The only thing the Kennedys respect is power."

For a politician animated by so healthy a respect for the power of power, Bellotti conducted an incredibly amateurish campaign. On Election Day, Lyndon Johnson and Ted Kennedy roared to victory in Massachusetts by pluralities which exceeded a million votes, but Bellotti lost to Volpe by 23,000 votes.

Except for Kennedy's victory, the Democrats had lost not only the governorship to the Republicans but the state's other major offices as well. The betrayal of Peabody by Bellotti thus inflicted deep wounds upon the Democratic Party, and whatever unity the party previously possessed vanished in fratricide and self-destruction.

This continuing political fragmentation, and the fragmentation of Massachusetts society as a whole, has had an especially lamentable result: Assisted by human avarice, it has been the major cause of corruption. With power so diffused, the opportunities for mischief were multiplied. Following World War II, for example, the legislature gave birth to a number of independent authorities which were subject neither to the civil-service laws nor to the usual legal and auditing restraints imposed on regular state agencies.

At the time there appeared to be persuasive reasons for such legislation. The traditional state agencies were finding it difficult to cope with such enormous postwar needs as highway building and airport construction, and the state itself lacked the staggering sums of money such enterprises demanded. So it was decided to establish independent agencies outside the state's debt structure, self-financed by floating revenue bonds which could be paid off by collecting tolls directly from the public.

The master of manipulating the fragmented society was the legendary William F. Callahan, the chairman of the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority until his death last year. Callahan was an extraordinary person. For more than a decade he was considered to be mightier than any governor, and in fact was sometimes described as "the shadow governor of Massachusetts." A balding, bulldoggish man, he submitted to surgery in 1955 for the removal of a cancerous larynx. Then, deprived of his vocal cords, he taught himself to talk again through the use of esophageal speech—swallowing air and coughing it up in the form of words. He was fiercely loved and violently hated. No one ever questioned his ability or his achievements.

Or his power. As the state's master road builder, Callahan commanded sums of money that exceeded the entire budgets of many a foreign government.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GARAGE SCANDAL—FASCINATING, FUNNY, APPALLING

Beginning in 1934, he served as commissioner of public works under several administrations, and his accomplishments cover the commonwealth. Fifteen years ago, over violent opposition, he constructed Route 128, the circumferential highway skirting Greater Boston; today the road stands as a monument to his foresight, having since become the "Space Highway"—the site of the national electronics firms that have been of vast benefit to the local economy. Callahan slashed through red tape and fully deserved his reputation as "Mr. Gets-Things-Done." But his methods were questionable, and his vision of society was disturbing.

He was dedicated to the proposition that what was best for the automobile and the truck was best for society. Without superhighways, without swift access to and from the surrounding states, how could the commonwealth attract the commerce and industry essential to its prosperity? That was a compelling question, and in the face of it the more elusive factors of aesthetics, scenery and social compassion did not stand much of a chance. In the early 1950's, while still commissioner of public works, Callahan erected a monstrous expressway through the heart of Boston at the incredible cost of $28,940,000 per mile. He continued on an even more grandiose scale when he assumed the chairmanship of his independent turnpike authority in 1952 and embarked on a half-billion-dollar toll road which today extends from the New York State line to the heart of Boston. Whenever Callahan approached population centers, he did not hesitate to obliterate city blocks by the dozen, or to evict citizens by the thousands.

Callahan wielded so much raw economic power that he could get practically anything he wanted. His influence extended into every nook and cranny of state government, large segments of the business world, and even into banks and newspapers. His links to the leading contractors made him an invaluable fund raiser for the Democratic Party. His ties to John F. Thompson, the former house speaker, were intimate, and his power over the rest of the legislature so great that a number of lawmakers were once said to have genuflected when he walked into the room. The legislators gave him virtually everything he asked for—and with reason, for scores of them had relatives on his payroll. Until a year before his death, the state auditor had no authority to examine his turnpike records. The public rarely got a glimpse of him, and a great many people did not even know who he was or realize the power he wielded over their lives.

But *he* knew everything that was going on in Massachusetts. Callahan created what amounted to his own spy network, and it kept him constantly informed of any developments within the state that had a bearing on his interests. He was a past master at discovering the weaknesses of actual or potential adversaries, of finding out what they wanted or feared, and then of cajoling, persuading, pressuring, playing off or maneuvering them as the circumstances suggested.

Those who knew Callahan claim that money did not matter to him, only power and the manipulation of men. Nevertheless, four years ago at the so-called Worcester hearings in federal court, an engineer named Thomas Worcester testified that he had paid the sum of $275,000 to an influence peddler to obtain contracts for his firm during Callahan's last term as commissioner of public works. Callahan flatly denied the allegations. Whether or not Callahan himself ever accepted a bribe—and it has never been proved that he did—the abuses which thrived under his administration of the turnpike authority have become public knowledge in Massachusetts.

Indignant citizens (seated) appear before a legislative committee to demand that highway builders spare trees. Proper bluebloods are often shocked by the lawmakers' boorishness.

For example, there was the "performance bond" abuse. Massachusetts law requires all contractors doing business with the commonwealth to post bonds insuring it against any losses that might result from the contractor's failure to complete his work properly. The brokers' commissions on these bonds are lucrative; for turnpike authority construction alone they are estimated to have totaled $300,000 during a single two-year period. In theory, the contractor was free to give his business to any licensed broker. In practice, contractors were often prevailed upon to post the bonds with relatives or friends of turnpike authority officials. The commissions were frequently divided with members of the state legislature, who were expected to reciprocate by voting favorably on all questions of interest to the turnpike authority. Invariably they did.

And then there were the legislators who were placed on the payroll of a certain engineering firm at Callahan's request. According to the recent draft report by the Massachusetts Crime Commission, these lawmakers performed insignificant services or no services at all for the considerable salaries paid to them. This and the payments they received from commissions on performance bonds "were the principal means by which [Callahan] influenced the passage or defeat of legislation. . . . The commission has found a connection between the times when the payments were heaviest and the presence in the legislature of bills with which the chairman was concerned." Late this April, acting on evidence submitted by the crime commission, the grand jury named the dead Callahan as a coconspirator in a series of 14 indictments charging prominent state officials and others, including Callahan's son-in-law, with offering bribes.

The crime commission's judgment of Callahan is scathing: "The methods [that] he used to get results have [played] no small part in bringing about the deterioration in the moral climate of our state government. Such deterioration has been of far greater importance to every man, woman and child in Massachusetts than the ease and comfort with which it is now possible to drive the length of the state on a multi-lane turnpike."

The pattern these abuses suggest is interesting. Corruption in Massachusetts can perhaps best be explained in terms of partnership—a partnership between an official strategically placed in state government and an entrepreneur outside who wants a favor, or a service, or a contract, and is willing to pay for it in one form or another. The official partner can rarely function independently of the private one, if only because the laws have long since made direct larceny from the public treasury all but impossible. Within this framework, to quote a prominent Boston attorney close to the problem, "the variety of ways of getting money out of the government has been limited only by the imagination of the thieves."

At work here was a tribalistic system based on backscratching, good fellowship and gang loyalty. Its members all seemed to know one another; they included legislators and fund raisers from both parties, heads of state agencies, insurance brokers, influence peddlers, contractors, congressmen and perhaps even a governor or two. They seemed to constitute an establishment unto themselves, and woe to the simple citizen who wandered innocent and unawares into the tangled and misty thicket they had made of the public business.

The enshrinement of this ethic was to be found in the Boston Common Underground Garage scandal, the most fascinating and the most incredibly involved case of grand larceny yet to be brought to light in the history of Massachusetts. In contemplating the affair, one recalls Lytton Strachey's ironic essay on the end of General Gordon: "There emerges from these obscure, unhappy records an interest, not merely political and historical, but human and dramatic. One catches a vision of strange characters, interacting in queer complication, and hurrying at last—so it almost seems—like creatures in a puppet show to a predestined catastrophe. The characters, too, have a charm all their own."

Since the basic safeguards of modern government have made direct thievery from the public purse so difficult, it has become increasingly necessary for aspiring plunderers to dream up all sorts of sophisticated, intricate and invisible methods for the accomplishment of their purpose. In the underground-garage case, this included the subterfuge of fake engineering, legal and finder's fees, the wholesale falsification of official records, and even the founding of a fictitious corporation—in order to achieve a larceny that ultimately amounted to nearly $800,000.

The idea of constructing a garage under Boston Common had been debated since 1920; finally, in October of 1958, responding to the recommendation of Gov. Foster Furcolo, the legislature established the Massachusetts Parking Authority and empowered it to undertake this single project. The new authority, which was to finance itself by negotiating a municipal-bond issue, was of course not subject to the scrutiny of the state auditor or bound by the customary laws of competitive bidding.

Governor Furcolo appointed none other than the omnipresent William F. Callahan to be its first chairman and named as one of the associate members the former chief editorial writer of the Boston *Record-American*, George L. Brady. In his writings, Brady had long campaigned for the construction of the garage. He was known as a convivial eccentric who camouflaged his baldness with wigs of various colors and frequently appeared in public wearing cowboy boots, a fringed rodeo jacket and a ten-gallon hat.

For some unexplained reason, Callahan resigned his chairmanship in April of 1959 and severed all connection with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the parking authority. Governor Furcolo thereupon appointed Brady to take his place, and, to fill the vacant associate membership, named Joseph W. Monahan Jr., a bespectacled insurance salesman, son of a probate judge and close personal friend of Furcolo himself.

Early in 1959—according to testimony at the Parking Authority trials two years ago—Brady began to look for a bonding company to underwrite the cost of the garage and for a construction company to build it. He approached a number of local contractors and told them that if they wished to undertake the project they would have to pay him a fee of several hundred thousand dollars—in cash. The contractors either refused to go along or, if interested, found the terms exorbitant.

In the spring a prominent public official introduced Brady to William F. Thompson, the board chairman of The Foundation Company, a respected construction firm in New York City. According to Thompson's subsequent testimony, Brady told him that "The Foundation Company would have to pay a sum equal to $300,000 to get the Boston Parking Garage contract. . . . He told me that he had been informed that we had a box of cash that we used for this purpose." Thompson told Brady, "We are a corporation with corporate records. . . . Anything in payment that we would make would have to be in corporate form."

This can be translated to mean that Thompson was interested in the proposition, but that he could not bribe Brady in cash, only by check. Owing to auditing and income-tax complexities, the transaction had to appear on The Foundation Company's books, and it had to be made to look legitimate.

Prosecutor Gael Mahony and attorney Robert DiGiacomo helped expose scandal that attended the construction of this vast Boston garage.

Thus Brady was confronted with a delicate and precarious alternative: Before he could extort a red cent from Thompson, he would first have to find an underwriter, then commission The Foundation Company to construct the garage, then arrange for transfer of funds from the Parking Authority to The Foundation Company. Only when he had completed these preliminaries could Thompson begin to funnel back to him, in disguised and ostensibly legal form, the payoff that he demanded. And even then Brady's name could not appear on any Foundation Company check. A check could be made out only to a middleman, a "straw," in payment for some service, however fictitious.

There ensued a maze of bizarre conspiracies enshrouded in fantasy, confusion and panic. Briefly, John Nuveen & Company, the nation's largest underwriter of municipal-bond issues, agreed to finance the garage at a cost that eventually came to nearly $10 million. Most of the money was deposited in a Boston bank, and the parking authority authorized a check to The Foundation Company for initial "architectural and engineering services." This enabled The Foundation Company to transfer back to Brady the sum of $405,000—the stakes had risen—in fake legal finder's and subcontracting fees, all of which was channeled through additional conspirators whom Brady had brought in as middlemen. A $100,000 attorney's fee for legal work never performed was presently paid to a pair of the new conspirators—a lawyer and a judge—plus another $65,000 to the Granite State Realty and Construction Company in Manchester, N.H. This was a dummy corporation created by Brady's brother-in-law which was supposed to have done some preliminary subcontracting work on the construction site, but which in fact had no equipment, no employees and no assets of any kind.

Early in 1960, before any of the kickbacks were actually delivered, Brady apparently realized that his adventure in larceny had become so nightmarishly involved that it might very well fly out of control. He decided that to avoid further pitfalls he required the services of someone even more Machiavellian than himself. Enter Francis W. Kiernan, easily the most outrageous and delightful member of this Beacon Hill mob.

A ruddy-faced *bon vivant*, Frank Kiernan had made flamboyance his philosophy of life. He was an engineer of sorts, and had been mixed up in a number of questionable business enterprises over the years, just skirting the borderline of the law. He owned a private plane, a helicopter and two homes in the country in addition to his town house on Beacon Hill. He was a ladies' man, a fashion plate and a shameless name-dropper. No one could match his talent for impersonating brigadier generals, vice admirals and miscellaneous celebrities. He owed money to the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker; one of his favorite ways of not paying a check was to flash a $10,000 bill, which of course no one could ever change.

In addition to dispensing expert advice on the larceny already in progress, Kiernan at once embarked on some separate shenanigans of his own. The parking authority's bond resolution provided for the hiring of an engineering firm to oversee the building-contractor's designs, plans and specifications for the garage, to supervise its actual construction, and to write weekly reports to the authority—all for a fee of $12,500. Brady and Monahan passed an official resolution appointing the New York firm of Muzzillo & Tizian to fulfill these tasks. Kiernan was to act as Muzzillo & Tizian's agent. The only trouble was that Muzzillo & Tizian did not know that they had been appointed, or that Kiernan was their representative.

Kiernan's next step was to cross the Charles River and open a commercial account in the Everett National Bank in the name of Muzzillo & Tizian, with himself as the sole signatory. Monahan and Brady, as members of the Parking Authority, then began authorizing the payment of checks to Muzzillo & Tizian for engineering services supposedly rendered. The checks were delivered to Kiernan, who thereupon deposited them in the Muzzillo & Tizian account at the Everett National Bank. Then Kiernan drew on the account at his pleasure.

On March 3, 1960, in the middle of a snowstorm, a groundbreaking ceremony was conducted on Boston Common, and The Foundation Company began excavating the stupendous hole for the subterranean garage.

It soon became evident to the powers on the parking authority that further lumps would have to be smoothed out regarding the mythical role of Muzzillo & Tizian. Since the bond resolution specified that the construction engineer's fee was to come to only $12,500, it was now essential to supersede this clause with a new contract multiplying that amount many times over.

This is precisely what Brady and Monahan did—but not until they had already paid Kiernan a quarter of a million dollars. Therefore, like the historians in George Orwell's Ministry of Truth, they had to dig back into the minutes of their official meetings and rewrite them; they had to make it appear that they had legally authorized all of their payments to Kiernan *before* he had received his checks.

The minutes were falsified on an extraordinary scale. In all, 27 payments were made to Kiernan for a grand total of $344,468. As for the engineering services he rendered, Kiernan visited the construction site 13 times in two years, and usually kept his taxi waiting.

The garage case did not lack comic episodes. One of Frank Kiernan's collateral duties was to devise ways of getting the $145,000 "finder's fee" out of The Foundation Company and into Brady's (*continued on page 86*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Larry Fried

HORSES IN THE LIVING ROOM

By Daniel P. Mannix

The Assaels already had three children, a myna bird, four St. Bernards, a kinkajou and a colony of turtles. So it seemed natural to add five miniature horses.

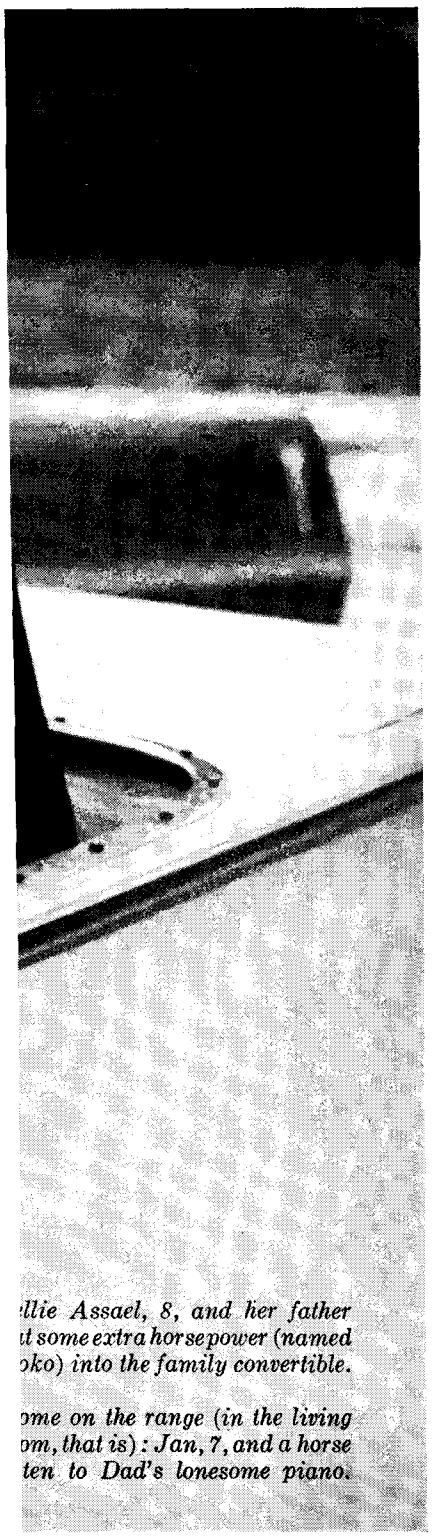
The family escapade started one day in 1963 when Trudy Assael read that Robert Kennedy had imported as pets some midget horses from an Argentinian rancher named Julio Falabella. The idea fascinated her. She clipped the story and read it over and over. When her husband Alex returned from work that evening, Trudy showed him the clipping. Alex knew that he had only a handkerchief-sized yard outside his house, on Long Island, that the family already had one quarter horse, four St. Bernards, a myna bird, a kinkajou and a colony of turtles—but he also knew that his wife had loved horses since her childhood. He told her to go ahead and write to Falabella and see if he would sell a miniature horse.

"But I didn't want just one horse; I wanted a pair so I could breed them," Trudy explained. "I was breeding the St. Bernards at the time and didn't see why I couldn't breed horses too." Señor Falabella was willing to sell horses but no breeding stock; only mares and geldings. At first this was a great disappointment to Trudy, but when she saw some pictures of the Falabella horses, she decided they weren't what she wanted anyhow. They were more like stunted ponies. "What I wanted was a true miniature horse symmetrically proportioned but small enough to keep in a suburban home."

Alex urged her to drop the whole idea, but now that her interest was aroused, Trudy was obsessed with the belief that somewhere in the world there must be a race of real midget horses. She studied the horse magazines, hoping to find a lead. Finally, knowing that what Trudy wants, Trudy gets, Alex joined in the search. Together they wrote to everyone they knew who might help them find such animals. They received answers from people who bred Welsh ponies, Irish ponies, Norwegian fjord ponies and all the various strains of Shetland ponies, but no one had any true miniatures. The search was hopeless. Then their luck changed.

The Assaels heard of a couple from Connecticut who, while traveling in Germany, had seen a string of genuine midget horses at the estate of a once

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



llie Assael, 8, and her father
t some extra horsepower (named
oko) into the family convertible.

ome on the range (in the living
om, that is): Jan, 7, and a horse
ten to Dad's lonesome piano.

ealthy family. This strain was some
) years old, started by the grandfather
the present owner. The horses were
Arab stock, carefully bred and per-
ctly formed. They averaged less than
) inches high at the shoulder.

The Assaels excitedly wrote the Euro-
ean owner and asked if any of the
orses were for sale. The owner, a
rmer, had little interest in the curious
imals he had inherited and was will-
g to sell four mares and a stallion for
),000. The Assaels didn't have the
oney at the time, but this trivial prob-
m was soon solved by means of a bank
an. Then, true to the family creed—
lon't hesitate, or you'll never do any-
ing," says Alex—they ordered the
ve horses shipped to New York.

"The day they arrived was the most
citing of our lives," Trudy says.

"The horses were even more wonder-
l than we'd dared to hope," adds
lex. "The stallion, Black Midnight,
as the biggest. He stood a little more
an 35 inches at the withers and
eighed only a hundred pounds. The
nallest of the mares stood 28 inches.
They all had perfect conformation."

The horses were installed in a small shelter in the backyard, but the Assaels' three daughters kept bringing them into the living room to watch television. When Westerns were being shown, the children would each sit astride one of the horses. When the action on the screen became exciting, the girls would ride the horses around the room, shouting, "Hi-ho, Silver!" The horses loved it, but the rugs suffered.

The horses soon adapted themselves to suburban life. They didn't chew the furniture, and because their little unshod hoofs are only about the size of a silver dollar they didn't do any damage to the floors unless they were being galloped. To everyone's surprise, they proved to be naturally housebroken.

"You can't imagine how clever and friendly they are," Trudy explains. "Petra, one of the mares, is a great tease and tries to sneak things out of my pocket. Her little muzzle is so small she can do it easily. She follows me around while I do the housework. When she sees her chance, she pulls out my handkerchief. Then she runs off with it, and I have to catch her."

From the outset the Assaels hoped to breed their horses and increase the herd, but the question still remained whether the horses would "throw true" and have foals as small as they were. Although the Assaels had been assured the breed was definitely established, they knew enough about breeding to realize that only too often miniatures will "throw back," and the female will have a normal-size offspring—which usually means death for the mother. So when it was found the mares were in foal, the Assaels waited anxiously.

The first foals were born that winter, four tiny animals, each so small that Trudy could hold them in her lap. The Assaels allowed the mares and their offspring to sleep by the stove on cold nights. Black Midnight, the stallion, was left outside. He regarded this as a discrimination, however, and soon learned how to get into the house by turning the door knob with his mouth.

As soon as the foals were large enough, they were put outside with their parents, but now a new problem arose. The horses were used to living inside and collected at the back door early every morning for breakfast. "We had to feed them before we made our own breakfast," says Trudy. "Otherwise they'd start kicking the door." The four St. Bernards also had their troubles with the star boarders. The herd would line up whenever the dogs were fed, and there would be a miniature stampede to see who got to the food first. "Finally we had to let the dogs go," Alex said regretfully. "It got to be too much keeping four dogs and nine horses in a small house."

At first the Assaels had no idea of capitalizing on their pets, but the news got out and they were deluged by TV, radio and advertising agencies. Their appearances on television shows brought letters from all over the country, asking to buy the little animals. "One woman in Texas offered us $5,000 apiece for them," Trudy said. They did sell two of the first foals to an automobile dealer in Kent, Wash., who uses them for publicity purposes.

Gradually the horses came to dominate the Assaels' lives. "We haven't been to a movie or even read a book since the horses came," Alex says. The horses had to be groomed, fed, cleaned and exercised. The Assaels became so involved with their pets that Alex quit his accounting business in the city and started his own local data-processing business so he could spend more time at home. To amuse the children, he got a small goat cart. The horses were hitched to it, and the Assael girls went for rides stopping to pick up their friends. "For a while we had the most popular children in town," Alex says.

If the arrival of the miniatures revitalized the whole Assael household, it also brought problems. The first blow fell one day when a neighbor complained to the police that the horses constituted a nuisance. The police agreed that they attracted crowds, which created a problem. They ordered the Assaels to get rid of the animals.

"We were stunned," says Trudy. "Until then we hadn't realized how much the horses had come to mean to us. Our little mares were in foal again. We had two colts only a few months old. We had no idea where to put them, and selling them would be like selling the children. We were desperate."

The Assaels finally found a stable nearby that would board the horses, but almost at once there were new troubles. Crowds soon found the little horses' new hideaway and became such a nuisance that the stableman finally asked the Assaels to move their pets.

They found another stable, but again the tiny horses brought trouble. This time it was a "horsenapper."

"One evening the stableman's dog began to bark," Alex explained. "The man looked out the window and saw someone had picked up Koko, one of our foals, and was carrying her to his car. When the stableman shouted at him, he dropped Koko and ran, but we were afraid he'd be back, and if not him, someone else. The horses are so tame anyone can carry them off, and they're so small they could easily be put in the back of a car and stolen."

For the third time the Assaels moved the horses; this time to an old chicken house well hidden by shrubbery on a secluded part of Long Island. But it was impossible to keep the horses a secret, and the Assaels feared that sooner or later they would be stolen.

"So," says Alex, "because of the horses, we've come to the decision to leave Long Island this month. On our honeymoon we drove through a little town in New Mexico called Deming. We've never forgotten it. It's in a valley, cut off from the rest of the world, and the people are so friendly.

"Besides," admits Alex, "I know what Trudy really wants. She wants a little circus of her own. She's found an elephant she can buy for $3,500. We can't keep him on Long Island. Or zebras either. We found a pair of zebras we can buy. Maybe we could breed them in New Mexico. As for myself, I want a motorcycle. They're great. I could ride it to town and all over the seventeen acres that we've bought."

"That's right," adds Trudy. "A woman said to me the other day, 'Why wouldn't you want a mink coat instead of all those expensive animals?' I laughed. What would I do in a mink coat? Shovel manure?" □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PART TWO

'I SPIED FOR THE RUSSIANS'

By Robert Glenn Thompson with Harold H. Martin

How does an enemy agent in the U.S. receive orders from Russia? What does he actually do? And how does he feel when he sees the FBI closing in? Robert Thompson tells it all in the last part of this shocking self-portrait.

I went into the phone booth on Stalinallee and called 555-361—the East German secret police. This was in December, 1957, just about six months since the first time I'd called that number. The other time, I had been drunk and disgusted with the U.S. Air Force, and I'd crossed over to tell the Soviets I wanted to defect. But they talked me into going back to my job in the Office of Special Investigation at Tempelhof Air Base and spying for them. Which is what I did. Since June, I had been giving them information about American intelligence organizations in West Berlin. I had photographed documents from the O.S.I. files, I'd even bugged the C.O.'s office.

But this time I was actually on my way to Russia. Orders had come in transferring me back to the States, and the Soviets wanted to teach me a few tricks so I could keep on working for them when I got back to the U.S. I had some leave coming, and I took a few days—five or six, I don't remember exactly how much—to go to spy school.

When the secret-police duty officer got on the phone, I said, "Here is Gregor," which was my cover name, and he said OK and hung up. Pretty soon Karl, the guy I'd been taking orders from all along, drove up with another guy named Stephan, who I didn't like too much. He was a heavy-set man, round face, little beady eyes, dark-complected. A sloppy dresser, didn't tie his tie neat. The thing that bugged me about him, he spoke good English, but when you talked to him he'd sit there drumming his fingers on the table, saying "Da," "Da," "Da"—Yes, Yes—like he agreed with everything I said. He always acted like he was thinking of something else.

They put me in the car and gave me a pair of dark glasses and Russian identity documents. They had an old suitcase for me, looked like it had been used a lot, full of clothes.

Then we drove to Schoenefeld Airport, and they told me to keep my mouth shut, not say a word to anybody. Just do what they did. We flew from Schoenefeld to Warsaw, Poland, and there wasn't anybody on the plane except the three of us and the crew. At Warsaw a limousine picked us up and took us to the other side of the airport, where we got on another plane—a jet, very plush, not modern plush like our jets but old-fashioned plush, like an old-time Pullman car, almost. There was nobody on this plane either except the three of us and a couple of military officers. But they didn't talk to us.

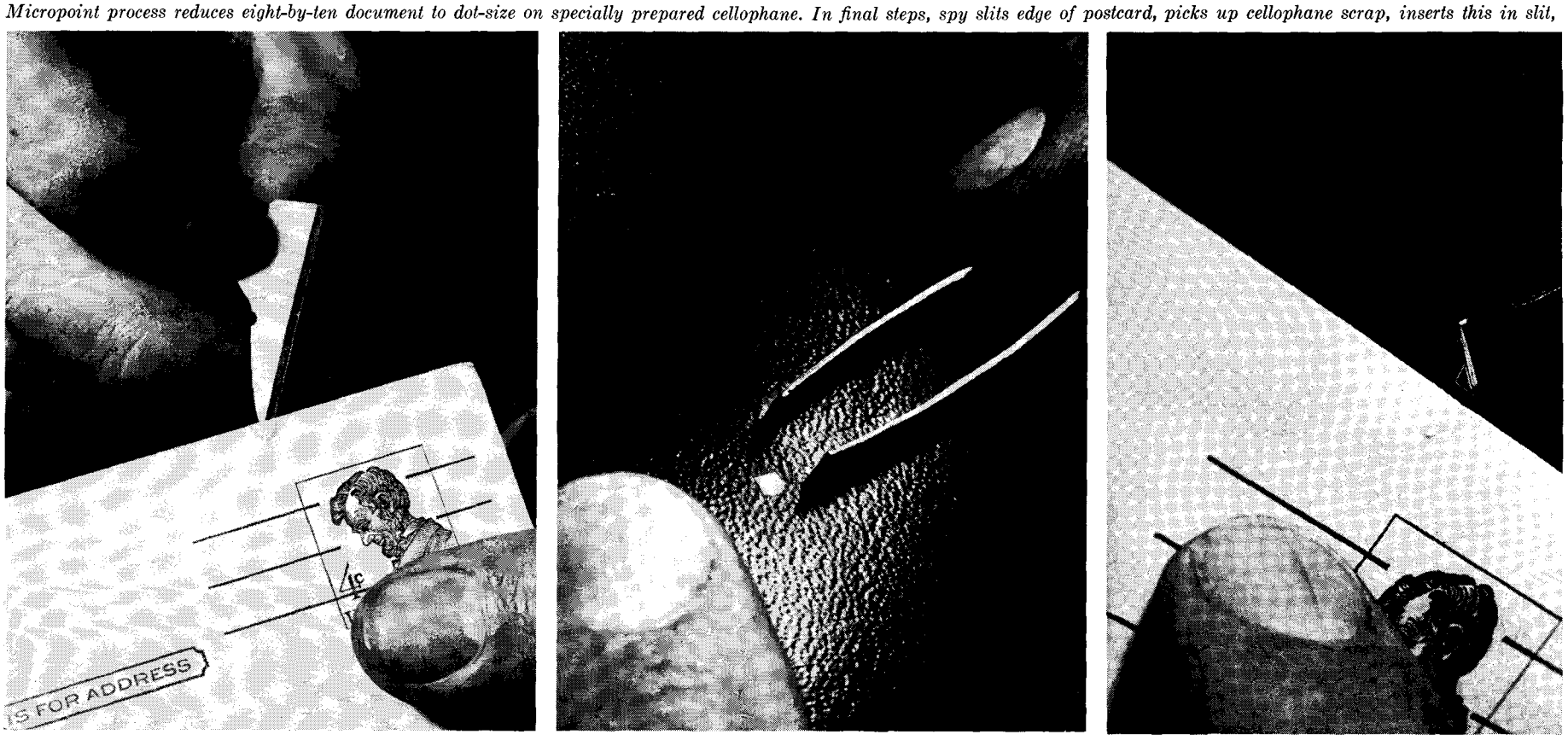
I was really sticking my head in the lion's mouth, I knew that. But it didn't worry me. I felt if they were laying all this on for me, private plane and all, they must think I was pretty important, a valuable man they could trust. This made me feel pretty good.

We landed at an airport somewhere near the Black Sea, and a car met us, and the chauffeur got out and saluted us, and I saluted him back, which was just common courtesy. We drove two hours or so and finally we pulled up to a big yellow stucco-type house, similar to a castle. Looked like it was built in the 18th century, when people had a lot of money, and, inside, the ceilings were very ornate, similar to the kind you find in old movie theaters in New York City. They took me upstairs to a suite of rooms.

It was about 9:30 at night when we got there, and we had dinner in the apartment, Karl and me, and Stephan and Stephan's wife, and another fellow and a woman he brought. This last woman could have passed as an American. Nice dresser, about 30 years old, brownish-blond hair, blue eyes. Maybe five feet six and she spoke perfect English. She said her name was Virginia, and she had been in America just recently. That wasn't her real name though, for I saw her back in the States later, and she used other names.

After dinner we sat around and talked a while, and they said the next day they were going to start my training, and they asked me if I wanted anything that night—for instance, female companions. But I told them no, this was only a matter of business for

Micropoint process reduces eight-by-ten document to dot-size on specially prepared cellophane. In final steps, spy slits edge of postcard, picks up cellophane scrap, inserts this in slit,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me I would just as soon learn what I had to learn and get it over with.

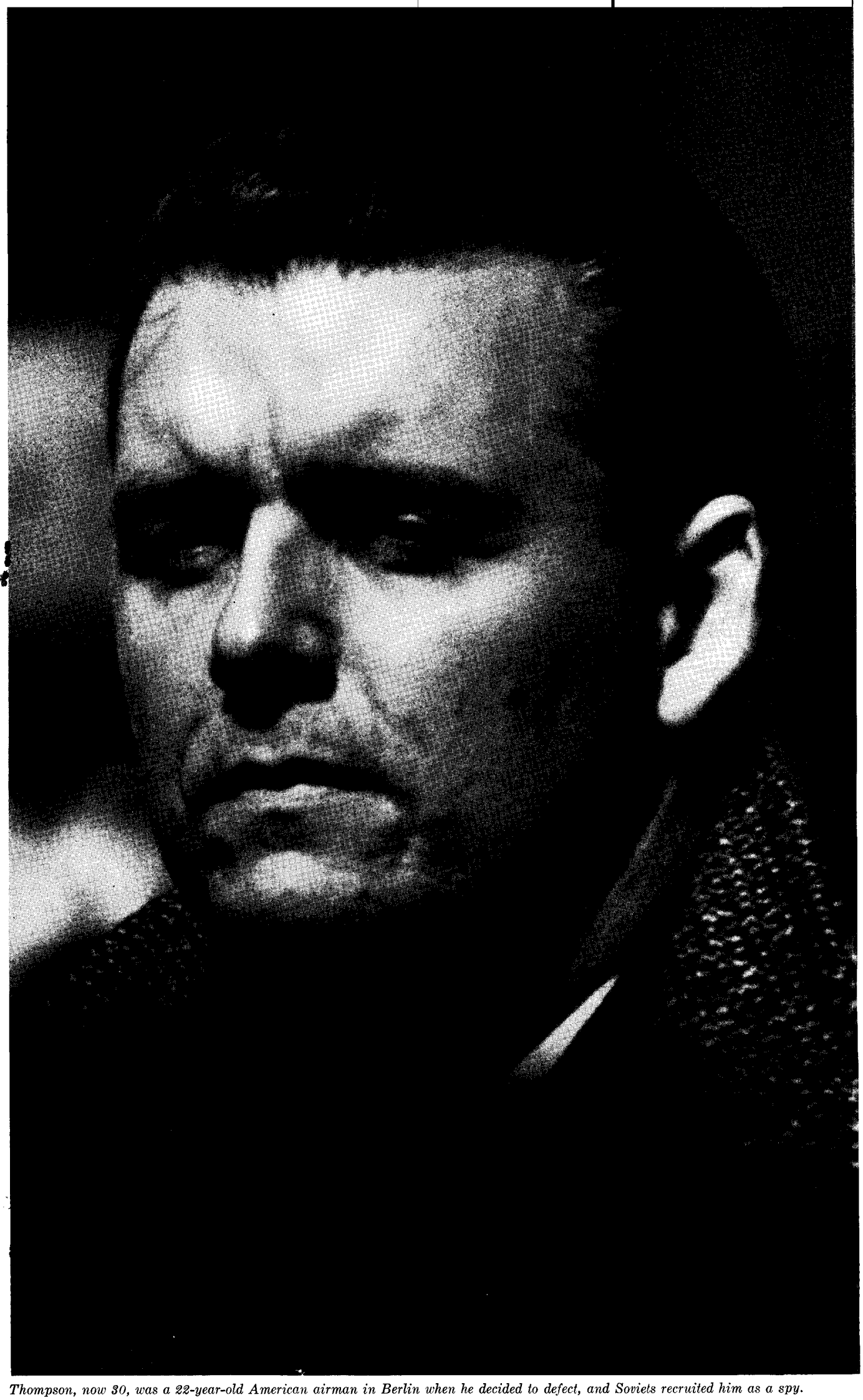
The next morning after breakfast Stephan called downstairs on the phone, and this woman came up to the apartment. She was maybe 55 years old, dressed in good clothes, but not stylish for sure, black dress, cotton stockings, shoes the type your grandmother quit wearing back in 1930. She didn't speak any English, but Karl and Stephan translated for her.

She showed me about writing secret messages. You had to have something hard to write on, like a glass desk top. You laid a sheet of writing paper out lengthwise, not up-and-down. On top of that you laid another sheet which looked just like an ordinary sheet of paper, but it was a special kind of carbon paper that didn't make any marks you could see. On top of this you laid another piece of ordinary paper. Then you wrote your message on the top sheet with a stylus or a dry ball-point pen. It had to be written just so, in block letters and with certain key words that had to be in there to prove you wrote it, like whatever the last word was it had to end with an "e." You destroyed the top sheet and put the carbon, which you could use again, in the back of an ordinary address book, where it looks like just another blank sheet. Then you took the bottom sheet and turned it up-and-down, the regular way, and wrote some innocent letter on it.

I never did find out what process brought out the secret writing, and I don't know whether the FBI found out or not, though I gave them my address book and told them the last two pages were that special carbon paper.

That's all I learned that day. We went over and over it. Then they gave me a new address book with the special sheets as the last two pages, and later I copied down every address I had in my

then mixes dab of paste to seal the incision.



Thompson, now 30, was a 22-year-old American airman in Berlin when he decided to defect, and Soviets recruited him as a spy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'I felt that the Soviets must think I was a valuable man. This made me feel pretty good.'

old book, using different pens, and writing on different days.

That night we went out to a restaurant to eat, some place where they had these dancers that jump up and down, Cossacks, I think, and they had some crazy army officers, too, that got up and danced. I drank a lot of vodka and felt pretty good.

Next morning the lessons started again. Another woman came in—White Russian, blond hair, about 30, very good-looking—to teach me about how I would get messages from Russia by radio. To start with, she taught me a phrase in German—"Die Buchandlungen Wirtschaft," which means in English, "The Booksellers Management." This had to be written in the form of a "T," with "Die Buchandlungen" on the top and the "Wirtschaft" underneath, as the shaft of the "T," and the letters would be numbered starting at the bottom of the shaft and then across from left to right. This phrase had to be used in connection with a cipher-code pad of about 20 sheets, with columns of five-digit numbers on each sheet. About every six months, this woman said, they would change the code, and then they would have to give me a new pad.

What she told me was this: When I got back to the States, I would listen to a shortwave radio every Thursday morning at 7:05, until I heard my call signal, which was "Amur ya Lena." It means "Amur calling Lena." Those are two rivers in Eastern Russia, and it doesn't have anything to do with *Amour Lenin*—"Love Lenin"—like the papers said. Then I'd get the message, which would be in numbers, five digits at a time—spoken in Russian, so I had to learn to count in Russian.

The message would tell which sheet of the code pad to use, and what I had to do was subtract the numbers in the radio message from the numbers on the code sheet. Like if the seventh number in the message was 27406, and the seventh one on the code sheet was 27410, I'd subtract and get 4. So I'd count up to the fourth letter on the "T," which would be the "h" in "Wirtschaft." Or if my number was 14, it would be the "B" in "Buchandlungen." Each set of five digits I got from the radio station in Russia would give me one letter of my message.

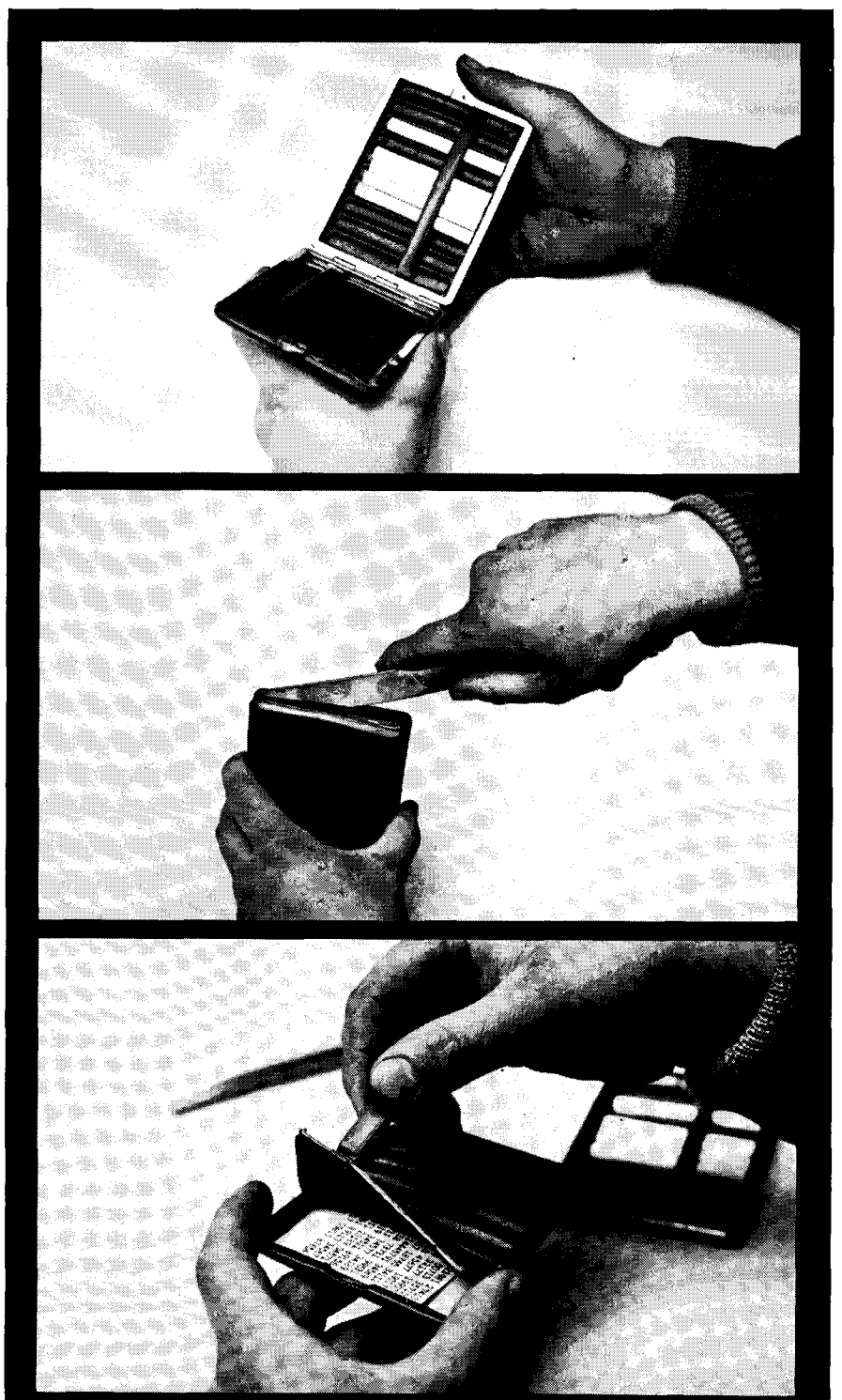
I had to have a place to conceal the code sheets, so they gave me a cigarette case with a secret compartment in it. You slip a knife blade in the edge at a certain place, and it snaps open. It was a brown-leather case, American-made, very nice-looking. Later on, the FBI agents had it in their hands, and one of the agents said, "This sure is a nice-looking case," and I said, "Yes, my girl friend gave it to me." They never did find out about the secret compartment, and I never did tell them.

The next thing I learned was about the micropoint—how to photograph a document, or a message, or a photograph as big as eight by ten and reduce it to a microscopic image no bigger than a speck of dust. This lesson was given by a crippled man who wore thick glasses and had a deformed left hand, and used a cane to walk on. From the way he was damaged, I knew he was hurt in the war.

In the micropoint process, you need a 35-mm reflex-type camera, which is the kind that lets you see exactly the picture you're going to take, by looking through the open lens.

First you take the document you are going to copy and put it on something flat. Then you clamp the camera on a chair back, or anything that will hold it steady, and you line the camera up on the document and take a picture. This you develop, and you put the negative between two glass slides to hold it flat. Then you take a piece of ordinary cellophane and make it light-sensitive, like a film, which you can do with chemicals. But it has to be real cellophane, not one of these plastic films they make now. If you get it off a cigarette pack, you have to test it. You burn a piece, and if it is real cellophane, it smells strong when it burns.

After you have got your cellophane sensitized, you put a piece of white paper on a flat surface, like a table. Over the paper you clamp your micropointer, which is a small brass tube about an inch and a half long, with lenses at both ends. Actually, it's a sort of microscope. Exactly 35 inches above the bottom end of the micropoint you clamp the glass plates with the negative, and above that a three-by-one-power hand magnifying glass—it has to be a three by one. And over this you set up a 100-watt clear-glass electric light—not frosted. The light shines through the magnifying glass and then the negative and the micropointer, and you raise or lower the glass until you focus the negative on the tiniest possible spot on the piece of white paper on the table. You mark this spot with an X and turn the light off. Then you slip your cellophane under the micropointer, at this point marked X, and turn on the light. After about three minutes you take the cellophane out and develop it with regular commercial developer. After it's developed, you can see a little black dot on the cellophane about the size of a period. That's your document.



Secret compartment in cigarette case held the pad of code sheets that Thompson had to use to decipher orders sent him by radio from Russia.

Now comes the part that takes a steady hand. You break the corner off a razor blade to give you a pointed cutting edge, and cut out the spot, which is almost invisible to the naked eye. Then you take a cheap postcard—not a real glossy one because the glossy ones are too thin—and you make a slit about $\frac{1}{16}$ inch deep in one edge, at a certain place. Every Soviet agent has a different area where he has to put his micropoint. Mine was on the top, exactly two and a half centimeters from the upper righthand corner, looking at the card from the address side. You take tweezers and pick up the micropoint and slip it into this little slit. Then you close up the slit with paste which you make yourself from flour and water, because other pastes contain bone marrow and that will show up under ultraviolet light.

The micropointer is the key instrument in this process. The one I was given fitted inside a regular standard flashlight dry-cell battery. The battery still worked, though, for in the top part of it was a little battery similar to the ones they used in hearing aids before transistors became so widespread.

This looked just like any other flashlight battery, and it was so beautifully machined I'd sometimes get mixed up and couldn't tell the special battery from the other one. You had to press at exactly the right point before you could unscrew it and get to the micropointer. The crippled Russian doing the teaching gave me a flashlight with this special battery in it. It was a standard flashlight, and I kept it under the rear seat of my car for a long time after I got back to the States.

It took me two days, working with the micropointer, before I had it down pat. Actually, I learned the camera part pretty quick. But splitting those postcards got me. I was nervous and shaking at the time, and they made me keep practicing. I split postcards for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hate that gray? Wash it away!™

Loving Care colors only the gray without changing your natural hair color!

Makes your husband feel younger too... just to look at you!

Gray hair, even when premature, says you're older than you are! So if you *hate that gray, wash it away* with Loving Care hair color lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. Won't rub off, won't brush off.

Best of all—washed in about once a month, Loving Care *keeps* gray away so you can forget you ever had any!

Needs no peroxide. Leaves your hair vital, shiny, in better condition than ever. Nothing to mix or add. Loving Care just pours on right out of the bottle! Even the fragrance is mild, delightful. Just choose the tone most like your own—blonde to Natural Black. Not a tint, better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

© Clairol Inc. 1965

Loving Care®

Hair Color Lotion by Clairol

DISCOVER YOUR MOST EXCITING NATURAL LOOK: VISIT CLAIROL COLOR CAROUSEL, N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'I figured that the Russians had used me to check on this man so some agent could rub him out.'

Evelyn Matthes at 15, three years before her marriage to Thompson in Berlin in 1956.

hours. I split an Air Force ID card. I split a dollar bill three quarters of the way through before I ruined it.

When I finished with the micropointer, that was the end of my lessons at the spy school. They had a small party for me that night, and had several people in. They were all Soviet Army officers or intelligence personnel, and all of them were agents, or future agents. It was a very friendly party.

The next morning they got me up early, and they brought in this paper I had to sign. It said, I, Gregor, had received their training and this equipment, and I was not to reveal anything about it under penalty of death. Then they took me back to East Berlin, and I went on by elevated train to West Berlin. I took a taxi here and there till I knew I was in the clear, no one following, then showed up at Tempelhof and went back to work.

I was there about three weeks before leaving for the States, and boy was I eager to get out of Berlin. I was really shook up, and I figured the ax might fall any day. Anytime there was a knock on my door, I used to nearly jump through the roof. Funny thing though, I didn't do much drinking. I went out a lot, but I didn't drink to extremes. One thing that made me nervous was that the Russians had given me $1,000, to buy a radio and camera. That was a lot more cash than I could explain, but nobody found out about it, and then finally my time came to leave for the States.

I headed for Detroit as fast as I could. When my plane got there, I took a cab to 14 Hendrie Street, where my wife, Evelyn, had rented a small flat. I'd called her I was coming and to have me plenty of cigars on hand. I walked up the stairs, and my dog—the same one I had in Germany, the same one we have now—recognized me before she did. My daughter didn't even know me at all, for she was very young when she left Berlin. This was about a year after my wife had to leave Germany, and the baby was already walking. She was dressed up cute as a picture.

There was some hugging and kissing and crying, same as any GI coming home, and my wife was plenty shook up. Then my wife and daughter and me walked up Woodward, which is Detroit's main street, and we did some shopping. I bought my mother a couple of presents, and we went to see her.

The next day I went out and bought a used '55 station wagon, and about a week later loaded my wife and baby and dog and what few belongings we had in the car, and drove out to Great Falls, Mont., and checked in at Malmstrom Air Force Base. I remember stopping on the way to buy some 35-mm film, in case I got orders to photograph any documents.

We stayed at Great Falls in a motel while I looked around for an apartment, but they cost $150 to $200 a month rent, and to an airman second class this was like the moon. So we finally decided to buy a house trailer, and I put $200 down on it and paid $60 a month on the mortgage.

Malmstrom was a SAC base at the time—no silos, no missile sites. The only thing they had there was an air-refueling squadron flying KC-97 tankers. I was assigned in the base maintenance center as a clerk in a typist pool, and I didn't do anything of a strategic nature, handled no classified information, had access to exactly nothing.

When I left Germany, I had agreed to set up a post-office drop as soon as I got to Great Falls, which I did—Box 871—and to let them know either by micropoint or code message what the number was. Also, as soon as I got there, I went down and bought a camera like the one I learned on—cost about $150—and a shortwave radio, which with antenna was another $250. I took the radio and set it up in the trailer, right in the living room, where anybody could see it. I didn't get to listen to it for quite a while, though, for Evelyn was always there, and she naturally would have wanted to know what the hell was going on. Then she got pregnant again and wasn't feeling too good, and went to the hospital for a few days. So I listened one Thursday morning and heard my call—Amur ya Lena. The signal came in from a station somewhere in Russia. I don't know where, but it was clear and strong. All the first message said was that somebody would contact me soon.

Pretty soon after that I was coming home from the base one night, and on the side road to the trailer park a car came up behind me and kept honking the horn and honking the horn. I thought something had fallen off my car, so I stopped and got out, and here was this girl, Virginia, I had met in Russia at the spy school.

She told me she wanted to talk to me, and we drove away from there to a secluded spot just off the airfield. She said she was working as a barmaid in a town called Black Eagle, right outside of Great Falls, across the Missouri River. She asked me what I was doing, and I told her, truthfully, nothing of any importance to anybody.

A while later on I got another radio message to go to Minneapolis on a particular Friday night and go to a bar in the poor section of town, and see if a man of a certain name and description was there, and to see where he went when he left. So I went to this bar, and this fellow was already there. When he left, I followed him home, and then I reported back to the Soviets, using the special carbon paper and writing to a cover address in Europe.

A few weeks after this I got a message to go back to Minneapolis and check the obituaries, and see if this man's name was there. So I went to the library and checked the newspapers. And sure enough, his name was in the obits. He had died about two weeks before—"suddenly," the paper said.

That worried me a little, for I figured he was an agent they had decided to rub out, because he had information and was compromised, or had hurt them some way, or they thought he might hurt them. And this dying "suddenly" meant a heart attack, something like that. Which made me feel he'd been poisoned with some of that same stuff they had given me to kill myself with if I ever got caught—a poison that an autopsy can't detect unless you know what to look for. I don't know for sure the man was murdered, but I figured they had used me to check if he was still there, where some agent could take care of him.

After I seen this fellow, and found out later he was dead, I got pretty shook. The Soviets hadn't threatened my life or anything. They don't threaten your life. They just take it. But I got to worrying about what might happen. I wanted to get out of Soviet hands, I wanted them not to be able to control me anymore. So pretty soon, when a notice came through asking for volunteers to go to Goose Bay, Labrador, I put in for transfer.

While this was in the works, I got a message to make a contact in Smiths Falls, Ontario, on the third Sunday in August. I never made this contact. By the time the third Sunday in August came around, my transfer had come through. I was in Goose Bay, Labrador. And by that time I had made up my mind to get out of the service. When I reported in at Goose Bay, I told this sergeant, "Look, I'm only going to do enough work so you can't court-martial me. I'm going to do so little work it's not going to pay the Air Force to keep me." I figured if I was out of the service, I wouldn't be any use to the Soviet Union anymore. I would be off the hook.

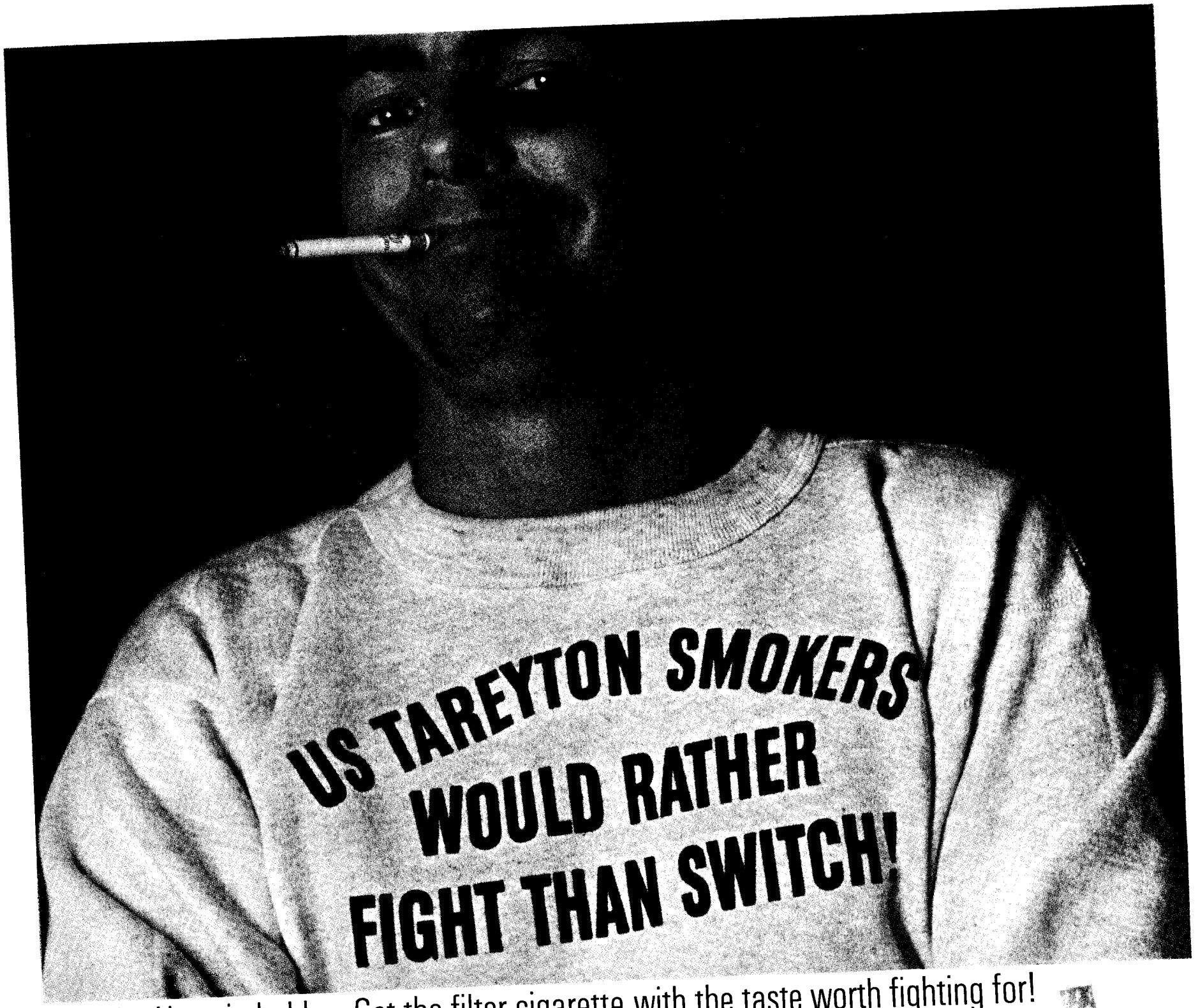
But the Soviets didn't have any idea of letting me just say, "So long, boys," and walk out on them. My honorable discharge came through in December, 1958, and I went home to Detroit. Soon as I walked in the house, my mother told me that a fellow had been there asking about me. She told him I would be coming home soon. He said he'd be back on January 14.

On that date this guy showed up at the house, and said his name was John Kurlinsky. The Government says now that he was really a big shot in the Russian Embassy in Washington, named Boris Karpovich, who they kicked out of the country in January for being a "coconspirator" with me. But I don't know. The guy I talked to had a mole on his forehead, and the pictures I've seen of this Karpovich, he did resemble Kurlinsky, but he didn't have the mole.

Anyway, this guy and I went to a restaurant, and he asked me why I was out of the service. I told him I had ill health. He said, well, if you are sick we'll send you to a sanitarium, anything you want. Just get back in the service, get back in the O.S.I., or get a job working for the FBI. I didn't see any use arguing with him right then. In fact, I was afraid to let him know I wanted to quit. So I said OK, and he gave me $300 and left. But I didn't try to get back in the service, and I didn't apply for any federal job. I was trying to shake loose.

In early March he came back again. We met at the Fox Theater this time,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Join the Unswitchables. Get the filter cigarette with the taste worth fighting for!

Tareyton has a white outer tip
...and an inner section of charcoal.
Together, they actually improve
the flavor of Tareyton's fine tobaccos.

Tareyton

Product of The American Tobacco Company ©A. T. Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'My plan of this FBI office was so complete, if they didn't bug it, they was idiots.'

and he asked me to do a few little jobs for him. He wanted me to check up on a guy in Milan prison, outside Detroit, and he wanted some personal background on a police officer in Detroit, financial status and so on. I couldn't do anything about the guy in prison, but the cop was easy. I called up the Detroit police-personnel department, I said this is such-and-such finance company, and is this guy employed as an officer? How long has he been on the force? What rank? And so on. Then I called up, or went to see the people who lived next door to him. I asked a lot of questions about his family, what kind of car he drove, whatever they could tell me about him morally, financial habits, drinking habits and so on.

You'd be surprised how much information the people next door and across the street will give you. You have to handle it right, though. If you tell them you are from a finance company, the average citizen will tell you to go to hell. So you say something like "I am Mr. So-and-so from Such-and-such insurance company"—(I had phony credentials)—"Mr. What's-his-name is applying for some insurance with us, and we'd like a little information."

Another job I did, I went to a Polish wedding in Hamtramck, which is a Polish section of Detroit, and took some pictures of the old Polish and Russian people that were there. I think the Soviets were trying to identify someone, or locate someone.

By this time I had gone to work for a chemical company, and in the latter part of 1959 I got burned on the job, got my arms burned by chemicals, and I was off work for some time. So, for the whole year of 1960, I had no contact with the Soviets whatever. I could have written them, but I didn't. I didn't want any contacts.

But they hadn't turned me loose. Early in '61 I borrowed a couple hundred dollars from a Polish fellow, friend of mine—nothing to do with this business at all—and started a garage and body shop, Robert Thompson and Son. I named it that so when somebody came in and wanted his car fixed on credit, I could tell them, "I'm sorry, my father's not here and he's the one has to OK it." I had another little girl, Karen Bee, but my son hadn't been born yet. The garage did real good from the start. I paid off the loan fast, and was doing all right.

Then, one Saturday, late spring or early summer, this guy came to my house and showed my wife O.S.I. credentials with the name John O'Rosky, Joseph O'Rosky, something like that. He said he wanted to see me, so she brought him down to the garage. He took me aside, and told me he was a friend of John Kurlinsky, and a friend of Stephan from Berlin. Then he asked me the password. "You from Toledo?" and I gave him the answer, "Yeah, since June 23, 1932." And he turned white as a sheet. I asked him what's the matter, and he said he had a migraine headache from being afraid he might run into the wrong person.

It turned out that this guy actually was a guy named Fedor Kudashkin. He was an interpreter for the Russian delegation at the U.N., and I think they were just trying him out as an agent, for he was not well versed in intelligence work at all. He was a good-looking guy, black curly hair, black eyes. Married and had a couple of kids. But he was actually a little wild—a Russian playboy type.

He asked me if I would come to New York City, and said they would make it well worth my while, and I told him no. Then he asked me to do some things in the Detroit area. He wanted us to go out and photograph some Nike sites, and we went and photographed them, which was easy enough. I just stood there, and he took my picture with the sites in the background. He wanted me to estimate how many people worked at these sites, which was easy too. I just counted the cars in the parking lot, and figured what day of the week it was, and came up with, say, 220 officers and enlisted men.

He also wanted me to get him a list of all the missile sites in Michigan, complete background on everything, personnel, where they got their supplies, how much they got and so on. That was a job, but I finally managed it. To tell the truth, I didn't know a damn thing about missiles. This may sound funny coming from a confessed Russian agent, but I wouldn't know a Nike from a Sergeant. The other stuff, the bases, took time, but it was easy. Everybody knew where they were. They had big signs up on the highway.

The report was over a hundred pages. That was impossible to put on a micropoint, so I typed it all out. I had to do it in such a way nobody could ever trace the typewriter, the little identifying dents and scratches in the keys. You have to take the ribbon out of the typewriter. Then you use three sheets of bond paper on top, a regular carbon, and a bottom sheet, which the message is to be written on. This way the scratches don't come through, and it's impossible to trace the typewriter. To be extra careful, you use all capital letters, for the caps aren't used so much and don't have many marks on them. And you don't use periods and question marks, for even through three sheets of paper the shape will come through.

Kudashkin came back to Detroit later that summer, and told me that nine days later, a big missile would move past the intersection by Telegraph Road and US Highway 25 about 10 o'clock in the morning, and he wanted me to take a picture of it and estimate how long it was, and see if I could figure out exactly where it was going. I went out there in an old pickup truck and got my camera set, and he was right within 45 minutes. The missile came by about quarter of 11, two Army sedans escorting it. I took a picture of it, and estimated it at 95 feet long. That was the only time I ever took a picture of a missile.

Along about the middle of summer, my wife and I decided to take a trip East. I had heard that on Long Island you could really make out in the body shop-and-garage business. So we went up to take a look around Long Island, and then went down to Washington, where we both had some friends, but we didn't have any contact with the Soviets on this trip. By the time we got back to Detroit, I had decided to move to Long Island. Not because Fedor wanted me to come into that area, but because I felt that, out there on Long Island, I could make out well in the garage business.

A week or two after we got back to Detroit, Fedor called, and I told him I was going to move to Long Island, and he asked me would I meet him on the Saturday before Labor Day at the railroad station at Rye, N.Y. I met him, and what he wanted was for me to get a job in New York in the FBI office. I said no, and we argued about it awhile, and finally I agreed. But I never did go into the city, or try to get that job. That same Saturday, I rented a house in Levittown, but after a month we moved to a small bungalow in Copiague, which is where we lived until we moved to Bay Shore.

I figured I had a chance to shake the Soviets, so we didn't leave any forwarding address, and for awhile nothing happened. Then one night, after a couple of months or so, there was a knock on the window screen, and I went out, and there was Fedor and another fellow, a thin short fellow. I never did know his name.

What they had done, they had gone out to Detroit, and my grandmother gave them the address in Levittown, and they had gone there and couldn't find me, so they asked the people who moved in my old house, and they had remembered we had moved to Copiague, but they didn't know the address. So Fedor and this guy had drove up and down in Copiague, until they found a house with a red Oldsmobile with Michigan license plates parked in front of it, and they knew they had me.

They asked me what was I trying to do—duck them?—and they seemed pretty disgusted with me. So we made a date to meet later on. It was to be on a Saturday, when I would be off from work. At this time I was working as a subcontractor for a local oil distributor, servicing burners, plumbing jobs. Later I started my own oil business, making home deliveries, and now I also have a garage and body shop.

Anyway, the place for the meeting was on Jerome Avenue in the Bronx. The way we worked it, I went up to a bar at the corner of Bainbridge Avenue and Jerome, right by the elevated railway station. I had to go into the bar at exactly five o'clock, and have one beer. I was to leave the bar in exactly six minutes, regardless of whether I'd finished my beer or not. I was to walk around the corner to the right, go past the riding stables—it's a garage now—to the first street on the right, turn to the right, to the next street which would be Jerome again. To the right on the corner there is a little luncheonette-stationery store, and I was to go in there, dilly-dally, take my time, until exactly 5:30. Then I was to turn left and go down Jerome to Gun Hill Road, cross Gun Hill Road, turn to the right, cross Jerome, all the way across Jerome past an apartment building, turn to the left, go down that street to the end, turn left by the park—some little parkway also runs in there—turn to the left there, go across Jerome again, turn left and go into a men's haberdashery store. Not inside, but back off the sidewalk, between the show windows, for the store door is set back off the street. I was to arrive there at exactly five minutes before six.

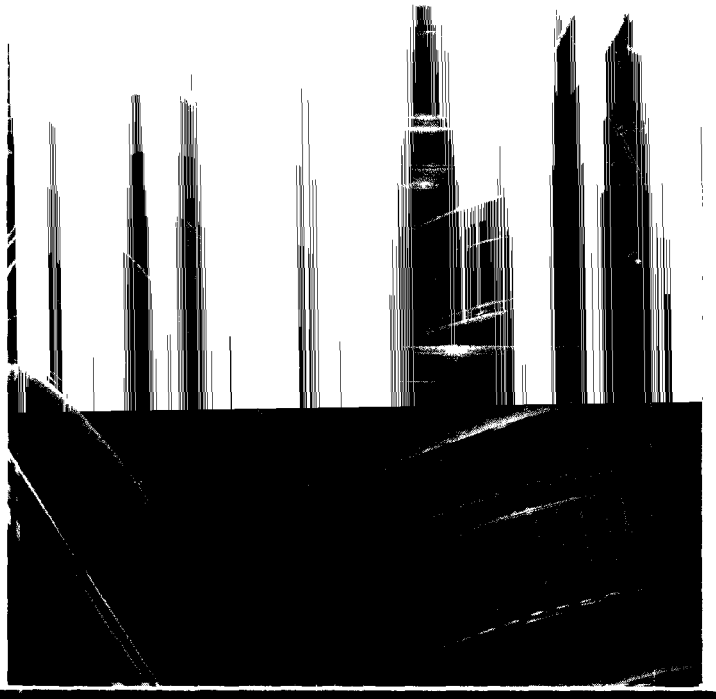
The purpose of this was to give them 55 minutes to observe me, to see if I was being followed. One guy could observe me throughout this whole route, merely by moving about 200–300 feet. I figured out where he'd have to be, and I looked and sure enough, there he was. I observed him observing me, first from the railway station and then from a park bench.

I got to the haberdashery store at exactly five of six, and Fedor contacted me there, and gave me a job to do on Long Island. He wanted me to find a farm on Long Island that was isolated from its neighbors, and maybe was owned by a bank, or a trust or something, but I couldn't find one that met their specifications. He didn't say why they wanted it, but I know what it was for. They wanted it for a safe house, a place they could keep agents out of sight for a while.

He also asked me if I'd go down to Florida and join an anti-Castro movement, so I could tip him off in case there was going to be an invasion or anything. I told him that would be awkward, because of my wife and children, but if he'd make it worth my while financially, I would consider it. He mentioned it a couple times more, but nothing ever came of it. Later, at another meeting, he also asked me to make a couple field trips to pay off an agent, or check on somebody. They have opened up the tourist business to Russia now, but they like to run a check on anybody going in as a tourist. Just any Joe Blow who wants to go to Russia, they like to check on.

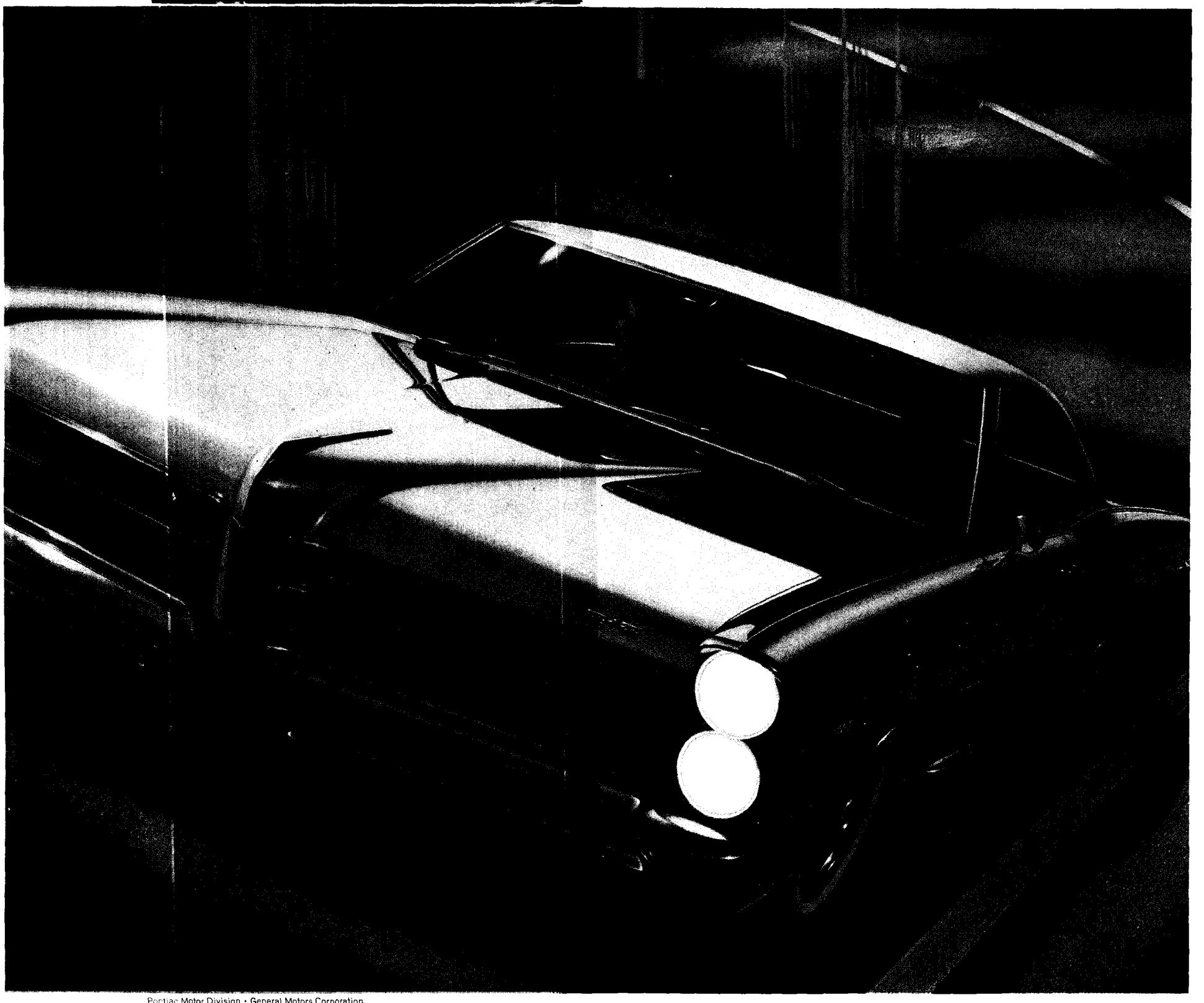
Most of these out-of-town trips I couldn't make because I didn't have the time. I did go up into Canada once to check on this guy Igor Gouzenko, the one who defected from the Russians in 1946, in Ottawa, and told all about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Stop telling me I'm beautiful. Love me for what's inside.

There's plenty. The 2+2 is built for the driver that wants the kind of go that a 421-cubic inch engine delivers, the handling that comes with the special heavy-duty suspension, and the luxury of the 2+2's custom bucket seats and interiors. And still wants the good looks that Pontiac has more of than anybody. Go see the man that has them, your Pontiac dealer, and have him check you out in a 2+2.



Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

Pontiac 2+2

ONE OF THE QUICK WIDE-TRACK TIGERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'I hope that my kids won't be bullied because their daddy was a spy.'

Thompson's children—Dean, 4, Patricia, 8, and Karen, 6—crowd close to him on the steps of their home in Bay Shore, Long Island.

their atom-spy network. The Soviets were still looking for him so they could take reprisals against him. They asked me to look and see if he was in a certain place, and he wasn't.

What they got me to do mostly was a lot of local stuff. Like check on the location of oil-storage tanks, gasoline-storage tanks, water-filter plants, where the water supplies came from, telephone trunk lines, and so on. They were very interested in a set of gas lines that allegedly run from Queens into Manhattan. Lots of things, like missile sites on Long Island, or chemical plants in Jersey, they wanted pictures of, as well as information. So I rigged up an old panel truck. It had a window in the right-hand side, and I set up a 35-mm camera with a wide-angle lens, and a control cable that led up to the driver's seat, and I shot the pictures through the window. I'd drive past the plant, or whatever, and look out the window on the passenger's side till I saw what I wanted. Then I'd take the picture.

Fedor also was much interested in the FBI offices at Mineola and Babylon. He wanted the license numbers of all the agents' cars, the number of personnel, find out what bars they went to, all about them, plus the floor plans of the building.

The Babylon office didn't have but four agents at that time, and the security in the building was very poor. It could be entered by climbing up a steel fire escape in the back, and breaking out a window. I went up the fire escape one night, and I could tell by looking that there was no burglar alarm on the window. There was three filing cabinets inside, with combination padlocks on them, and I knew you could open them in five minutes because I knew that kind of lock.

I got them a layout of this office. Floor plan, heating and ventilation, everything, just by visual observation. My plan was so complete, if they didn't bug the office they was idiots not to. The Mineola office was bigger, 46 agents and administrative personnel, and it was harder to bug and security was much tighter.

Most of the things I did for the Soviets were specific things they asked, and it might be a month between the time Fedor contacted me and gave me the assignment, and the time he came back to get the films, or the report, or whatever it was. They figured, though, I might run into something they ought to know about right away. So we had a plan where I could get in touch with them quick in case of emergency.

It worked like this: On 68th Street in Manhattan, heading toward FDR Drive, there is a big building at the corner on the right-hand side with bars on the lower windows. If I needed to make a quick contact, I was to go by there before six o'clock in the morning and leave an empty cigarette package, with the brand name showing, on the ledge of the second window from the corner. Somebody would go by there by 7:30, eight o'clock, and if they saw the package, they'd meet me that same night at six o'clock at the haberdashery store in the Bronx.

Also, we had a plan where I could leave the country in a hurry. I could at any time go to the Czech Embassy in Ottawa, tell them I was Gregor, and ask them to call the Russian Embassy. There I'd get a Czech passport, and they'd put me on a plane to Cuba. It goes right to Havana—and from Havana, who knows? The Russians fly planes in and out of there all the time.

So if I wanted to, I could have escaped a long time ago. I could have just walked away. But I couldn't do that, because of my wife and children. So I just kept on working for them. Not for the money—all I got wouldn't average out much better than $50 a week, and I complained about that. But they said, "Look, if you have too much money, it'll look bad. They'll get suspicious, wonder where it came from." Fedor did offer to deposit money for me in Russia, or in a Swiss bank, but I never took him up on this.

I met with Fedor maybe 20 times, at the Bronx haberdashery, and at the railway stations in Copiague, Babylon, Bay Shore, Valley Stream, Rockville Centre, Lynbrook. Fedor wouldn't come up on the train, he'd drive up from the U.N. in his car—always on Saturdays and Sundays—and park close to the station, and I'd go pick him up in my truck. That's what blew the whole deal. He liked to do things the same way every time. He wore the same coat all the time—a blue overcoat, looked like it came right out of the GUM department store on Red Square. He was sloppy in his work. He was not flexible, and he was nervous.

Still, it took the FBI a long time to get on to us. I know that, because I can spot an FBI man a mile away. They always wear business suits, hat, white shirt and tie. They drive cars that stick out like sore thumbs if you know what to look for. They're usually four-door sedans, and they never have any dealer insignia on them. Anyway, I knew the tag numbers of their cars. Every time I'd meet Fedor, I'd look around good to see if I was being surveilled. And I wasn't. I know that. Until that night in the spring of 1963.

I'd met Kudashkin at the railroad station at Lynbrook. He'd come up in his car and parked near the station, and I'd picked him up near the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, and we had driven around awhile. He had given me a new set of code sheets, and told me next time we met, he was going to bring me a new shortwave radio, so I could start getting messages straight from the Soviet Union, like I did when I was at Malmstrom. I'd sold the old radio before I moved East.

About 9:30 o'clock I brought him back to the railroad station and let him out. He was just getting out of the truck when I saw this little red light blink, coming from back inside an old panel truck parked across the street, headed toward us. It didn't have any marks on it that I remember, but it might as well have had "FBI" all over it. I knew what they were doing. They were taking mine and Fedor's picture with an infrared light.

I said to myself, "Well, Robert, this is the end." I waited a minute until I saw Fedor had got to his car. Then I pulled out into the street and drove into Lynbrook. And I reached in my pocket and got the code sheets that Fedor had just given me. And I ate them. I chewed them up and swallowed them, and I damn near threw up.

I went on down Sunrise Highway, and behind me I saw this sedan with two men in it, following me. They might as well have had "FBI" painted all over that car too. I stopped at a place on Long Beach Road and went in and had a malt and a hamburger to wash the code sheets down. The sedan drove on past and stopped, and another one, also with two men in it, pulled up at the hamburger place.

I took it easy as I could, eating slow, even though I knew that any minute these guys might come in and say, "OK, come on, let's go." They didn't, though. They just let me sweat.

I pulled out of there and drove, here and there, one street and the next, trying to lose them, trying to get back to my home in Bay Shore. I don't know whether I lost them or not. It didn't matter much. I was blown for sure, by now. They had my picture, knew what my truck looked like, had my tag number. They could easily find out where I lived.

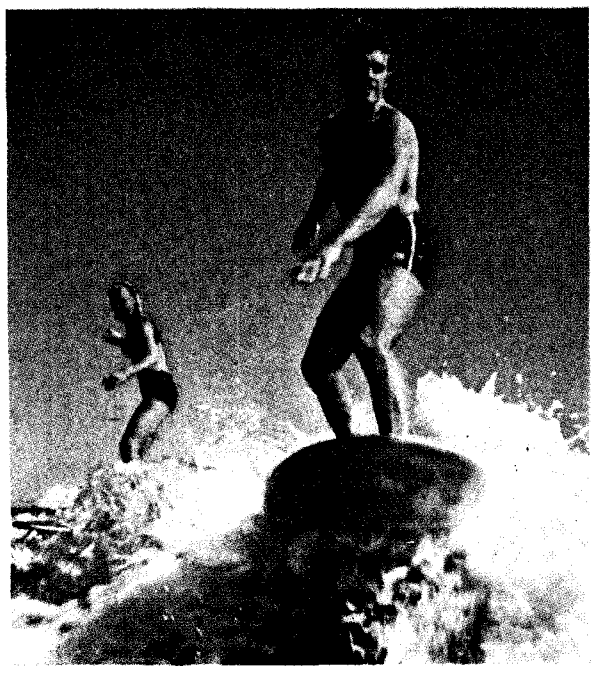
They let me sweat for more than a year before they moved in. They knew where I was, and what I was doing all the time. They talked to everybody I did business with, in Long Island and Detroit, and they checked on me at

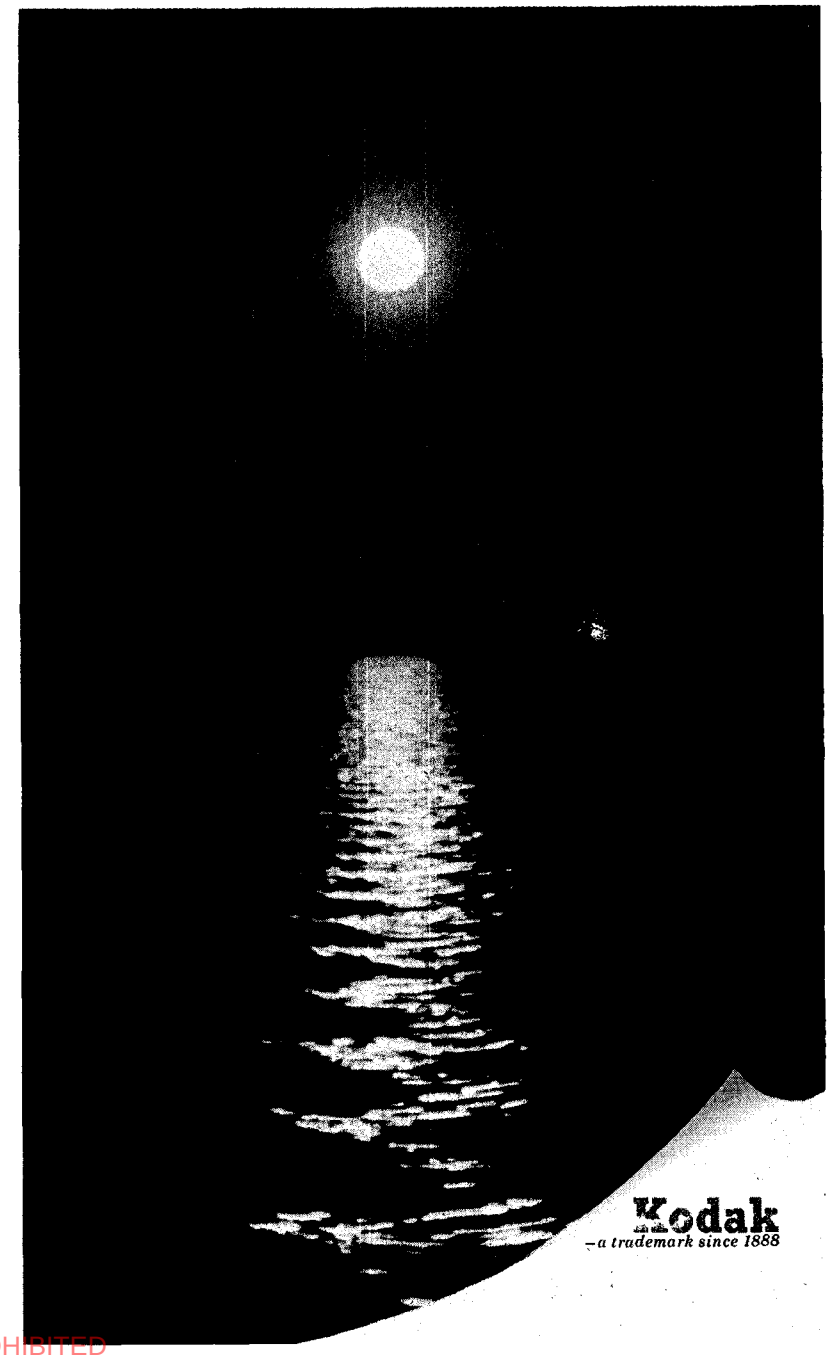
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foot-loose days like these deserve **Kodak** film

You may travel the length of a fence—or a continent. Miss any picture and you rarely get another chance. Count on today's Kodak cameras and Kodak film to make any moment extra special—a memory to live over and over again. Ask for Kodachrome film for color slides and movies, Kodacolor for snapshots. Be sure the name Kodak is on the box.

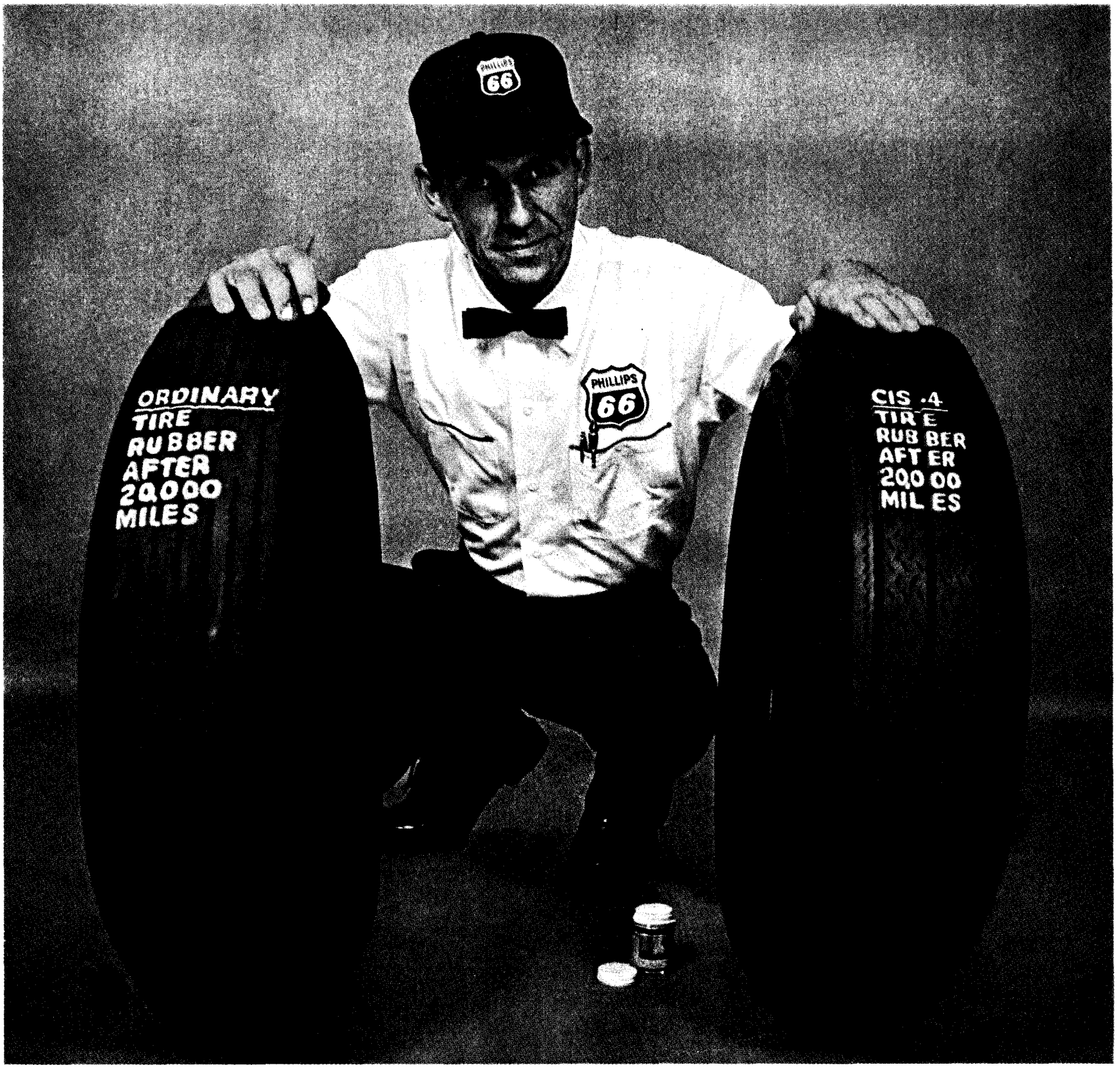
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST-CLASS PRODUCTS!



Example: Phillips 66 tires give extra mileage...they're made with the world's toughest tire rubber—developed by Phillips 66!

The two tires (above) ran the same distance on the same roads on the same car. After 20,000 miles, one is almost smooth. But thousands of safe miles are left on the tire made with Phillips-developed CIS-4! It's the toughest tire rubber ever invented and you get it in every Phillips 66 tire.

Phillips 66 tires are cool-running at turnpike speeds, give you plenty of stopping power and contain nylon cord for extra side-wall strength.

And you get up to six months to pay for these extra mileage tires—without interest or carrying charges—if you have a Phillips 66 credit card.

Stop at a Phillips 66 station today. Get the first-class products and first-class services that have made Phillips famous in 47 states.

Go first-class...go Phillips 66! *(It costs no more)*

PHILLIPS 66

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bank. They surveilled my mail. I knew they were doing this, for I'd write myself a letter, and when I sealed the envelope, I'd put a hair, doubled in a loop, between the flap and the envelope. When the letter came I could tell it had been steamed open—the hair would be straightened out. They went in my house when I wasn't home. I used a hair again to tell when a door had been opened. I'd pull a gray hair out of my head—I've got a few by now—and loop it in the crack between the door and the doorjamb, up high where they wouldn't notice. When I got home, the hair would be gone. On windy days I'd use a piece of tape.

They tapped my telephone, too, and bugged my house. I found where the bug was located by using my television set. You can move the set along the wall till you come to the place where the bug is, and you get interference. So I know where it is, but don't know what kind it is. I probably could have jammed it, but I let it alone. I didn't care. So it's still there. They put a beeper in my car—a thing that gives off a little signal, which they can follow by radio. I finally found it, up by the speedometer. It's still there too.

They kept a tail on me all the time, and I got where I played a little game with them. I'd duck down a dead-end street, and they'd follow me, and I'd turn around and meet them head-on. Once on the Long Island Expressway I was in my panel truck and this car behind me I figured was a tail. So I slowed down, and he couldn't slow down with me because that would have been too obvious. So he pulled up alongside, and I leaned over and yelled, "Hey, how do I get to the Federal Building?" and right away he told me, "Take the next turnoff." The average guy, he'd have to stop and think where the hell the Federal Building is.

To tell the truth, these guys aren't very sharp. I've seen agents, in all parts of the country, FBI, CIA, OSI, and everybody I ever dealt with was sharp. But these guys seemed crude to me. They were real sloppy.

Lots of times, after I knew they had me spotted, I nearly panicked. I thought I'd run—take that route to Canada, then to Cuba, the Russians had laid out for me. I could have done it. I could have gotten away. But I never did. I just kept on delivering my oil. I even had one more meeting with Fedor, when he brought me the radio. This was late August, somewhere in there, about three months after I saw the blinking light. The FBI surveilled me that time too. I spotted them. But I didn't say anything to Fedor about it, and I didn't tell him I couldn't use the radio because I had eaten the code. I was afraid for him to know I had been compromised. I kept remembering that guy in Minneapolis, the one that the papers said died "suddenly."

I thought about giving up—going to the FBI and saying, "All right, you guys. You got me. What is it you want to know?" I didn't do it, for I was afraid of them too. I was drowning, but I couldn't reach for the board. So I just went on running my oil business, and trying to put the other thing out of my mind. For you can't be in a panic all the time. You have to kind of level off, like water can't be rough all the time. So I hit that level and worked like all get out, and that helped keep me from worrying. But I tell you this. It was a relief when they finally made their move.

I had no particular reason to expect it when it finally came. I had been delivering oil all day in my truck, and I was heading down North Gardiner Drive to my house in Bay Shore, when a car with two men in it pulled out of Pine Aire railroad station and followed me until I stopped at my house and got out. And these two guys got out and came up to me and said, "We are special agents of the FBI, and we want to ask you some questions." I said, "Look, I don't want to talk to you out here," and they said, "We don't want you to either. Get in the car." So I got in the car, and we drove around the corner. And the first thing they asked me was had I ever had any contacts with Soviet agents, and I said yes, I had, and they said, "We know that on a certain day you contacted a Soviet agent at the Lynbrook railroad station," and I said "Sure—you ought to know it. You took my picture," and they were shocked when they realized I knew they were taking my picture.

They asked me if I would cooperate with them, and I said sure, and this was the first of about 20 times I met them. We talked in motels in Massapequa, Lindenhurst, Babylon, Bay Shore. I met them in the Babylon FBI office once, Pine Aire railroad station several times, and a place called Edgemere. Long meetings, sometimes running six, seven, eight hours, and one of them would take down in longhand everything I told them, and I would sign it.

Lot of what I told them they didn't believe. They still don't believe about the flashlight batteries. I left one there, and they destroyed it, accidentally, I guess, trying to get it open. They didn't believe I tried to shake Fedor by moving, and he found me by hunting down a red Olds with a Michigan license plate. I did hold back some things, for about the second or third meeting I realized they was out to hang me, which was all right, for that is their job. So I didn't tell them everything. But everything I did tell them was the truth.

When they had as much as they needed, the Government indicted me, and on January 7, 1965, I went down to the United States Courthouse in Brooklyn, and the judge asked me how did I plead, and I said, "Not guilty," thinking if I fought it, I might have a chance to get off, or get a light sentence. But while I was out on bail I thought about it, and finally I decided, "Hell, Robert, this is something you done, and you are going to have to pay for, so you might as well take whatever's coming." So, a couple of months after the first hearing, I went back down there to change my plea.

They read out the indictment, saying that beginning about June, 1957, and continuously thereafter, I had been a spy for the Soviet Union in Berlin and in the United States, and that while I was still an airman in the U.S. Air Force, I had been trained in espionage techniques by the Soviet Union. And they named Karpovich—meaning Kurlinsky—and Fedor and Stephan as coconspirators. Fedor had gone back to Russia—for family reasons, I heard—back in August, right after the time he brought me the new radio. Anyway, when they had finished reading the indictment, I pleaded guilty to this charge, which meant I threw myself on the mercy of the court.

Pretty soon I will have to go back down there to find out what that mercy will be, and what sentence I will have to serve. [As this issue went to press, Robert Thompson had not been sentenced.—Ed.] I dread the sentence, of course, though I try not to worry about it too much.

I'm sorry for what I've done. And I do worry about how I have hurt my wife and kids—not financially so much, for my wife Evelyn is a good bookkeeper, and she can make a living all right, running my oil business. But I worry about what I've done to them psychologically. I hope my kids won't be bullied in school, or anything, because their daddy was a spy. And I hope my wife won't be made to suffer because she stuck by me.

Another thing bugs me a little. I have tried to make amends. I told the FBI a lot of things that helped them. The Soviets aren't going to like that, and sooner or later they are going to try to get me. Not right now, for I'm too hot. But later on. Maybe even while I'm in prison. I don't suppose the Soviets have got agents in a federal pen. But you never can be sure. They could have. And they are really sharp when it comes to using poison. □

FBI agents escort spy to Bureau's New York office following his arrest on Jan. 7, 1965.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The battle of Squashy Hollow

"You have sneaked behind my back like a slithery serpent and stolen the woman I love!" snarled McMurdo. "Perhaps, if you have a moment to spare, you will step outside."

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Fifty years ago this month the work of Mr. Pelham Grenville Wodehouse first appeared in this magazine. In celebration of his anniversary, he treats of two eternal verities—the agony of the duffer, and the bliss of the wayward lover restored to his freedom.

In his office on the premises of Popgood and Grooly, publishers of the Book Beautiful, Cyril Grooly, the firm's junior partner, was practicing putts into a tooth glass and doing rather badly even for one with a twenty-four handicap, when Patricia Binstead, Mr. Popgood's secretary, entered, and, dropping his putter, he folded her in a close embrace. This was not because all publishers are warmhearted, impulsive men and she was a very attractive girl, but because they had recently become betrothed. On his return from his summer vacation at Paradise Valley due to begin this afternoon, they would step down to the Little Church Around the Corner and become man—if you can call someone with a twenty-four handicap a man—and wife.

"A social visit?" he asked, the embrace concluded. "Or business?"

"Business. Popgood's had to go out to see a man about subsidiary rights, and Count Dracula has blown in. Well, when I say Count Dracula, I speak loosely. He just looks like him. His name is Professor Pepperidge Farmer, and he's come to sign his contract."

"He writes books?"

"He's written one. He calls it *Hypnotism as a Device to Uncover the Unconscious Drives and Mechanism in an Effort to Analyze the Functions Involved Which Give Rise to Emotional Conflicts in the Waking State*, but the title's going to be changed to *Sleepy Time*. Popgood thinks it's snappier."

"Much snappier."

"Shall I send him in?"

"Do so, queen of my soul."

"And Popgood says be sure not to go above two hundred dollars for the advance," said Patricia, and a few moments later the visitor made his appearance.

It was an appearance, as Patricia had hinted, of a nature to chill the spine. "Sinister" was the adjective that automatically sprang to the minds of those who met Professor Pepperidge Farmer for the first time. His face was gaunt and lined and grim, and as his burning eyes bored into Cyril's, the young publisher was conscious of a feeling of relief that this encounter was not taking place down a dark alley or in some lonely spot in the country. But a man accustomed to mingling with authors, few of whom look like anything on earth, is not readily intimidated, and he greeted the Professor with his customary easy courtesy.

"Come right in," he said. "You've caught me just in time. I'm off to Paradise Valley this afternoon."

"A golfing holiday?" said the Professor, eyeing the putter.

"Yes, I'm looking forward to getting in some golf."

"How is your game?"

"Horrible," Cyril was obliged to confess. "Mine is a sad and peculiar case. I have the theory of golf at my fingertips, but once out in the middle I do nothing but foozle."

"You should keep your head down."

"So Tommy Armour tells me, but up it comes. There's no keeping it down."

"That's life."

"Or shall we say hell?"

"If you prefer it."

"It seems more apt, somehow. But now to business. Miss Binstead tells me you have come to sign your contract. I have it here. It all appears to be in order, except that the amount of the advance has not been decided on."

"And what are your views on that?"

"I was thinking of a hundred dollars. You see," said Cyril, falling smoothly into his stride, " a book like yours always involves a serious risk for the publisher, owing to the absence of the sex motif, which renders it impossible for him to put a nude female of impressive vital statistics on the jacket, and no hope of getting banned in Boston. Add the growing cost of paper and the ever increasing demands of printers, compositors, binders and . . . why are you waving your hands like that?"

"I have French blood in me. On the mother's side."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't. You're making me sleepy."

"Oh, am I? How very interesting. Yes, I can see that your eyes are closing. You are becoming drowsy. You are falling asleep . . . you are falling asleep . . . asleep . . . asleep . . . asleep . . ."

It was getting on for lunchtime when Cyril awoke. When he did so, he found that the recent gargoyle was no longer with him. Odd, he felt, that the fellow should have gone before they had settled the amount of his advance, but no doubt he had remembered some appointment elsewhere. Dismissing him from his mind, Cyril resumed his putting, and soon after lunch he left for Paradise Valley.

On the subject of Paradise Valley the public-relations representative of the Paradise Hotel has expressed himself very frankly. It is, he says in his illustrated booklet, a dreamworld of breathtaking beauty, and its noble scenery, its wide-open spaces, its soft mountain breezes and its sun-drenched pleasances impart to the jaded city worker a new vim and vigor and fill him so full of red corpuscles that before a day has elapsed in these delightful surroundings he is conscious of a *je ne sais quoi* and *a bien-être* and goes about with his chi' up and both feet on the ground, feeling as if he had just come back from the cleaner's. And, what is more, only a step from the hotel lies the Squashy Hollow golf course, of whose amenities residents can avail themselves on payment of a greens fee.

What, however, the booklet omits to mention is that the Squashy Hollow course is one of the most difficult in the country, frequently causing disgruntled holiday-makers to describe it as a stinker. It was constructed by an exiled Scot who, probably from some deep-seated grudge against the human race, has modeled the eighteen holes on the nastiest and most repellent of his native land, so that after negotiating—say—the Alps at Prestwick, the pleasure-seeker finds himself confronted by the Station-Master's Garden at St. An-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES SAXON

drews, with the Eden and the Redan lurking ominously ahead.

The type of golfer it attracts, therefore, is the one with high ideals and an implicit confidence in his ability to overcome the toughest obstacles; the sort who plays in amateur championships and mutters to himself, "Why this strange weakness?" if he shoots worse than a seventy-five, and one look at it gave Cyril that uncomfortable feeling known to scientists as the heebie-jeebies. He had entered for the medal contest, which was to take place tomorrow, for he always entered for medal contests, never being able to forget that he had once shot a ninety-eight and that this, if repeated, would, with his handicap, give him a sporting chance of success. But the prospect of performing in front of all these hardened experts created in him the illusion that caterpillars were parading up and down his spinal cord. He shrank from exposing himself to their bleak, contemptuous stares. His emotions when he did would, he knew, be similar in almost every respect to those of a mongrel which has been rash enough to wander into the Westminster Kennel Show.

As, then, he sat on the porch of the Paradise Hotel on the morning before the contest, he was so far from being filled with *bien-être* that he could not even achieve *je ne sais quoi*, and at this moment the seal was set on his despondency by the sight of Agnes Flack.

Agnes Flack was a large young woman who on the first day of his arrival had discovered that he was a partner in a publishing firm and had immediately begun to speak of a novel which she had written and would be glad to have his opinion of when he had a little time to spare. And experience had taught him that when large young women wrote novels they were either squashily sentimental or so frank, fearless and forthright that it would be necessary to print them on asbestos, and he had spent much of his leisure avoiding her. She seemed now to be coming in his direction, so, rising hastily, he made on winged feet for the bar. Entering it at a rapid gallop, he collided with a solid body, and this proved on inspection to be none other than Professor Pepperidge Farmer, looking more sinister than ever in Bermuda shorts, a shirt like a sunset, and a Panama hat with a pink ribbon round it.

Cyril stood amazed. There was, of course, no reason why the other should not have been there, for the hotel was open to all whose purses were equal to the tariff, but somehow he seemed out of place, like a ghoul at a garden party or a vampire bat at a picnic.

"You!" he exclaimed. "What ever became of you that morning?"

"You allude to our previous meeting?" said the Professor. "I saw you had dozed off, so I tiptoed out without disturbing you. I thought it would be better to resume our acquaintance in these more agreeable surroundings. For if you are thinking that my presence here is due to one of those coincidences which are so strained and inartistic, you are wrong. I came in the hope that I might be able to do something to improve your golf game. I feel I owe you a great deal."

"You do? Why?"

Cyril hastened to give McMurdo the benefit of his advice. "You did not allow for the texture of the sand," he said kindly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Should a woman have

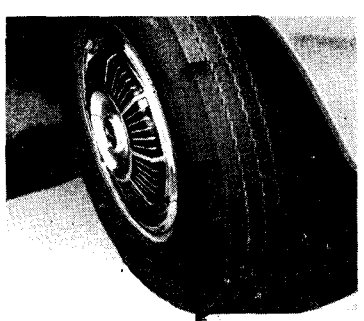
Goodyear says no!

Only Goodyear tires are made with tough Tufsyn rubber for thousands of extra worry-free miles. There's no extra charge for these extra miles. So why settle for less?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to worry about tires?

Tufsyn, Power Cushion—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



30,150 miles and still plenty of good, safe tread. (Actual photograph of the Goodyear Power Cushion.)

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Help him to keep healthy, alert and in good spirits

Worm him regularly with
Sergeant's Worm-Away®
—just mix with his food

Half the fun of having a dog is the warm companionship he offers.

Help guard his health. Simply mix Sergeant's Worm-Away with your dog's food according to directions.

That's **all** you need do. Worm-Away protects him safely and surely against the common large roundworms which steal his vitality.

Puppies need special care. Worm them six to eight weeks after birth.

Get Worm-Away today. Only 98¢ at drugstores and pet counters. Remember, too, Sergeant's offers you a complete line of tested dog-care products.

FREE Dog-Care Book. Packed with facts on feeding, training, ailments. Send a postcard with your name and address to Sergeant's, Dept. SEP, Richmond, Va. 23230.

If Product or Performance Defective ★ Good Housekeeping Guarantees Replacement or Refund to Consumer

Sergeant's® Worm-Away

DIABETIC?
Cut High Medicine Costs

If you are using Orinase, Insulin, Diabinese, Dymelor, D.B.I., D.B.I.-"TD," Tes-Tape, Clinitest Tablets or any other medicine your Doctor prescribes — **we can save you money.**

Your prescriptions filled exactly as your Doctor ordered by Registered, Licensed Pharmacists in strict compliance with Federal Food and Drug Laws. Find out the facts. Let us quote you prices on any drug or prescription without obligation. **Write today for proof of savings.**

Rx BY MAIL

FEDERAL PRESCRIPTION SERVICE
Dept. 5SEP1, Madrid, Iowa

How To Stop Athlete's Foot Itch

At first sign of itching, cracking, peeling between toes, apply Dr. Scholl's Solvex for fast relief! Amazing medication works three ways: **1.** Stops the intense itching; **2.** Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact; **3.** Promotes healing! Available in Ointment, Liquid and Powder or Push-button Spray.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

Car Using Oil?
CURE IT WITH CASITE
MotorHoney
$1.30 AT YOUR SERVICE STATION

"We can go into that some other time. Tell me, how is the golf going? Any improvement?"

If he had hoped to receive confidences, he could not have put the question at a better moment. Cyril did not habitually bare his soul to comparative strangers, but now he found himself unable to resist the urge. It was as though the Professor's query had drawn a cork and brought all his doubts and fears and inhibitions foaming out like ginger pop from a ginger-pop bottle. As far as reticence was concerned, he might have been on a psychoanalyst's couch at fifty dollars the half hour. In burning words he spoke of the coming medal contest, stressing his qualms and the growing coldness of his feet, and the Professor listened attentively, clicking a sympathetic tongue from time to time. It was plain that though he looked like something Charles Addams might have thought up when in the throes of a hangover—if Mr. Addams ever does have hangovers—he had a feeling heart.

"I'm paired with a fellow called Sidney McMurdo, who they tell me is the club champion, and I fear his scorn. It's going to take me at least a hundred and fifteen shots for the round, and on each of those hundred and fifteen shots Sidney McMurdo will look at me as if I were something slimy and obscene that had crawled out from under a flat stone. I shall feel like a crippled leper, and so," said Cyril, concluding his remarks, "I have decided to take my name off the list of entrants. Call me weak if you will, but I can't face it."

The Professor patted him on the shoulder in a fatherly manner and was about to speak, but before he could do so Cyril heard himself paged and was told that he was wanted on the telephone. It was some little time before he returned, and when he did the dullest eye could see that something had occurred to ruffle him. He found Professor Farmer sipping a lemonade, and when the Professor asked him if he would care for one of the same, he thundered out a violent No.

"Blast and damn all lemonades!" he cried vehemently. "Do you know who that was on the phone? It was Popgood, my senior partner. And do you know what he said? He wanted to know what had got into me to make me sign a contract giving you five thousand dollars advance on that book of yours. He said you must have hypnotized me."

A smile, probably intended to be gentle but conveying the impression that he was suffering from some internal disorder, played over the Professor's face.

"Of course I did, my dear fellow. It was one of the ordinary business precautions an author has to take. The only way to get a decent advance from a publisher is to hypnotize him. That was what I was referring to when I said I owed you a great deal. But for you, I should never have been able to afford a holiday at a place like Paradise Valley, where even the simplest lemonade sets you back a prince's ransom. Was Popgood annoyed?"

"He was."

"Too bad. He should have been rejoicing to think that his money had been instrumental in bringing a little sunshine into a fellow creature's life. But let us forget him and return to this matter of your golfing problems."

He had said the one thing capable of diverting Cyril's thoughts from his incandescent partner. No twenty-four-handicap man is ever deaf to such an appeal.

"You told me you had all the theory of the game at your fingertips. Is that so? Your reading has been wide?"

"I've read every golf book that has been written," Cyril said.

"You mentioned Tommy Armour. Have you studied his preachings?"

"I know them by heart."

"But lack of confidence prevents your putting them into practice?"

"I suppose that's it."

"Then the solution is simple. I must hypnotize you again. You should still be under the influence, but the effects may have worn off, and it's best to be on the safe side. I will instill into you the conviction that you can knock spots off the proudest McMurdo. When you take club in hand, it will be with the certainty that your ball is going to travel from Point A to Point B by the shortest route and will meet with no misadventures on the way. Whose game would you prefer yours to resemble? Arnold Palmer's? Ben Hogan's? Sam Snead's? Palmer's is the one I would recommend. Those spectacular finishes of his. You agree? Palmer it shall be, then. So away we go. Your eyes are closing. You are feeling drowsy. You are falling asleep . . . asleep . . . asleep . . ."

Paradise Valley was at its best next day, its scenery just as noble, its mountain breezes just as soft, its spaces fully as wide and open as the public-relations man's booklet had claimed them to be, and Cyril, as he stood beside the first tee of the Squashy Hollow course awaiting Sidney

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

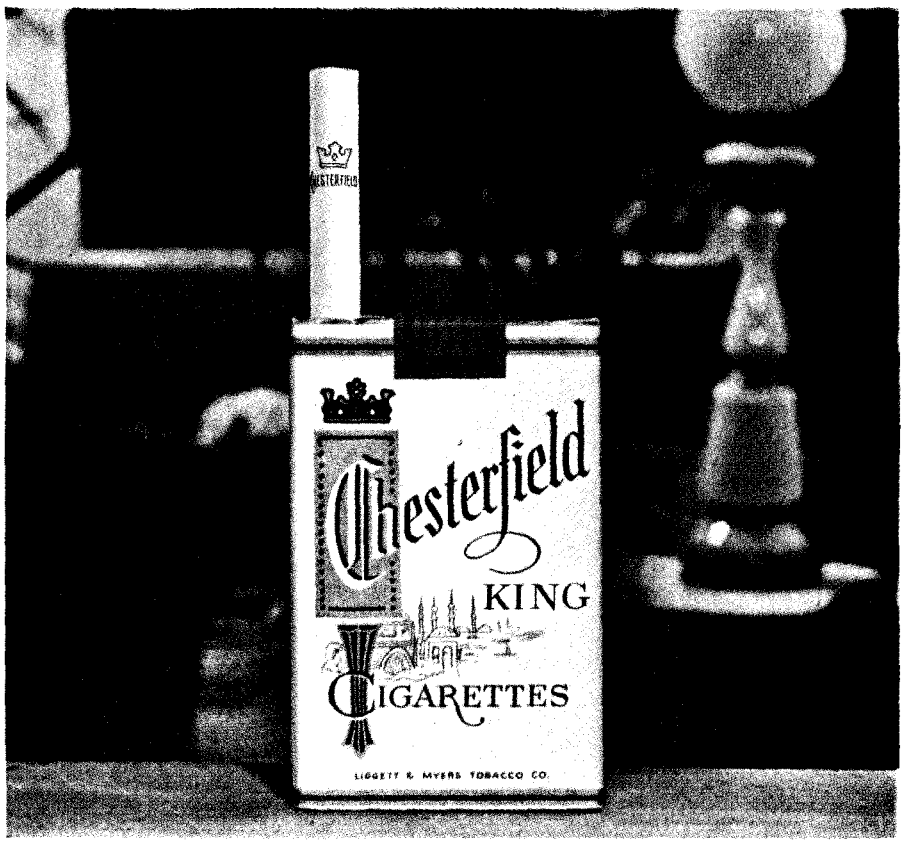
Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)

Lloyd Van Vorce heads carpentry at new home sites in California

Henry Silver is a retail druggist in Pennsylvania

Naomi Hatfield writes a fashion column in Minnesota

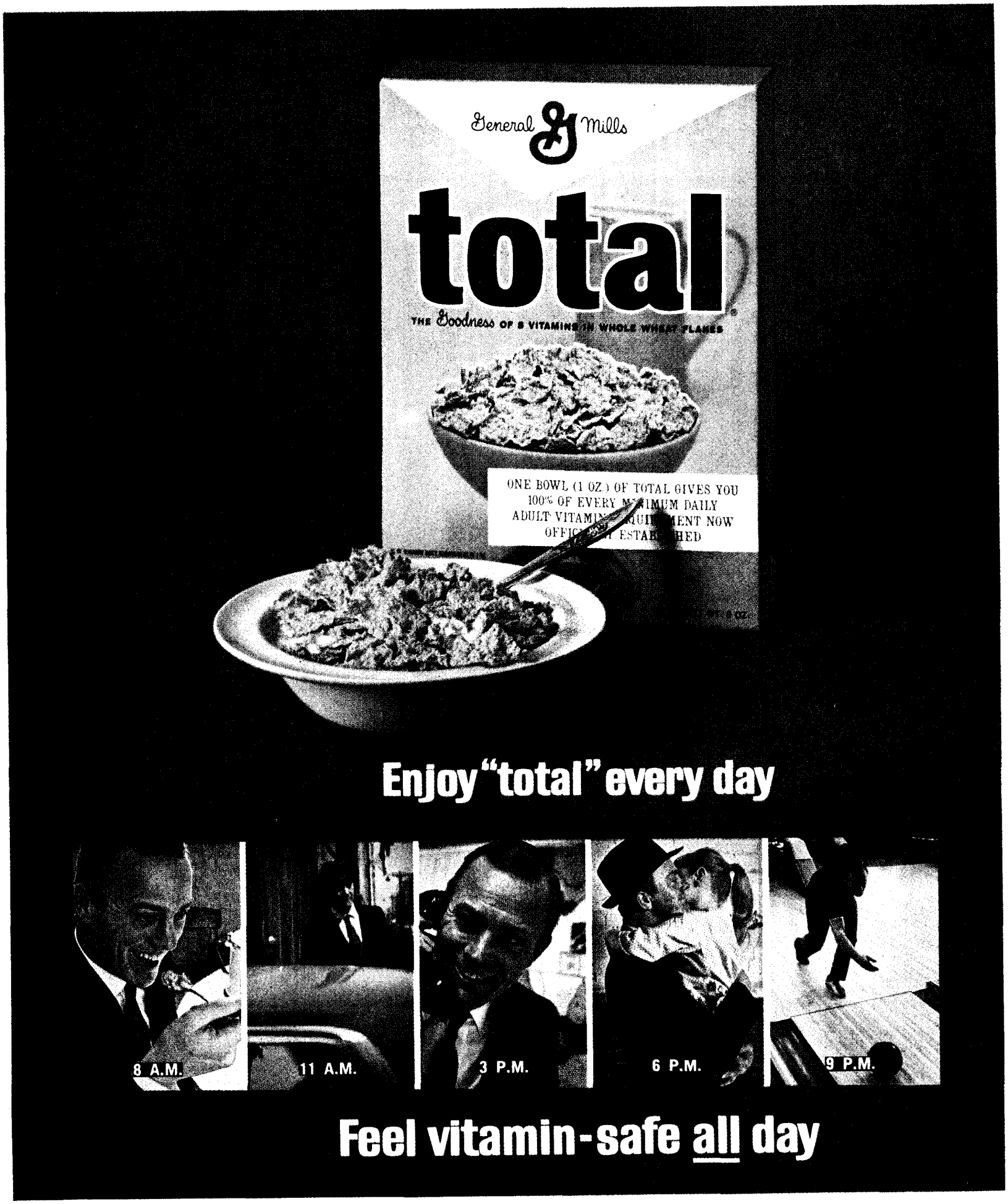


Chesterfield People get the taste that satisfies. Do you?

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters, try today's Chesterfield King—mildest-tasting Chesterfield in 52 years. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...tastes mild!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Wholesome whole wheat "total" is the only leading cereal, hot or cold, with a whole day's vitamin supply. A real find for the woman who cares what her family eats.

ONE BOWL (1 OZ.) OF TOTAL GIVES YOU
100% OF EVERY MINIMUM DAILY
ADULT VITAMIN REQUIREMENT NOW
ESTABLISHED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why do they call it LP-gas, Mister?

Well, honey, LP-gas is a quick, simple name for *liquefied petroleum gas.*

This remarkable fuel is gas compressed into liquid form so it's easy to transport.

That's why LP-gas is available to people no matter where they live.

People in towns, suburbs and on farms use LP-gas just as people served by utilities use natural gas.

IT COOKS FOOD, DRIES CLOTHES, HEATS WATER AND HEATS YOUR HOME.

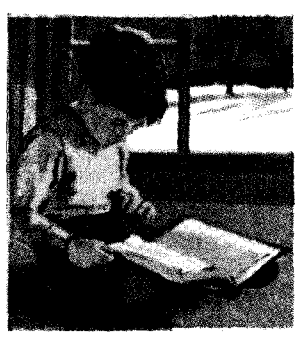
On modern farms, LP-gas is used for flame weeding and many other jobs.

And LP-gas is used to power trucks and buses like gasoline and diesel fuel.

In fact, of America's major sources of energy, only LP-gas serves you in so many different ways.

These are some of the reasons why over 11 million families use LP-gas.

LP-GAS FOR WATER HEATING



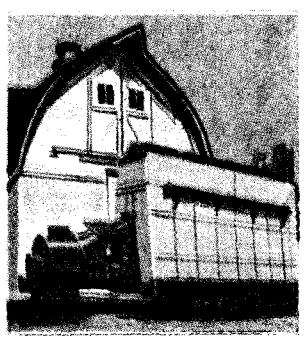
LP-GAS FOR HOME HEATING

NATIONAL LP-GAS MARKET DEVELOPMENT COUNCIL,
Chicago, Illinois 60603

NATIONAL LP GAS MARKET DEVELOPMENT COUNCIL

Of America's great sources of energy, only LP-gas serves you in so many ways.

LP-GAS FOR ENGINE FUEL



LP-GAS FOR CROP DRYING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McMurdo's arrival, was feeling, as he had confided to the caddy master when picking up his clubs, like a million dollars. He would indeed scarcely have been exaggerating if he had made it two million. His chin was up, both his feet were on the ground, and the red corpuscles of which the booklet had spoken coursed through his body like students rioting in Saigon, Moscow, Cairo, Panama, and other centers. Professor Farmer, in assuring him that he would become as confident as Arnold Palmer, had understated it. He was as confident as Arnold Palmer, Gary Player, and Jack Nicklaus all rolled into one.

He had not been waiting long when he beheld a vast expanse of man approaching and presumed that this must be his partner for the round. He gave him a sunny smile.

"Mr. McMurdo? How do you do? Nice day. Very pleasant, those soft mountain breezes."

The newcomer's only response was a bronchial sound such as might have been produced by an elephant taking its foot out of a swamp in a teak forest. Sidney McMurdo was in dark and sullen mood. On the previous night Agnes Flack, his fiancée, had broken their engagement owing to a trifling disagreement they had had about the novel she had written. He had said it was a lot of prune juice and advised her to burn it without delay, and she had said it was not, either, a lot of prune juice, adding that she never wanted to see or speak to him again, and this had affected him adversely. It always annoyed him when Agnes Flack broke their engagement, because it made him overswing, particularly off the tee.

He did so now, having won the honor, and was pained to see that his ball, which he had intended to go due north, was traveling nor'-nor'east. And as he stood scowling after it, Cyril spoke.

"I wonder if you noticed what you did wrong there, Mr. McMurdo," he said in the friendliest way. "Your backswing was too long. Length of backswing does not have as much effect on distance as many believe. You should swing back only just as far as you can without losing control of the club. Control is all-important. I always take my driver to about the horizontal position on the backswing. Watch me now."

And so saying, Cyril, with effortless grace, drove two hundred and eighty yards straight down the fairway.

"See what I mean?" he said.

It was on the fourth green, after he had made an eagle, that he spoke again. Sidney McMurdo had had some difficulty in getting out of a sand trap, and Cyril hastened to give him the benefit of his advice. There was nothing in it for him except the glow that comes from doing an act of kindness, but it distressed him to see a quite promising player like McMurdo making mistakes of which a wiser head could so easily cure him.

"You did not allow for the texture of the sand," he said. "Your sand shot should differ with the texture of the sand. If it is wet, hard or shallow, your club head will not cut into it as deeply as it would into soft and shifting sand. If the sand is soft, try to dig into it about two inches behind the ball, but when it is hard, penetrate it about one and a half inches behind the ball. And since firm sand will slow down your club considerably, be sure to give your swing a full follow-through."

The game proceeded. On the twelfth Cyril warned his partner to be careful to remember to bend the knees slightly for greater flexibility throughout the swing, though—on the sixteenth—he warned against bending them too much, as this often led to topping. When both had holed out at the eighteenth, he had a word of counsel to give on the subject of putting.

"Successful putting, Sidney," he said, for he felt that they might now consider themselves on first-name terms, "depends largely on the mental attitude. Confidence is everything. Never let anxiety make you tense. Never for an instant harbor the thought that your shot may miss. When I sank that last fifty-foot putt, I *knew* it was going in. My mind was filled with a picture of the ball following a proper line to the hole, and it is that sort of picture I should like to encourage in you. Well, it has been a most pleasant round. We must have another soon. I shot a sixty-two, did I not? I thought so. I was quite on my game today, quite on my game."

Sidney McMurdo's eyebrows, always beetling, were beetling still more darkly as he watched Cyril walking away with elastic tread. He turned to a friend who had just come up.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked hoarsely.

"His name's Grooly," said the friend. "One of the summer visitors."

"What's his handicap?"

"I can tell you that, for I was looking at the board this morning. It's twenty-four."

"Air!" cried Sidney McMurdo, clutching his throat. "Give me air!"

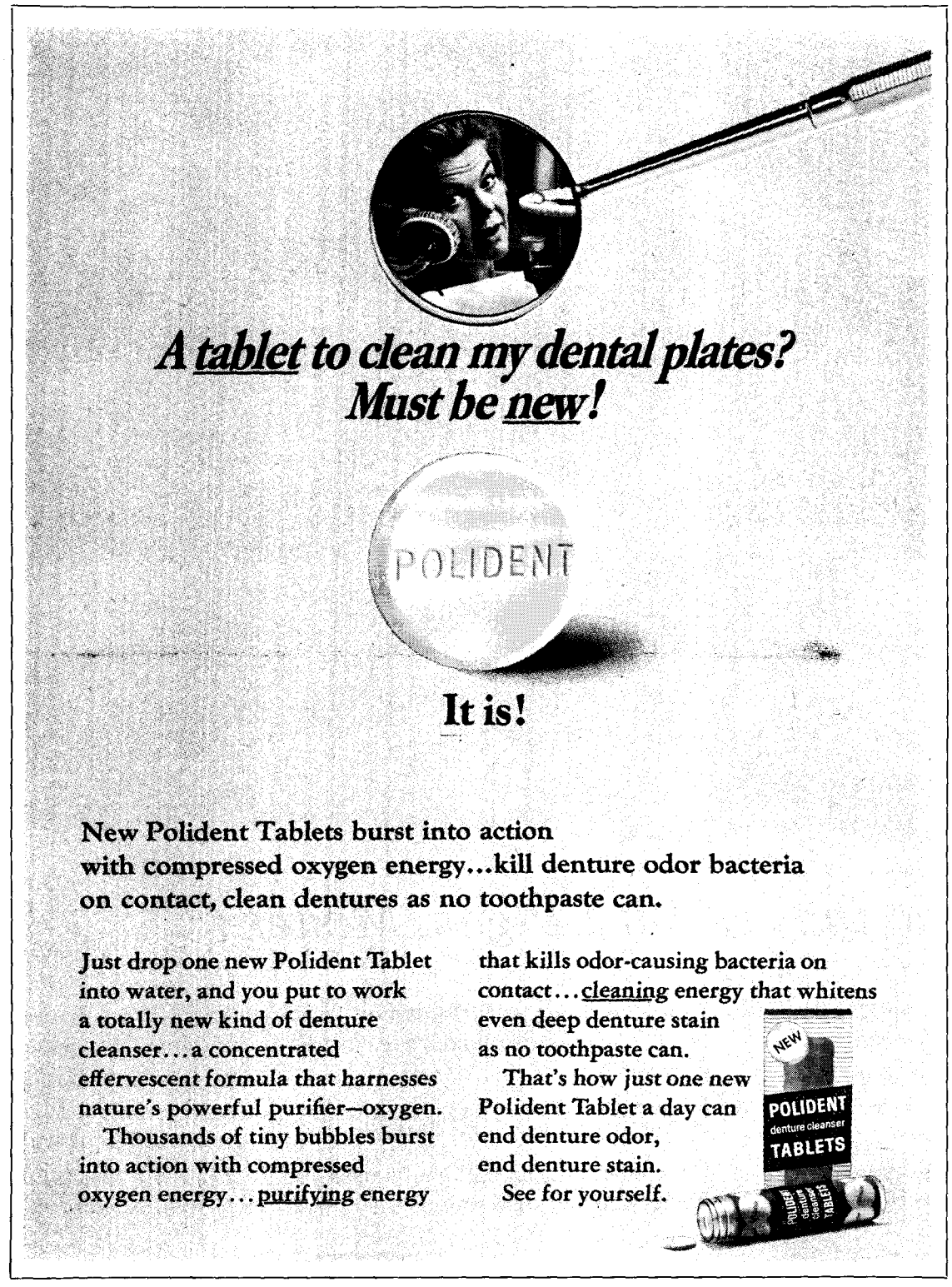
Cyril, meanwhile, had rounded the clubhouse and was approaching the practice green that lay behind it. Someone large and female was engaged there in polishing her chip shots, and as he paused to watch he stood astounded at her virtuosity. A chip shot, he was aware, having read his Johnny Farrell, is a crisp hit with the club head stopping at the ball and not following through. "Open your stance," says the venerable Farrell, "place your weight on the left foot and hit down at the ball," and this was precisely what this substantial female was doing. Each ball she struck dropped on the green like a poached egg, and as she advanced to pick them up he saw that she was Agnes Flack.

A loud gasp escaped Cyril. The dreamworld of breathtaking beauty pirouetted before his eyes as if Arthur Murray were teaching it dancing in a hurry. He was conscious of strange, tumultuous emotions stirring within him. Then the mists cleared and, gazing at Agnes Flack, he knew that there before him stood his destined mate. A novelist she might be, and no doubt as ghastly a novelist as ever set finger to typewriter key, but what of that? Quite possibly she would grow out of it in time, and in any case he felt that, as a man who went about shooting sixty-twos in medal contests, he owed it to himself to link his lot with a golfer of her caliber. Theirs would be the ideal union.

In a situation like this, no publisher hesitates. Ask Macmillan, ask Harper & Row, ask Farrar, Straus and Giroux, and they will all tell you that hesitating is the last thing that would occur to them. A moment later, Cyril was on the green, his arms as far around Agnes Flack as they would go.

"Old girl," he said, "you're a grand bit of work!"

Two courses were open to Agnes Flack. She could draw herself to her full height, say, "Sir!" and strike this clinging vine with her number-seven iron, or, remembering that Cyril was a publisher and that she had a top copy and two carbons of a novel in her suitcase, she could cooperate and accept his addresses. She chose the latter alternative, and when Cyril suggested that they should spend the honeymoon in Scotland, playing all the famous courses there, she said that that would suit her perfectly. If, as she plighted her troth, a thought of Sidney McMurdo came into her mind, it was


A tablet to clean my dental plates?
Must be new!
POLIDENT
It is!
New Polident Tablets burst into action
with compressed oxygen energy...kill denture odor bacteria
on contact, clean dentures as no toothpaste can.
Just drop one new Polident Tablet into water, and you put to work a totally new kind of denture cleanser...a concentrated effervescent formula that harnesses nature's powerful purifier—oxygen.
Thousands of tiny bubbles burst into action with compressed oxygen energy...purifying energy that kills odor-causing bacteria on contact...cleaning energy that whitens even deep denture stain as no toothpaste can.
That's how just one new Polident Tablet a day can end denture odor, end denture stain.
See for yourself.
NEW
POLIDENT
denture cleanser
TABLETS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merely the renewed conviction that he was an oaf and a fathead temperamentally incapable of recognizing good literature when it was handed to him on a skewer.

These passionate scenes take it out of a man, and it is not surprising that Cyril's first move on leaving Agnes Flack should have been in the direction of the bar. Arriving there, he found Professor Farmer steeping himself, as was his custom, in lemonade. The warm weather engendered thirst, and since the Professor had come to the Paradise Hotel the straw had seldom left his lips.

"Ah, Cyril, if you don't mind my calling you Cyril, though you will be the first to admit that it's a hell of a name," said the Professor, "how did everything come out?"

"Quite satisfactorily, Pepperidge. The returns are not all in, but I think I must have won the medal. I shot a sixty-two, which, subtracting my handicap, gives me a thirty-eight. I doubt if anyone will do better than thirty-eight."

"Most unlikely."

"Thirty-four under par takes a lot of beating."

"Quite a good deal. I congratulate you."

"And that's not all. I'm engaged to the most wonderful girl."

"Really? I congratulate you again. Who is she?"

"Her name is Agnes Flack."

The Professor started, dislodging a drop of lemonade from his lower lip.

"Agnes Flack?"

"Yes."

"Go ahead, open it."

"You couldn't be mistaken in the name?"

"No."

"H'm!"

"Why do you say H'm?"

"I was thinking of Sidney McMurdo."

"How does he get into the act?"

"He is—or was—betrothed to Agnes Flack, and I am told he has rather a short way with men who get engaged to his fiancée, even if technically ex. Do you know a publisher called Pickering?"

"Harold Pickering? I've met him."

"He got engaged to Agnes Flack, and it was only by butting Sidney McMurdo in the stomach with his head and disappearing over the horizon that he was able to avoid being torn by McMurdo into little pieces. But for his ready resource, he would have become converted into, as one might say, a sort of publishing hash, though of course McMurdo might simply have jumped on him with spiked shoes."

It was Cyril's turn to say H'm, and he said it with a good deal of thoughtful fervor. He had parted so recently from Sidney McMurdo that he had not had time to erase from his mental retina what might be called the overall picture of him. The massive bulk of Sidney McMurdo rose before his eyes, as did the other's rippling muscles. The discovery that, in addition to possessing the physique of a gorilla, he had also that animal's easily aroused temper was not one calculated to induce a restful peace of mind. Given the choice between annoying Sidney McMurdo and stirring up a nest of hornets with a fountain pen, he would unhesitatingly have cast his vote for the hornets.

And it was as he sat trying to think what was to be done for the best that the door flew open and the bar became full of McMurdo. He seemed to permeate its every nook and cranny. Nor had Professor Farmer erred in predicting that his mood would be edgy. His eyes blazed, his ears wiggled, and a clicking sound like the manipulation of castanets by a Spanish dancer told that he was gnashing his teeth. Except that he was not beating his chest with both fists, he resembled in every respect the gorilla to which Cyril had mentally compared him.

"Ha!" he said, sighting Cyril.

"Oh, hello, Sidney."

"Less of the Sidney!" snarled McMurdo. "I don't want a man of your kidney calling me Sidney," he went on, rather surprisingly dropping into poetry. "Agnes Flack tells me she is engaged to you."

Cyril replied nervously that there had been some informal conversation along those lines.

"She says you hugged her."

"Only a little."

"And kissed her."

"In the most respectful manner."

"In other words, you have sneaked behind my back like a slithery serpent and stolen from me the woman I love. Perhaps, if you have a moment to spare, you will step outside."

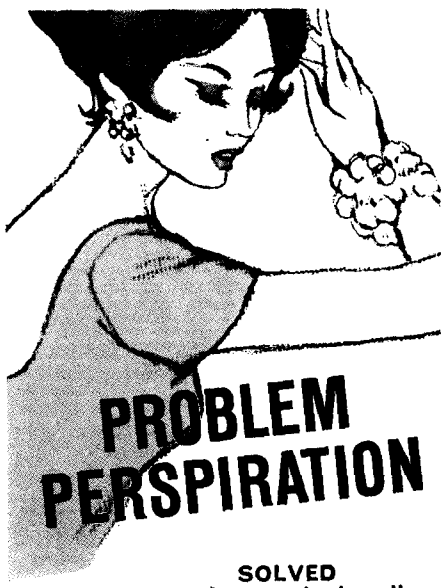
Cyril did not wish to step outside, but it seemed that there was no alternative. He preceded Sidney McMurdo through the door, and was surprised, on reaching the wide-open spaces, to find that Professor Farmer had joined

surprise package

Light instead of syrupy, clear instead of cloudy, clean-tasting instead of sticky-sweet—that's Del Monte Prune Juice! Now you can enjoy all the goodness of fresh-cooked prunes in a juice as refreshing as any breakfast fruit.

DEL MONTE®—THE PRUNE JUICE WITH FRUIT JUICE APPEAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SOLVED
even for those who perspire heavily

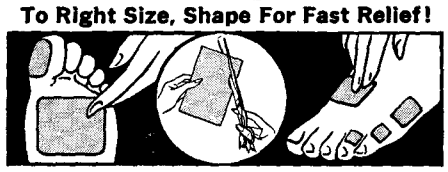
A new anti-perspirant that really works! Solves underarm problems for many who had despaired of effective help. MITCHUM ANTI-PERSPIRANT keeps underarms absolutely dry for thousands of grateful users. Positive action *coupled with complete gentleness to normal skin and clothing* is made possible by new type of formula produced by a trustworthy 52-year-old laboratory. 90-day supply. $3.00 plus tax. At leading drug and toiletry counters. Remember—it stops excessive perspiration—for many users keeps underarms absolutely dry. Also in new cream formula. Same price, same positive action. Available in Canada.

can TENSION be helped?...
TAKE
Compōz®

Find out for yourself that *COMPŌZ* does for the temporary relief of simple nervous tension what aspirin does for headache! Why suffer the distress of simple tension . . . the feeling of being unable to cope with daily responsibilities . . . when *COMPŌZ* can help you to feel calmer, more relaxed — so easily. It's as easy to *buy* as aspirin, too. No prescription needed. Get *COMPŌZ* at your favorite drug department. Distributed by Jeffrey Martin, Inc., Union, N. J.

Headache? take aspirin
TENSION? take Compōz®

FEET HURT?
Cut This Cushioning Foot Plaster To Right Size, Shape For Fast Relief!



EXTRA PROTECTION WHEREVER FEET HURT!
When shoes pinch or rub, cushion feet with Dr. Scholl's Kurotex foot plaster. Thicker, softer, more protective than ordinary moleskin, yet costs no more. Easily cut to size. Fast relief for pain of corns, callouses, tender spots. Self-adhering. 19¢, 40¢, 50¢, $1.15.

Dr Scholl's **KUROTEX**

the party. The Professor was regarding Sidney with that penetrating gaze of his which made him look like Boris Karloff in a peevish frame of mind.

"Might I ask you to look me in the eye for a moment, Mr. McMurdo?" he said. "Thank you. Yes, as I thought. You are drowsy. Your eyes are closing. You are falling asleep."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are."

"By Jove, I believe you're right," said Sidney McMurdo, sinking slowly into a conveniently placed deck chair. "Yes, I think I'll take a nap."

The Professor continued to weave arabesques in the air with his hands, and suddenly Sidney McMurdo sat up. His eye rested on Cyril, but it was no longer the flaming eye it had been. Almost affectionate it seemed, and when he spoke his voice was mild.

"Mr. Grooly."

"On the spot."

"I have been thinking it over, Mr. Grooly, and I have reached a decision, which, though painful, I am sure is right. It is wrong to think only of self. There are times when a man must make the great sacrifice, no matter what distress it causes him. You love Agnes Flack, Agnes loves you, and I must not come between you. Take her, Mr. Grooly. I yield her to you, yield her freely. It breaks my heart, but her happiness is all that matters. Take her, Grooly, and if a broken man's blessing is of any use to you, I give it without reserve. I think I'll go to the bar and have a gin and tonic," said Sidney McMurdo, and proceeded to do so.

"A very happy conclusion to your afternoon's activities," said Professor Farmer as the swing door closed behind him. "I often say that there is nothing like hypnotism for straightening out these little difficulties. I thought McMurdo's speech of renunciation was very well phrased, didn't you? In perfect taste. Well, as you will now no longer have need of my services, I suppose I had better dehypnotize you. It will not be painful, just a momentary twinge," said the Professor, blowing a lemonade-charged breath in Cyril's face, and Cyril was aware of an odd feeling of having been hit by an atom bomb while making a descent in an express elevator. He found himself a little puzzled by his companion's choice of the expression "momentary twinge," but he had not leisure to go into what was, after all, a side issue. With the removal of the hypnotic spell, there had come to him the realization of the unfortunate position in which he had placed himself, and he uttered a sharp "Oh, golly!"

"I beg your pardon?" said the Professor.

"Listen," said Cyril, and his voice shook like a jelly in a high wind. "Does it count if you ask a girl to marry you when you're hypnotized?"

"You are speaking of Miss Flack?"

"Yes. I proposed to her on the practice green, carried away by the superexcellence of her chip shots, and I can't stand the sight of her. And, what's more, in about three weeks I'm supposed to be marrying someone else. You remember Patricia Binstead, the girl who showed you into my office?"

"Very vividly."

"She holds the copyright. What am I to do? You couldn't go and hypnotize Agnes Flack and instill her, as you call it, with the idea that I'm the world's leading louse, could you?"

"My dear fellow, nothing easier."

"Then do it without an instant's delay," said Cyril. "Tell her I'm scratch and pretended to have a twenty-four handicap in order to win the medal. Tell her I'm sober only at the rarest intervals. Tell her I'm a Communist spy. Tell her I've two wives already. But you'll know what to say."

He waited breathlessly for the Professor's return.

"Well?" he cried.

"All washed up, my dear Cyril. I left her reunited to McMurdo. She says she wouldn't marry you if you were the last publisher on earth and wouldn't let you sponsor her novel if you begged her on bended knees. She says she is going to let Simon and Schuster have it, and she hopes that will be a lesson to you."

Cyril drew a deep breath.

"Pepperidge, you're wonderful!"

"One does one's best," said the Professor, modestly. "Well, now that the happy ending has been achieved, how about returning to the bar? I'll buy you a lemonade."

"Do you really like that stuff?"

"I love it."

It was on the tip of Cyril's tongue to say that one would have thought he was a man who would be more likely to share Count Dracula's preference for human blood when thirsty, but he refrained from putting the thought into words. It might, he felt, be lacking in tact, and after all, why criticize a man for looking like something out of a horror film if his heart was so patently of the purest gold? It is the heart that matters, not the features, however unshuffled.

"I'm with you," he said. "A glass of lemonade would be most refreshing."

"They serve a very good lemonade here."

"Probably made from contented lemons."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the Professor.

He smiled a hideous smile. It had just occurred to him that if he hypnotized the waiter, he would be spared the necessity of disbursing money, always a consideration to a man of slender means. □

FIFTY YEARS IS PRACTICALLY HALF A CENTURY

A Footnote to History by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Apropos of the little morsel of mine which appears on these pages, the editors have reminded me that my first contribution to the *Post* appeared exactly fifty years ago, to the month, and, by Jove, they are perfectly right. It was in June of 1915, when I was an eager lad in my middle thirties, that the miracle known to us boys as "breaking into the *S.E.P.*" occurred.

From 1909 onward I had been living with a group of young writers at a Greenwich Village hotel, all of us just getting by with occasional sales to the pulps. We read the *Post* regularly and discussed its contents in awestruck voices, but the most optimistic of us never dreamed of having anything in it. Even the POST SCRIPTS, we felt, were far beyond our scope. *Munsey's* was more our form, and the *Popular* and the *Argosy*.

But by 1915 I had acquired a literary agent, and agents lack all sense of reverence. Mine had the nerve to submit a novel I'd written called *Something New* to the *Post*, and I was stunned to get a call from him one day saying that George Horace Lorimer, the editor, had actually accepted it. I had more than fifty stories and serials in the *Post* after that, but none of them gave me the same thrill as that first one. Nor is this to be wondered at. My wife and I had just embarked on a marriage which has now lasted happily for fifty-one years, and we had started matrimony on a shoestring, she having seventy-five dollars and I fifty. It is not overstating the case to say that that *Post* check came in handy.

There were some good things in *Something New*—not many, perhaps—but I have always thought that what put it over was my changing my name. Until then, you see, I had been labeling my stories

By
P. G. Wodehouse

and this at a time when a writer for the American market who went about without three names was practically going around naked. *Something New* appeared as

By
Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

and no editor, even one with Harry Leon Wilson, David Graham Phillips, and Arthur Somers Roche on his list, was going to let a name like Pelham Grenville Wodehouse get away from him.

If you ask me to tell you frankly if I like the name Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, I must confess that I do not. I have my dark moods when it seems to me about as low as you can get. But I was born at a time when children came to the font not knowing what might happen to them before they were dried off and taken home. I was probably lucky not to get something wished on me like Hyacinth Augustus or Albert Prince Consort.

However all that may be, it's a pleasure to celebrate this anniversary. Fiftieth anniversaries—for reader *or* writer—don't usually come more than once in a lifetime.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kentucky's Most Likeable Bourbon

Enjoy the m
ciate how
history. E
craftsme
One look at th
bourbon! One

Instead of reading this ad
about the rich Kentucky flavor and terrific value of
Bourbon DeLuxe, just try it.

The Bourbon De Luxe Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskies 80 & 86 Proof.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Theodore Weesner

Illustrated by Joe Cleary

They had been
cruelly wounded,
in another
life. Could he
come tenderly to her now?
And would
she be afraid?

The Survivors

The bullet passed through the lower left side of Sergeant August Housman, under the outer curve of his ribs and off to the side of his stomach. If the bullet had passed two or three inches to one side, he would have been missed completely; that far to the other side, and it might have hit his brass belt buckle. As it was, his kidney on the left side was torn, and from the impact his spleen and large intestine were ruptured.

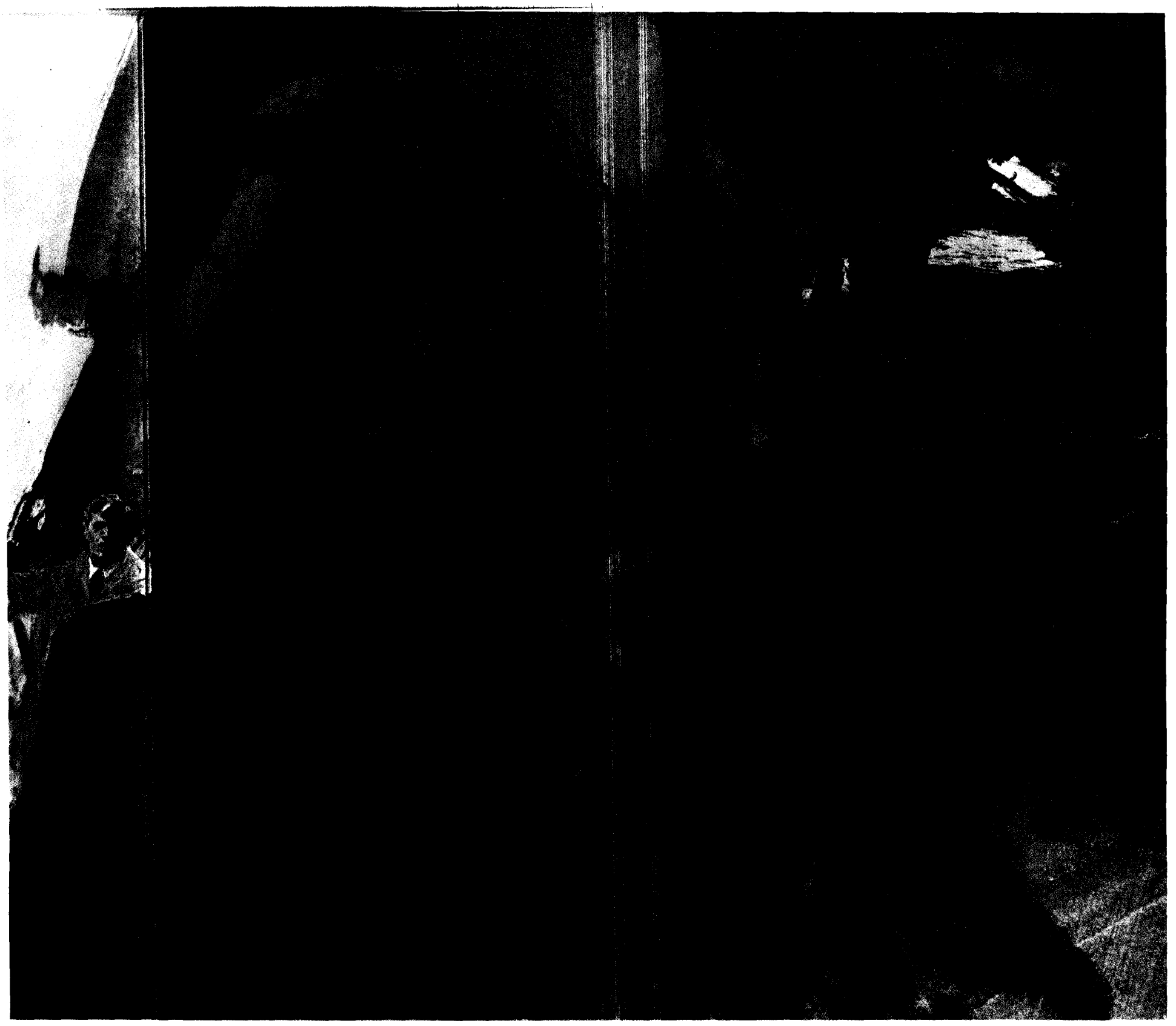
There was this twist to the story: He had been shot by neither North Korean nor Red Chinese, but by a British major. The major thought August was both wounded and a deserter. August had come upon him in a grassy valley. An hour or so earlier, August's platoon and probably his entire company, what was left of them, had been run out of their bivouac in the dark. August, asleep in his pup tent, heard the shouting and within seconds fastened the top buckles of his boots and scooted out from under the damp canvas with his M-1, his helmet, and his cartridge belt. There was a lot of running and shouting as everyone hustled to grab his things and move. He heard rifle fire, isolated shots, maybe a hundred yards off. He was going to grab his poncho and field jacket under the fly of his tent, but someone bumped into him on the run, and immediately after this there were two mortar explosions far to the right. He hit the ground by instinct and came up running. He bumped into another soldier hard enough to rattle their gear, but they did not say anything to each other.

He heard Lieutenant Newell shout, "*C'mon, Fourth Platoon—get on down this way.*"

August, squad leader of the eight left in the third squad, shouted, "*Let's go, Third Squad. Down this way. Come on!*"

He ran. But in the moist darkness, even after being in the tent, he could barely make out the silhouettes of the trees and brush. He plowed along for thirty or forty yards. But when he thought he was there and pulled up, he found nothing. He called, "*Hey! Fourth Platoon?*" If anyone might have answered, they would have held it back because just then there were two more whistling mortars, their explosions overlapping. When August came up from the ground again, he called, "*Where the hell is Fourth Platoon?*" He looked around and heard nothing. Then came the whistling of more falling shells, and he cut farther into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the grass before he dropped again. The shells seemed to be dropping along the line of their stretched-out bivouac. This time he came up running, thinking he would go another hundred yards and look again for his platoon. He moved at a trot, going without much regard through the tall, damp grass that here and there caught in his rifle strap and shed water on his shirt and pants.

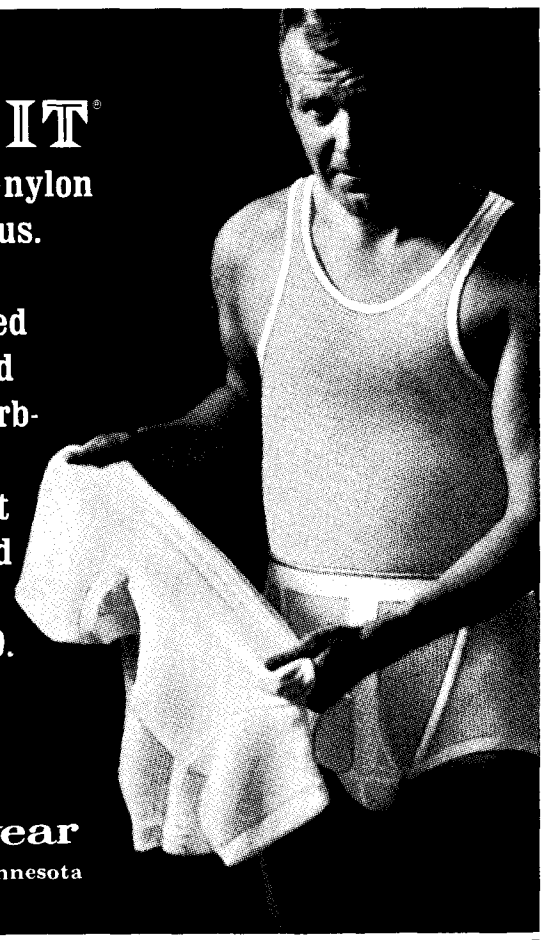
But farther on he splashed into what must have been a rice paddy. His boots made sucking noises as he pulled them free, backing off, and, moving to his right to go around the water, he lost his sense of direction. He slowed down to a walk and listened for the explosions. They still seemed to be sweeping in a line, perhaps deeper into the bivouac, but it was hard to place them. They seemed to be off to the side a little, so he cut back to correct his direction. He walked hard then for a good ten or fifteen minutes before he stopped again and sat down to rest and listen.

With his rifle and helmet in his lap, he automatically ran his fingers through his hair. His scalp had been itching for a couple of weeks, and this teasing touched it off. He imagined it being alive with lice. He imagined them burrowing into his scalp like miniature maggots, or crabs. He scratched pleasantly hard. Then he was unable to stop. The itching perked up so sharply that he raked his nails into the skin itself. He raked until the pain was sharp, wiping his nails on a pants leg and raking some more, until the pain of the scratches replaced most of the itching. Only later, when he met the British major, did he realize his forehead was marked with blood. He met him about fifty feet from this point.

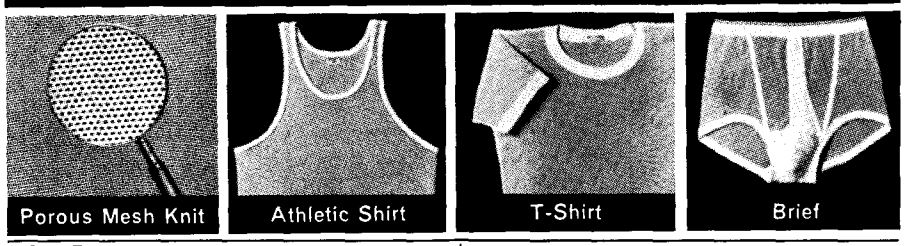
The major saw August long before August saw him. He probably heard him moving in the grass. August had moved on until he happened to spot a building. It was about the size of a garage, and with daylight still ten or fifteen minutes away he could only make out the black shape above the grass. He could see, too, that he was in a valley, could see the range lines on both sides. He stopped for about five minutes to watch the building, but saw nothing. Farther along, stopping again to watch, he unsnapped his canteen, filled his mouth with water, and replaced his canteen, quietly. His teeth felt coated, and he was swishing the water in his mouth and watching the building when the British major spoke to him. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUNSINGWEAR
Tropik-NIT®
Exclusive cotton and nylon mesh knit. More porous. Softer. Brief with scientifically designed Male Pouch in combed cotton for extra absorbency, health and comfort, $1.25. T-Shirt with nylon reinforced neck-band that keeps its shape. $1.50. Athletic shirt, $1.25



Munsingwear
Minneapolis 5, Minnesota



CORNS REMOVED BY MOSCO
also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 40¢ and 70¢. Buy Mosco at your druggist.
Your money refunded if not satisfied. Moss Chem. Co. Inc., Rochester, N.Y.

EXTRA INCOME?
OF COURSE! Write to the address below and we'll send you details about a money-making offer. No obligation.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
323 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.

A world-famous research institute has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain *in minutes* and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissues.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough, that sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." And among these sufferers, were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids without surgery, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

TENSION can drain you
TAKE Compōz®
A SEDATIVE FOR THE TEMPORARY RELIEF OF SIMPLE NERVOUS TENSION

EASY TO USE LIQUID
DISSOLVES CORNS
Get fast relief with GETS-IT. Dissolves even toughest corns quickly, easily, painlessly. Don't suffer, use GETS-IT—today.
GETS-IT® LIQUID CORN REMOVER

man had apparently been watching him for some time. When he spoke, August swung around with his rifle, with a sudden pressure of terror in his gut. He splurted out the water. The major had said, "You there! Yank! What're you doing?"

He was standing on a mound perhaps a full three feet higher in elevation than August, about twenty feet away. August knew there had been a flanking company of British infantry next to his own. But the man was without a helmet. He held a carbine at his side, muzzle down. He spoke again.

"Come here, you," he said.

"Who're you?"

"Don't talk back, Yank. I'm a British major. Now, come over here."

"Whatta you want?"

"Are you asking me questions? I'm telling you to step over here!"

August said nothing.

"Look, old man," said the major. "Don't be angry with me. I simply want you to direct me to your company commander."

August said, "Good God, man, we been run over!"

After a moment, the major said, nervously, "Do you refuse to recognize my order?"

"Call it whatever you want," said August.

"Now look, it's a stupid enough business as it is. You're addressing a British officer. I order you to take me to your immediate commander."

August said nothing.

"My God," said the major. "Do you intend that I shoot you? Are you a deserter? Is that it? You are a deserter, aren't you?"

"You're nuts," said August. "I was separated from my company."

"You also have a head wound, don't you?" said the major.

"I have what?" said August.

"You won't make it anyway," said the major. "None of us is going to make it. Look, leave me your helmet."

"What the hell you talking about?" said August.

"You won't need it," said the major. "Hand it over."

"You idiot! I scratched my head!"

"I order you to hand it over," said the major. He was raising his carbine to a waist-high position.

"Now look, hold that thing down," said August. He took a step back and was raising his own rifle when, without any further warning, perhaps accidentally, perhaps just nervously, the major fired and August heard the sharp *pfut* and felt at once the thump on his side. He was knocked backward as if he had been poked in the belly with a stick. He did not fall. "Why—God," he said. "Good God—*you hit me!*"

He backed farther away, with his M-1 in both hands, and squeezed off a round himself, high over the major's head. Still the man did not move from his mound. He stood straight. When he spoke again his voice was weary, as if something were finally over. "Shoot me, Yank," he said. "I don't care now. Shoot me."

August continued backing into the long grass. Now there was a pain in his side, and he moved his hand to hold it as he stepped backward. He backed into what must have been the bottom of the valley, into some water and gravel, and moved to his right then, into some taller grass. He looked to try and locate the building again, and when he looked back, the major was out of sight because of the grass. He moved along carefully onto a dirt road and concentrated on the small building. There were no windows, and he was almost certain it was deserted. The pain from his side was still slight. I'm actually *wounded*, he thought, and the thought came like the punch line to a joke.

There was an itchy tickle around his waist. That part of his shirt that always puffed up above his cartridge belt was soaked now and clinging. He moved his hand down to his pants pocket and felt that his pocket and the handkerchief inside were also wet and sticky. He noticed some dark spots on the damp brown dirt of the road. It was dripping from the corner of his hip

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's rob the rich and give the poor just enough to keep the income agents off our necks."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BECAUSE HE'S A SOUTHWESTERN LIFE AGENT . . .

500 extra hours of graduate-level study prepare him to guide your financial future

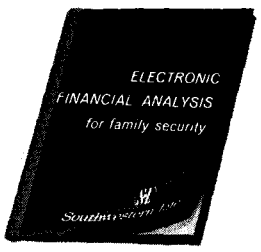
Once, a man who ran a business depended solely on himself to direct every phase of it in detail. It took a lot of daring, a lot of luck, and often it cost a lot of money. Most successful businessmen today prefer to rely upon guidance of specialists.

In the field of business insurance, one specialist in particular is remarkably well qualified to counsel businessmen: a Southwestern Life agent. *Because he studies insurance.* It's part of his job, part of his life.

His company requires that he devote *500 extra hours* to what amounts to a graduate-level education in the field of life insurance. His company invests a good deal of money in this three-year professional education. While he is in training, and afterward, his entire supervisory staff and home-office underwriting, actuarial and service specialists are all at his call.

All for one purpose, very important to you: to assure you of thoroughly competent assistance in planning your life insurance program. No obligation, of course. See him when he calls.

Ask your Southwestern Life agent for our new, comprehensive "Electronic Financial Analysis." His know-how and the speed and accuracy of the modern computer combine into a valuable personal package for you.



Your Southwestern Life Agent . . . your friend for life.

Southwestern Life
INSURANCE COMPANY • DALLAS • SINCE 1903

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pocket as he walked. *My God,* he said to himself.

He turned into the weeds. He felt wet everywhere, and suddenly there were goose pimples on his arms and back. He thought of the British major and wished he had shot him. Anger came and squeezed his mind. But he did no more than spit out, "*God,*" and after a little, again, "*God.*"

Farther into the brush, angling to go parallel to the road, he tasted blood in his mouth and realized he was growing dizzy. He stopped to squat down, but there was a sharp pain bending his body, so he lay over on his good side, holding the leg on his bad side straight. His breath was coming steadily hard, as if he had been running with a full pack. Something in his head was rolling as he tried to straighten his neck. He tried to hold it still. He told himself he would not let himself pass out, that he would get up in a minute and keep moving. Then he decided he'd better not wait at all, and he raised himself at once and weaved back in the direction of the dirt road. He realized he had to be found by someone.

Moving along the edge of the road, he tried not to think, tried not to let his mind run from control. It was like being in a fist fight and being totally without energy and still moving. He promised himself he would rest one minute. But no more. He lowered himself again in the weeds at the side of the road. The thought that he would not live came to him then for the first time. The idea had passed through his mind before, but here at once it was so close it was more than a thought. *My God, this is real,* he said to himself.

A nervous panic pushed his mind in several directions, and his stomach seemed to be sucking into itself. The dizziness, the spinning in his head, came faster. The idea that he was not going to live took control of his mind. He was certain. A strange relief he would always remember came with the certainty, as if it were already over. Still the physical dizziness came stronger. It spiraled down into his chest. He could hear sounds coming from his throat. One of the last things he remembered crossing his mind was an image of his body slumped over on the roadside, as he had seen others, perfectly still. This, and a sickening helplessness. Nothing more.

In the hospital in Tokyo he thought often of that last moment, of the fear and the certainty and the overwhelming desire to sleep. Every thought of it made its way to the realization that someday there had to be another such moment. But it was not something to talk about. Or think about either, unless the thought insisted. If August told someone the story, the question was never raised of how close he had come. He told only of its being a British major, and about his scratched head, and about the miracle of being found.

Except for the scars, the only visible result of his wound was a very mild limp, a favoring of one side almost impossible to notice. During these seven weeks of convalescence he made arrangements to attend the University of Michigan, and his discharge was scheduled two months early. He was close to twenty-five then, and going to school had been an exciting thought to carry along during those damp, footrotten days in Korea.

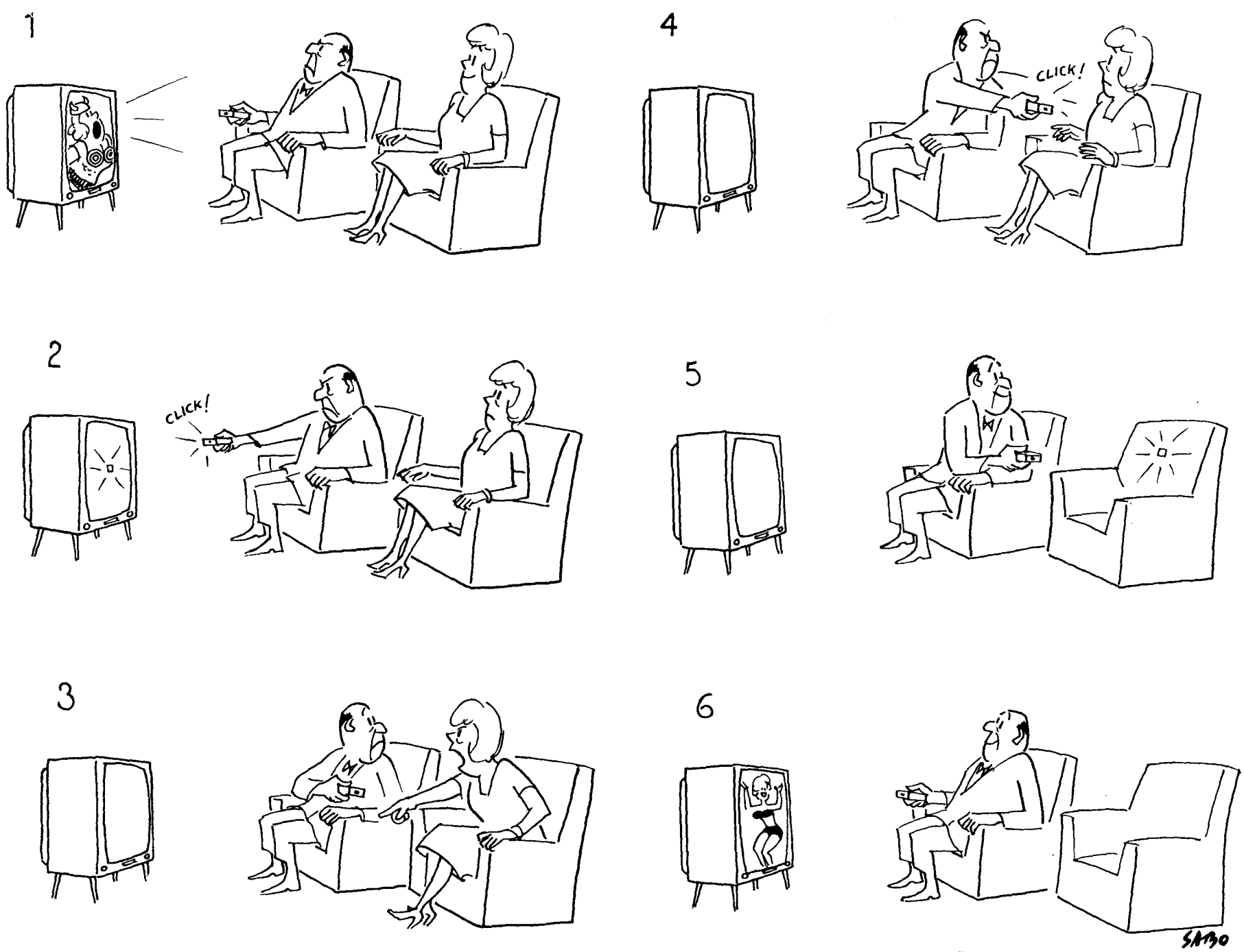
In Ann Arbor he met Roberta Sinclair. His meeting Roberta was something like his meeting the British major, as if one strange moment were working to replace another. Then too, Roberta's husband had also been in Korea—but had not come back.

They met over a newspaper. Having breakfast in a cafeteria, his second morning there, August had picked up a copy of the Detroit *Free Press* and carried it back to his table. When Roberta came and sat at the next table, he was reading the paper and did not look at her, was aware only that a woman had sat down next to him. But when he finished the front section and laid it down, she spoke.

"May I?" she said, leaning toward the front section.

August said, "Certainly," reaching to pick it up as she was reaching to take it.

Now he looked, the way you glance to take in a woman. As much as anything, it was her waist that caught his eye. There was a noticeable fullness about her, and still her waist was small. He noticed, too, that her lips were full, and not painted, a brownish flesh color.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the corner of her eye nearest him were a couple of grains of sleep. She looked very warm, and he was stirred. It had been a long time.

He had difficulty now concentrating on the sports section. After a minute he glanced again, from the floor up, and saw a worn leather notebook against the chair leg. He saw, too, one brown, high-heeled shoe and one stockinged calf. The belt buckle from a canvas coat hung near the floor. She must have sensed he was looking, because she looked over at his face, without any expression coming to her own, and turned again to the newspaper.

He went back to the sports section himself, until he was aware that she was searching in her coat pocket and coming up with cigarettes. He withdrew a book of matches from his shirt pocket, and when she had a cigarette in her mouth and was opening her own matchbook, he leaned toward her and scratched a match into flame.

"I have one, thank you," she said, and with his extended and burning, she struck her own. He flicked his to the floor.

How about that? he said to himself. He found it easier to concentrate on sports. But in a while he was conscious that she was lifting her coat over her shoulders, that she was rising and drawing the belt, then reaching to pick up her leather notebook. When he realized she was folding the newspaper to lay it again on his table, he felt free to look up. She was waiting for this. She said softly, as she laid down the paper and walked off, "I happen to be married."

August rested his chin in his hand, his elbow on the table. He did not look to see her leave the cafeteria. But then she came into view passing the window. She looked over, and, as his hands happened to be close to his mouth, he turned his fingers out and blew her a kiss. Blowing a kiss to a strange woman who has stirred you is stirring in itself, and he could not help smiling. Nor could she, and she shook her head in good humor as she passed from view.

Later, when he went for a second cup of coffee, the guy at the cash register said, "Pal, don't waste your time. That dolly can't be touched."

Roberta came again the next morning. He was surprised, and when she came and stood before his table with her tray in her hands, he was able to say only, "Well—hello."

"May I join you?" she said.

August had slept well, and had shaved and felt awake and presentable and talkative, although still self-conscious in his civilian clothes, but no words came to the surface. He rose to pull a chair from under the table, and she had removed her coat and sat down before either of them spoke.

"Am I making you nervous?" she said.

"Indeed you are," he said.

"Good," she said. "That makes us even. I *will* take a light this time."

August struck a match with unsteady hands. She drew in and exhaled. Again they sat looking at each other.

"I'm here to apologize," she said.

"Because of yesterday?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "That was nasty. I really don't act like that often. I hope."

"Oh, well, that's all right. I suppose I deserved it."

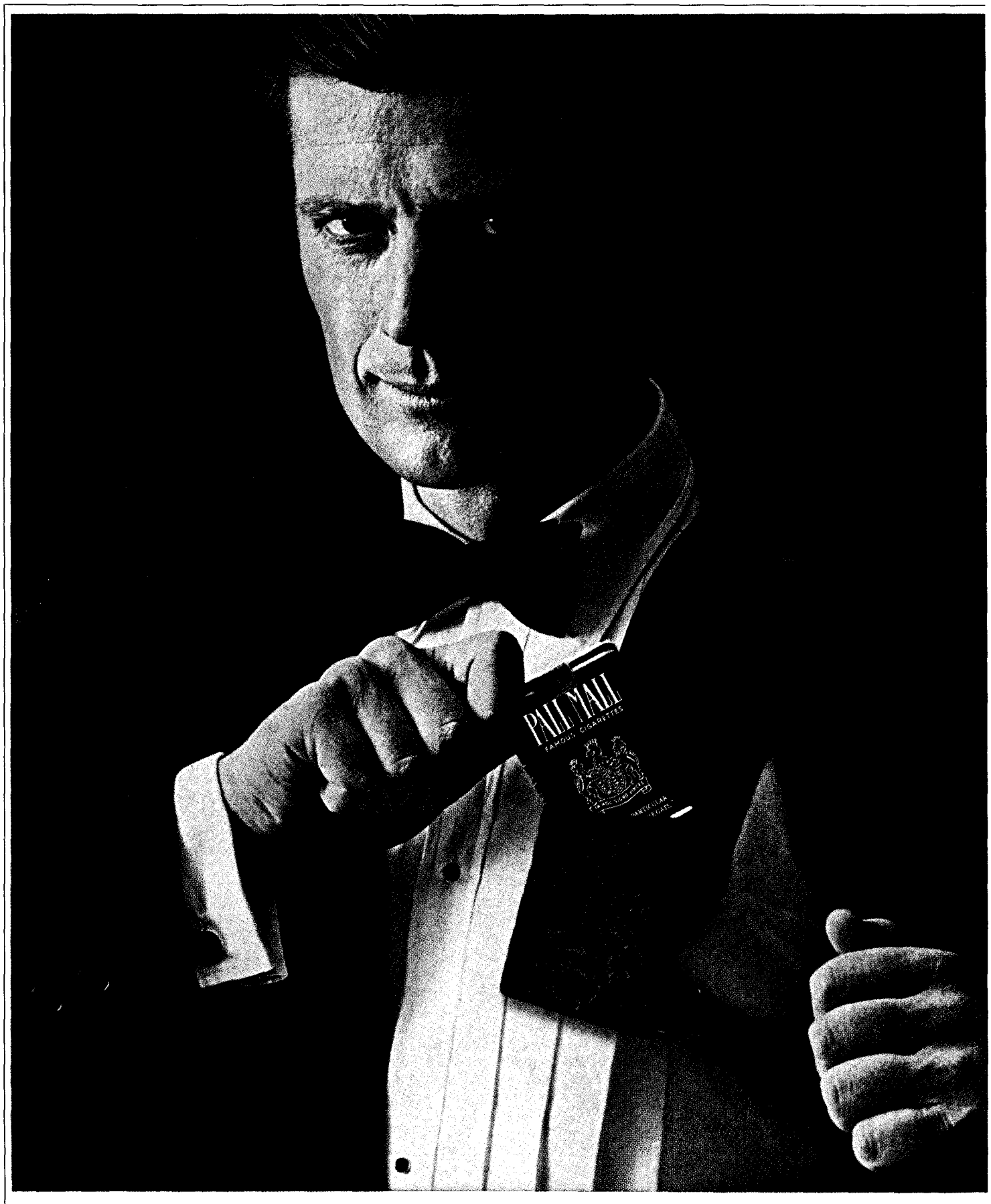
"No, you didn't—especially after what you did when I passed the window."

"OK, then, fine, but you really don't have to apologize."

She lifted her cup and took a drink of coffee. August was searching everywhere in his mind for something right to say. She said, "I hope you don't think I'm crazy, sitting down like this."

"Oh, no, not at all," he said.

"Well," she said, as if she, too, had been looking for something to say. "You can't imagine what a problem it was to come here this morning. I *always* come here for breakfast. And the minute I left yesterday I decided I owed you an apology. I suppose I could have come again without speaking to you. But it would have been nasty. So I promised myself the next time I saw you I would apologize. If you were here again I would come straight to your table and do just that. So here I am. And I feel much better

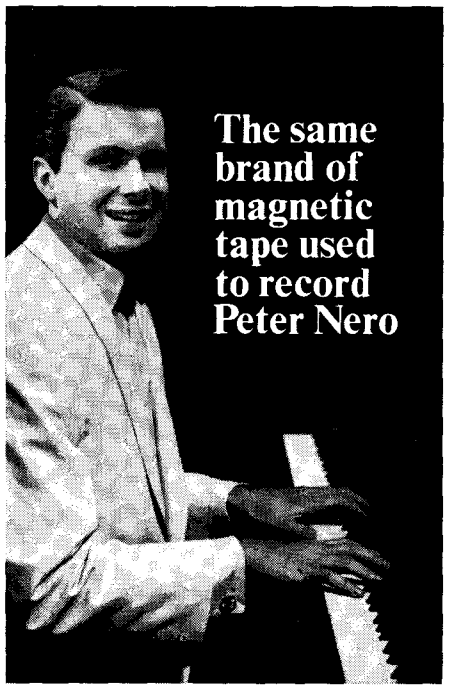


Pall Mall packs Particular Taste

Outstanding...*and* they are mild!

Product of The American Tobacco Company ©A.T.Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From popular music to the classics, the world's greatest artists are recorded on RCA Red Seal Sound Tape—the same fine brand of tape that's now available to you for home recordings.

Red Seal Sound Tape helps you get better results from your equipment—better frequency response, higher fidelity, superb sound quality with less distortion and surface noise.

Strong, durable and splice-free, Red Seal Sound Tape is made to precise tolerances and incorporates today's most advanced manufacturing techniques—including the use of a special lubricant to improve tape to head contact, minimize friction and wear. Available in all popular lengths and reel sizes, in acetate (all purpose and low-noise types), polyester or tensilized polyester base.

RCA's skill and experience with magnetic tape—including tape for electronic computers—means better home recordings.

Insist on the best—RCA Red Seal Sound Tape.

RCA Red Seal Sound Tape

RCA THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SOUND.

already. I just hope you don't think I'm crazy."

"No, I don't think that."

"Good," she said, taking another drink of coffee. "I'm only going to stay another minute."

"Stay forever," he said.

She smiled.

"Are you nervous?" he said.

"I'm shaking," she said. Again she smiled.

"Well, listen, don't hurry off."

"I do have to run. Honest. I just wanted to tell you that. That's all." She was rising and lifting her coat over her shoulders.

"Well, look, I hope I see you again.

She was pulling her belt tight and smiling. "Perhaps you will," she said. "Good-bye, now."

When she walked past the window this time she looked again. August waved and she waved back.

Using his map then, with the stone buildings drawn in perspective, he made his way to an auditorium and listened to the president and a dean speak some charming words of welcome. He put his map away after this and walked at random. He walked into and out of buildings and read bulletin boards and strolled along the paths and walkways until late in the afternoon.

In his room he spent an hour or so arranging his things in his desk and dresser. Finished, he sat with his elbows on the desk and looked down at the sidewalk. Here he was beginning another life, and for the moment there was no place to go, nothing to do. Three years before, he had started another, standing in lines for clothes and shots and orientation lectures. He told himself that this one had to come to something, but what were his chances? It had grown dark in his room, and he got up to turn on a light. What were his chances with her?

That night he ate in a Chinese restaurant, in a high-backed booth, pleasantly alone. Only she, he decided, would have added to the pleasantness. After dinner he walked in town before going back to his room. There were many people on the sidewalks; the stores were open and crowded, the bookstores overflowing to the sidewalks. He bought a wool sweater and a red wool plaid shirt. They were the most expensive shirt and sweater he had ever owned. The next morning they were there on his dresser like a present, and it was cool, so he wore one over the other.

At the cafeteria he met Roberta Sinclair for the third time. She was wearing a light touch of lipstick. Her hair was shining. August said hello, and stood up to move her chair under her. He looked down at the glow in her hair. Sitting down, he said, "We meet again."

"Still nervous?" she said.

"Again nervous," he said. "But not so bad this time. How about you?"

She smiled but did not answer the question. "Isn't this something?" she said. "You know, I promised myself if you were here I would join you again. I feel wonderful. Excited. Which is my confession for today. What's yours?"

"Mine? Well, let's see. I set my alarm clock."

"Did you really?"

"Not only that, I happen to be wearing a new shirt and a new sweater. Which I bought last night."

America, America

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . And of course *we'll* look just as funny to *them*."

"Bravo," she said. "But now I really want to confess something, before we go too far. You see, I'm not really married anymore. Only in a way. My husband was killed in the Korean War."

"Oh," said August.

"Forgive me for dropping that like that. I just had to avoid any questions."

"I'm sorry," said August.

"That's all right. I understand. Only please don't mention it, will you? Not for a while, anyway. You know, this is the first time I've talked to anyone like this. I know he wouldn't care. Still, I'd rather not talk about him. Do you mind? I just can't sit here and make believe we're talking about something we're not talking about. That's my real confession."

"You know," said August, "you said that the other day, about being married, but it simply didn't register with me. I swear. That must sound stupid, but I didn't think of you actually being married. It must be because I haven't been around married people very much. I *am* sorry, though."

"That was a joke," she said. "I just wanted to say that. I don't know why, but lately I have the strangest urge to say shocking things to people."

"Do you? OK, say something shocking so we can change the subject."

"Well—I wanted to meet you. How's that? I wanted to meet you and I didn't want to wait. *You blew me a kiss! How could you?*"

Now again August was short on words. He started, "Well ——"

"I can't tell you what that did to me," she said. "I was beside myself all morning."

"Well, I got a kick out of it myself," he said.

They sat smiling, happy with each other, before she lifted her cup for a drink of coffee.

"You have to go again," he said.

"I'm afraid I do. But you might walk me to the corner? If you like?"

On the sidewalk she turned and said, "I won't even ask your name. If you want to tell me, then come again tomorrow. Is that all right? We can both sleep on it."

"Listen," he said. "If you really have to sleep on it, why don't you take a nap this afternoon, and we'll see each other tonight?"

"OK," she said. "Let's save a day."

He met Roberta at the same table at eight-thirty that night. These tables were made of thick wood, like butchers' tables, and had been wiped so many times they were worn smooth. This time Roberta came up behind him without a tray and caught him running his fingernail along the wood.

"These are the nicest tables, aren't they?" she said.

"Yes, yes, they are—and how are you? Hello."

"I'm here," she said. "And I feel fine." She sat down quickly this time without removing her coat. "It's really something," she said, "to have this to think about. Shall we introduce ourselves?"

"Fine. I'm August Housman."

"August? Really? Are you called Augie?"

"No, August."

"OK, August Housman, it's a pleasure to meet you. I like your name. But I'm afraid mine is a simple—Roberta. Roberta Sinclair. My husband's name happened to be Bob. What a time we had—Robert and Roberta."

"Well, now that we know each other," he said, "what would you like to do?"

"Shall we tell each other what we do in the world?"

"I'm a freshman," said August.

"Really? You're not."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, yes, I am."

"But you're much older."

"I worked a few years. Then I was in the Army."

"You *were?*"

"Oh, yes. Three years."

Roberta looked slightly shaken. "You weren't there too, were you? In Korea?"

"A good part of the time," he said.

"The name of that place sends chills through me," she said, and added, "But you made it back safe?"

"That's the impression I give."

"Oh, my," said Roberta. "I'm afraid the idea gives me the shivers."

"Well, let's get out of here and walk, then," said August.

So they walked, but later, going along a sidewalk, Roberta said, "I'm almost sure this will sound crazy, but—you couldn't have known him? Could you? Is that possible? Bob Sinclair?"

"No, I didn't," said August. "I already asked myself the same question. I'm sorry."

"I suppose that was silly of me to ask. And now I'm afraid I suddenly feel melancholy. Forgive me for saying this, but you see I just thought to myself that it might have been you. I mean instead of him. I'm sorry for saying that. But I just can't reconcile that with myself. Every time I meet someone who was there, I have that thought. And this is the first time I've liked the person. I've never been able to resist the thought. Does that sound too awful? We really were happy together. When I think I'll never see him again, it almost floors me."

After a while August said, "I guess I never considered what it was like to be left back here. To me it was just a warm, dry place to be."

They walked then for some time without speaking, until Roberta spoke. "Perhaps he wouldn't mind," she said. "Since you were there too? I hope he forgives me."

"Oh, now, what the hell? Don't say things like that. That *is* crazy."

"I just feel terribly guilty. I'm sorry. Shall we cheer up?"

"Good. Let's do that."

"What did you do today?" she asked in a higher tone.

"Nothing much. I registered. I'm legally a student."

"Do you have many friends here?"

"No. In fact, none at all. You're the only person I know."

"Then you haven't told anyone about me?"

"No."

"I'm afraid I have talked about you. To a girl friend where I work. Just a very subtle hint, because they all think I'm an old something. You know, it wasn't a month after Bob was killed that they tried to date me with someone."

They walked along for another five or ten minutes, until Roberta stopped next to a car parked at the curb.

"This," she said, "is mine. I brought it so I could drive home again."

"I thought you lived close," August said.

"I do. Just a few blocks. I brought it so you wouldn't walk me home—because if you did, I might lose my head and invite you in."

"Is that bad? Did you live there together?"

"Oh, no, not that. It's just that I wouldn't trust myself."

In the street, on the driver's side, he opened the door for her. Before she got in, she put her hand on his arm, and, without taking her to him, he moved his head and kissed her. Her lips were full, and soft, and he raised his arms then to take her, but she backed into the car.

"Will I see you for breakfast?" she said.

"Why don't you trust yourself?" he asked.

"Because I like you, August Housman. That's why. See you in the morning."

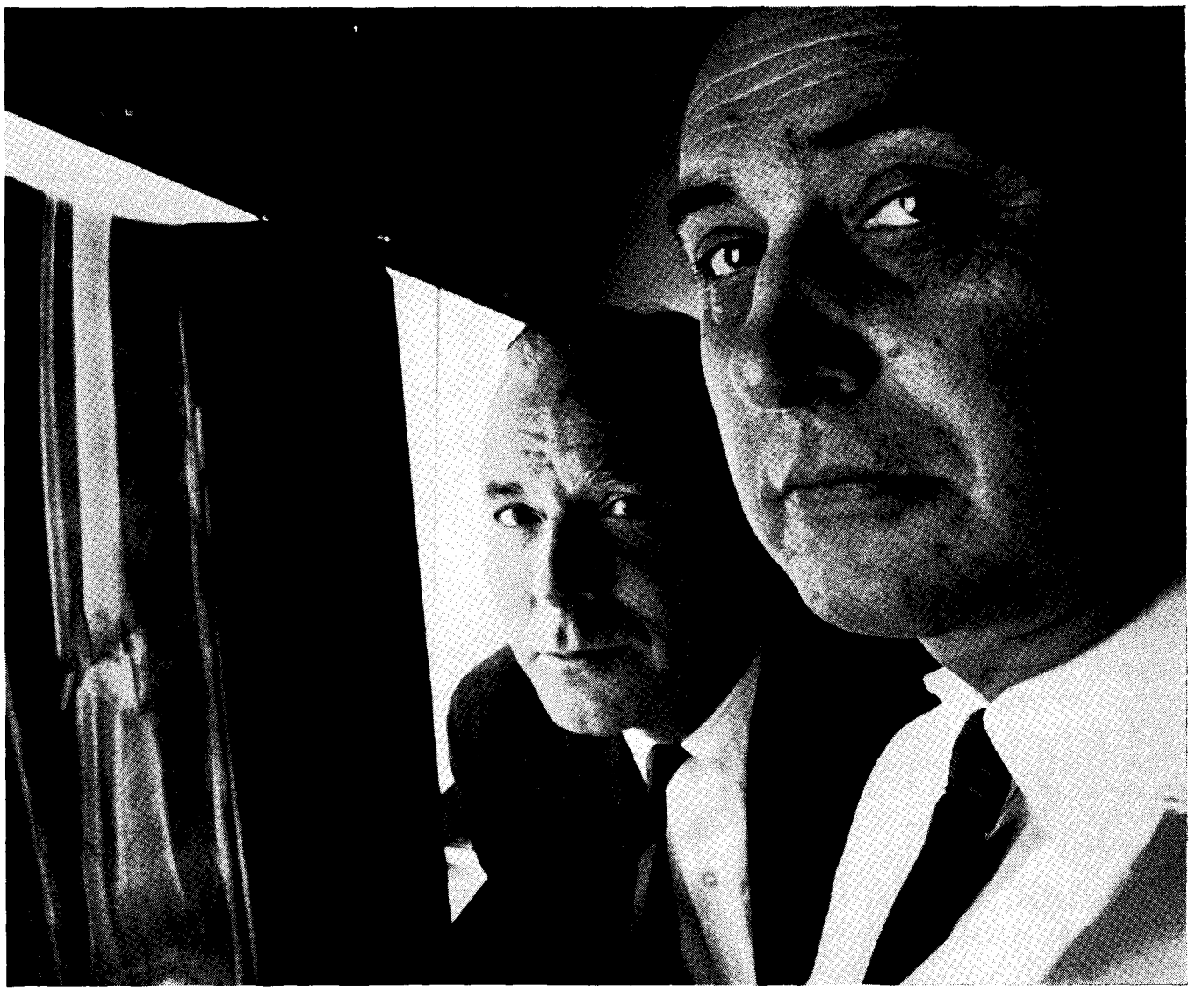
August watched her car go around the next corner, and then he turned and walked back to the cafeteria, which was open twenty-four hours a day. When he came to the cash register, the cashier said, "Pal, I been keeping an eye on you. I stand corrected."

He met Roberta in the morning and, after coffee, walked her to the hospital where she worked in children's therapy. The air was very brisk and windy, and the sidewalks were covered with fallen leaves. August made little kicks at the leaves. A gray-haired man passed them, going in the same direction and walking very fast. Over his shoulder he said, "Roberta, hello there." He looked at August.

"Oh, Paul, good morning," Roberta said to him.

She sounded different, and when August looked at her he saw she had blushed. After a while she said, "Now the rumors will fly."

Wausau Story



Merck & Co., Inc., Rahway, New Jersey, is best known to many by its Merck Sharp & Dohme division's pharmaceutical products. In the picture above, Dr. Sam Hoch (r.), Merck & Co. Director of Industrial Health, and Frank Martin, Employers Mutuals Claims Manager, review X-ray of employee's leg.

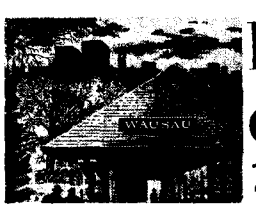
As you would expect of such a prominent supplier to the medical profession, concern for human well-being is inherent in Merck & Co. thinking. This is reflected in the company's active interest in its employees' welfare.

For example, Merck & Co. shares the view of Employers Mutuals of Wausau that workmen's compensation claims don't begin and end simply with satisfying statutory liability.

Paralleling a continuous program of safety and health counseling, Employers Mutuals' claims services include regular monthly meetings with policyholder personnel to discuss individual cases in detail as well as the broad aspects of claims, rehabilitation and cost control.

Throughout the country, Employers Mutuals' claims managers are the most competent in the industry, averaging 25 years' experience. They are qualified in the medical, legal and economic facets of claims handling. They are sensitive to the internal and public-relations implications of claims. And they are authorized to settle claims locally without recourse to the Home Office.

The result is prompt and fair handling of some half-million claims annually, and another reason for Employers Mutuals' reputation for being "good people to do business with." Whatever your needs in business insurance, call on Employers Mutuals of Wausau, listed in the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory.



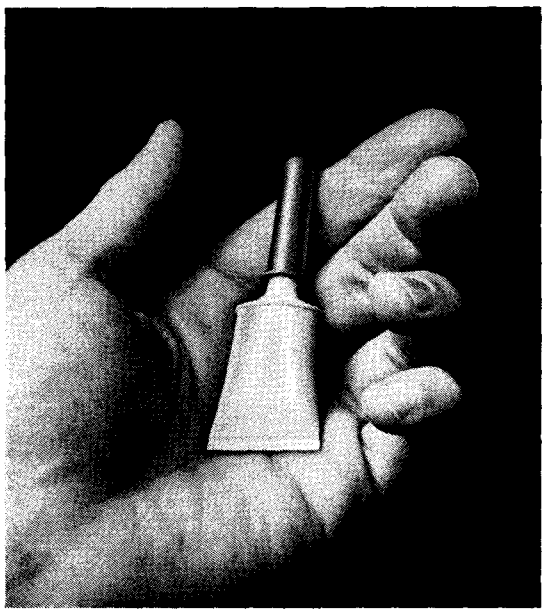
Employers Mutuals of Wausau

177 Offices Coast to Coast

"Good people to do business with"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New hemorrhoid advance! Single dose dispenser starts relief throughout pain area in seconds!



This unique, anatomically correct dispenser contains a premeasured, clinical dose of a new soothing, cooling ointment. Simply remove sheath, insert, press out ointment—and throw away dispenser. Relief starts in seconds! ■ *Faster than suppositories.* ■ *Surer than ordinary ointments.*

Premeasured clinical dose in disposable dispenser—use once and throw away—cooling ointment temporarily relieves itching and burning...soothes irritation and inflammation.

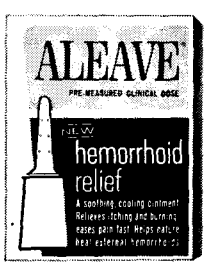
New ALEAVE, a clinical dose in a throw-away dispenser, temporarily relieves minor external hemorrhoid discomfort. It eases elimination and helps prevent new distress from flaring up...while it helps nature safely heal by protecting irritated tissues.

1. Relieves itching and burning on contact.
2. Eases pain fast—faster than you ever believed possible.
3. Cools and soothes tender tissues.
4. Helps nature heal irritated hemorrhoids.

Each hygienic ALEAVE dispenser gives you *surer,* more comforting relief because you get the proper dose for relief throughout the pain area—never too little, never too much. *Faster* than suppositories because there is no waiting for relief to begin.

Doctors' observations report that ALEAVE brings remarkably rapid relief. The medically improved ALEAVE dispenser with its combination of ingredients permits natural healing of tissues.

Use ALEAVE—the dependable way to relieve hemorrhoid distress. Comes in packages of 6 and 12.



Hygienic, disposable dispenser.
Premeasured clinical dose.
Use once and throw away.

ALEAVE®

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT FROM CLINTON LABORATORIES, A DIVISION OF CHESEBROUGH-POND'S INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

When they had walked another five minutes and were opposite her building, they stopped, and he turned to go

Roberta said, "I'm afraid I must seem rather low again today. Actually, I didn't sleep very well. And I felt terribly guilty again this morning. Mornings can be awful sometimes."

August said, "Well, maybe you should decide either to let yourself go, or not to let yourself go. Otherwise nothing seems to go anywhere."

"Oh, I know," she said.

After a little, he said, "Tonight?"

"Listen," she said, "I'm sorry for being a grump. Certainly tonight. I'll cheer up, I promise."

August walked back and went to a bookstore to buy some textbooks. Classes started the next day. There was a touch of excitement now, but nothing like it was in Korea, when the idea of going to school had been born.

That night, in her apartment, they tried to make love. They met after dinner and walked for some time. She wore a dress with pleats that brushed against his leg. Within the darkness of the gray school buildings and old trees he kissed her, and she did not pull away. Walking again, he asked, "Did you drive?"

She said, "No."

They walked for several blocks until, at a corner under a street light, they slowed up, and she held his arm to turn him. "This way," she said. There under the light she looked at him long enough so it was no longer necessary for many things to be spoken.

Walking along, she said, "This may sound horrible, but you know I dreamed once that a friend of Bob's, someone he knew well, who knew me too because Bob had talked so much about us—that this stranger came back, to tell what really happened or something like that, and—we fell in love, in a way. I didn't even dream it in a regular dream. I imagined it. Wide awake. Then I felt sick. Only it wasn't with shame. Nothing like that. It was because it was so impossible. There could never be anyone to take his place. It was an impossible, childish dream—and now *you're* here."

Roberta's apartment was half of the first floor of an old three-story house on a street of old houses and old trees. August waited behind her as she unlocked the front door, and in the warm, lighted vestibule he waited again while she unlocked her own door. She took his hand to lead him into her dark apartment, and when he closed the door behind him and it was perfectly dark, he felt her hand on his shoulder and took her into his arms. When he had kissed her, she turned her head against his chest. "Oh, dear," she said.

After a minute she stood away from him and reached over to turn on a table lamp. The lighted room was perhaps twenty-five feet square and must once have been the living room of the old house. The colors were dark, with polished floors and small rugs and several paintings, and, along one wall, bookshelves with hundreds of books. She took his hand and led him through the other rooms. Along this tour something pleasant was running up and down August's spine, as if they both knew where they were going and were not at all rushed—as if they were not going to spend it with fury. It was in the air, and August enjoyed it every time he looked at her.

Her bedroom was cool. The door had been closed and the window left open. Inside, he closed this door as he had the other and kissed her again in the dark. Again with her head against his chest, she spoke. "I'm frightened, August," she said. "Really I am."

"Shh," he said.

But Roberta remained frightened. Later, she started to cry. Turning to August, she said, "Listen, I'm sorry, really, please excuse me—I don't know—I feel so sick of myself, I feel so ashamed."

For August there was no longer a running up and down on his spine. The running stopped and lay dull. He said, "Can I do anything to help?"

"I just don't feel right," she said.

August said nothing. He reached over and turned on a table lamp.

Roberta's hair was around her neck and shoulders, the sheet up under her arms. She reminded him of old-fashioned barroom calendars of red-cheeked, corseted women with their hair down.

"Do you think he cares?" she asked.

"He doesn't know," said August.

"But if he knew?"

"No," said August.

"Would you?"

"How could I?" he said.

"If you *could* know?"

"I wouldn't," said August. "If I did, I wouldn't."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He has a way with animals. They bring him nuts."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

August had spoken sharply, and they were quiet for a while. Then she asked about the scar, and he told her his war story, and she said, "I think about dying all the time."

"You shouldn't," he said.

"I can't help it. I'm afraid all the time of dying. I think about it every day."

August leaned over again and turned out the lamp and lay back. Roberta talked quietly for a while.

"I've felt this way ever since I lost Bob," she said. "I know I have to get over it. But I just haven't been able to accept it. I imagine the most horrible images—about death—about dying. Every conceivable form of death comes to my mind."

Turning to her, August said, "Listen, that's crazy, you can't let yourself—— " But talking, he touched her, and she drew back, so he stopped talking.

"Please," she said. "I just don't want to be touched right now."

After a minute, he said, "Would you like me to leave?"

She was slow in answering. She said, "No, I don't want you to do that."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure."

They lay quietly in the dark for some time then, and August felt himself growing sleepy. It had to be close to one o'clock by then, and he told himself he would get up at his first chance and go back to his room, because he knew she would not want to face him in the morning. Still he faded off into a full sleep and slept for several hours before he woke again because his exposed bare shoulders were feeling the cold. He moved again to turn her, but she was fully awake and pulled away. Her voice was touched with crying. She said, "Don't. Please."

He raised on his elbow. "What is it?" he said. "Why don't you talk? Tell me. I'm sorry. I guess I really dropped off."

For perhaps a half minute they lay quiet. Then she let down the gates. She cried, "Don't you see—I took off my ring!"

He put a hand to his forehead. "You did that?" he said. "When?"

"Before," she said. "I took it off. I had it off. It's been off all the time."

He sat on the edge of the bed and put his arms around her. "Listen," he said. "Please don't be upset. OK? There's no reason to be upset. He would understand. I know he would."

Crying, she said, "I do like you."

"Oh, poor baby," he said, smiling. "That's good, because I like you too. I swear I do."

They were quiet for some time as she ran down, as her shoulders stopped raising with her breath. "Listen," he said, "I'm going to leave you alone now, and I want you to go to sleep."

"Would you?" she said. "I'd like that so much, if I could be alone for a while."

He dressed in the dark. He could not help remembering what it was like to turn out for guard duty at three or four o'clock in the morning, when you crawled from your tent or sat on the edge of your bunk and bent over to dress your sleep-heavy feet and dreamed to yourself of what it must be like to have her there, even before you knew her, sleep-warm and simply belonging to you in spite of your two dozen faults and lacks, and not in a cot but in an actual bed for two.

When she spoke now it was in a low, weak voice. "I know he would understand," she said. "I just couldn't get over the idea that he was watching."

August kissed her on the forehead. "He's not watching," he said. "He'd only watch if something were wrong. And nothing's wrong."

He stood up. "I won't see you for breakfast," he said. "But I'll call you later. And don't worry about anything."

When he was at the door, she said, "August, you will call?"

"Yes, I will," he said. "Sleep tight, now."

"Good night, August," she said, softly.

In the living room he turned off the table lamp and closed her door carefully behind him. Stepping from the warm vestibule into the cool, early-morning darkness, he closed the front door of the house, eased it until it clicked and locked.

It was cold enough for there to be a frost. He walked with his hands in his pockets, and his thoughts came to food. He made his way to the all-night cafeteria.

Walking again, perhaps forty minutes later, with ham and eggs and toast and coffee in his stomach, he thought of her husband. *My good wishes to you, friend. If you're only half of what she says you are, then you'll look the other way. Because you're dead. And she's not. And neither am I.* □

The cool, calm world of Lennox air conditioning

It's an exciting new world of total indoor comfort.

We call it "Nature's Freshness."

Coolness crisp as an autumn forest. Warmth as pure as sunshine. Silent as a shadow.

Freshened air in gentle, constant motion. Wrung dry in summer. Moistened in winter. Soft and liveable, the year around.

Lennox is freshness filtered through silken threads of glass. Free of dust, dirt and lint.

Shouldn't your family be enjoying the wonders of "Nature's Freshness"?

Call your Lennox Comfort Craftsman, listed in the yellow pages. Or, send for a copy of "The Freshest Story."

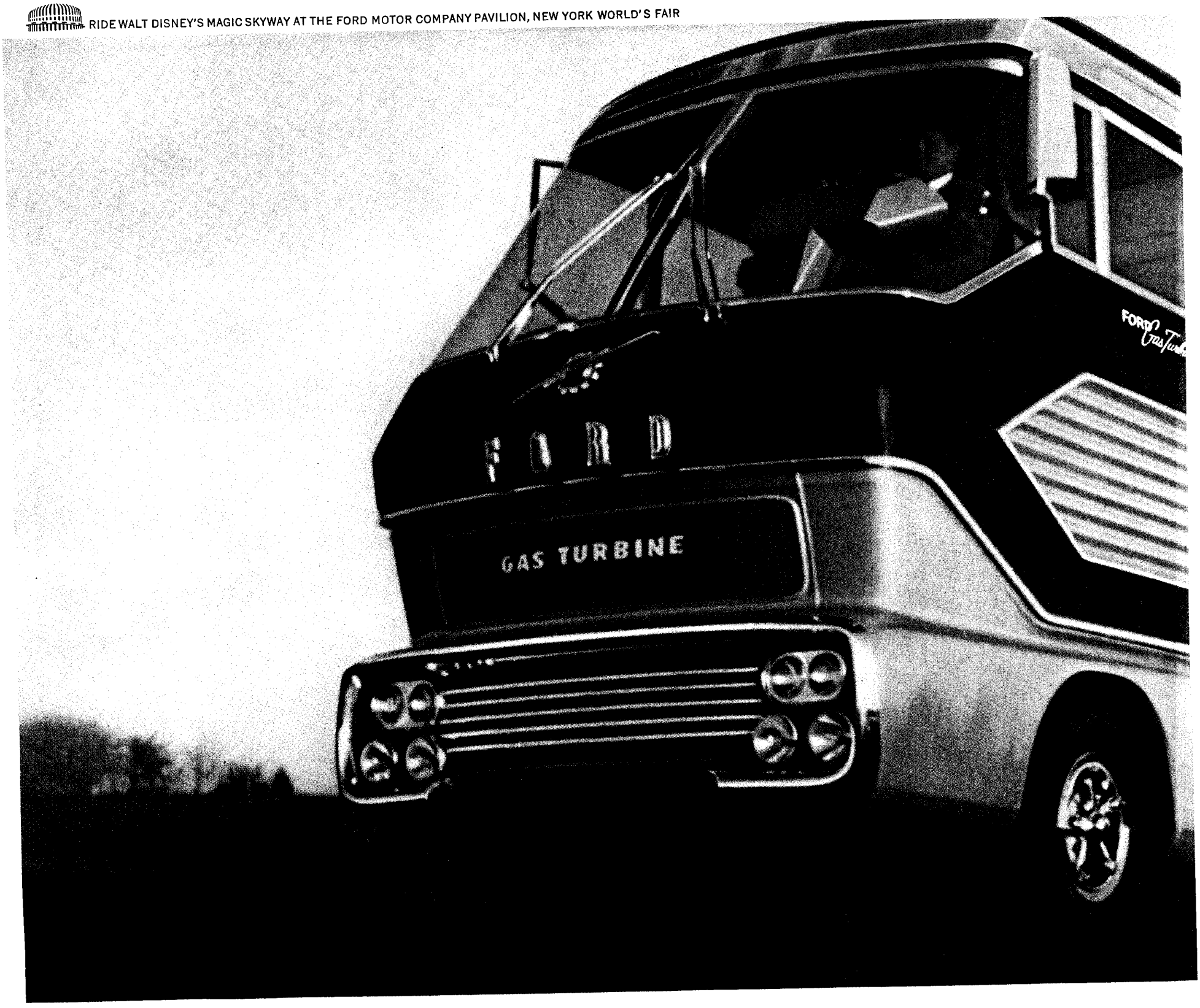
Address Lennox Industries Inc.
388 South 12th Avenue
Marshalltown, Iowa.

AIR CONDITIONING • HEATING LENNOX
SELECTED FOR THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ford Motor

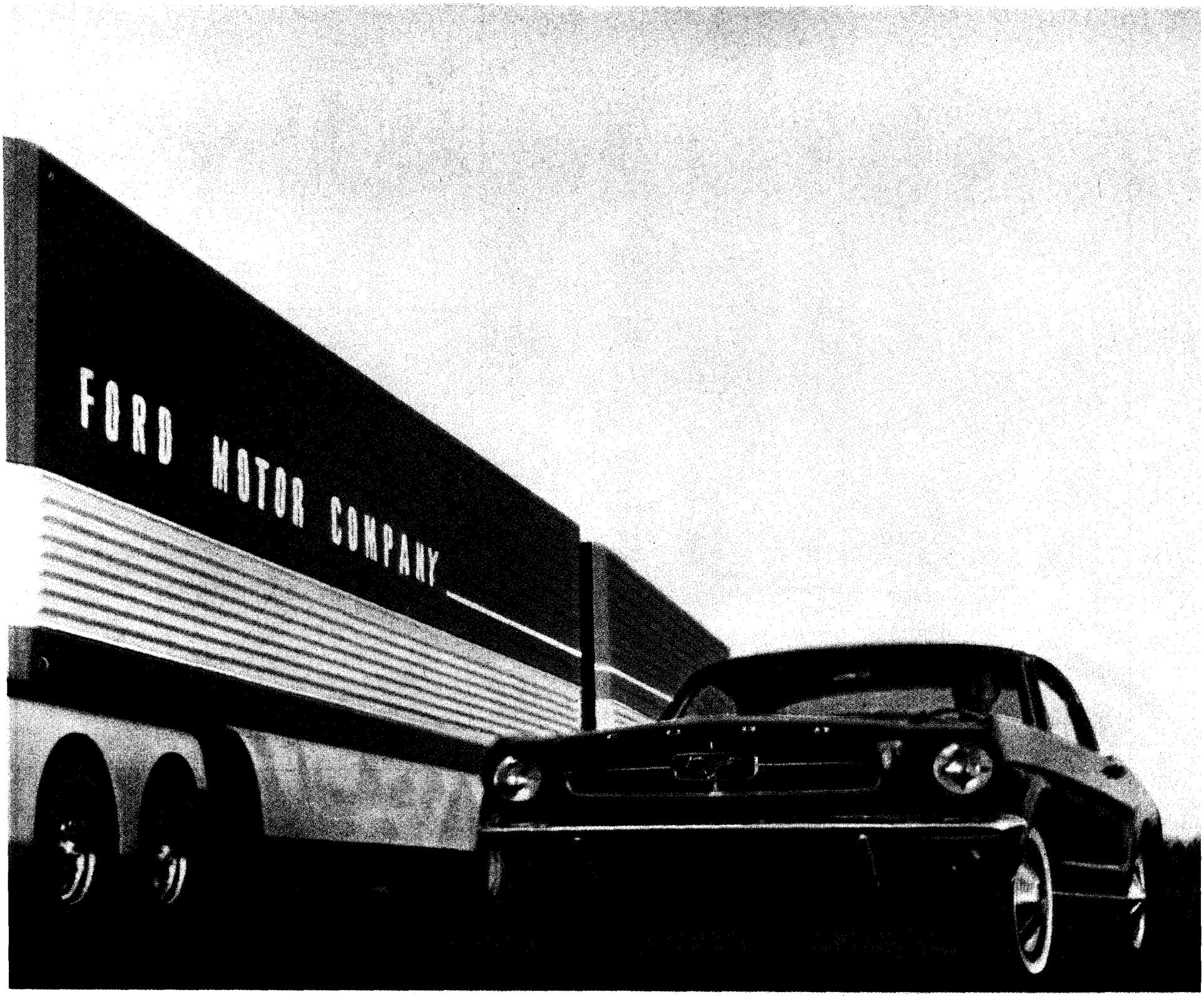
RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



600 horses and a wild little pony

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Company is:



Husky ideas. Frisky ideas.

Our engineers keep trotting them out. From the brash little Mustang that nuzzled its way into America's heart, to a huge workhorse of a truck designed for tomorrow's superhighways.

This super-hauler is our experimental 600 h.p. Gas Turbine Truck. It will cruise at turnpike speeds and swallow up 600 miles between refuelings. The two-man cabin has TV, stove and refrigerator.

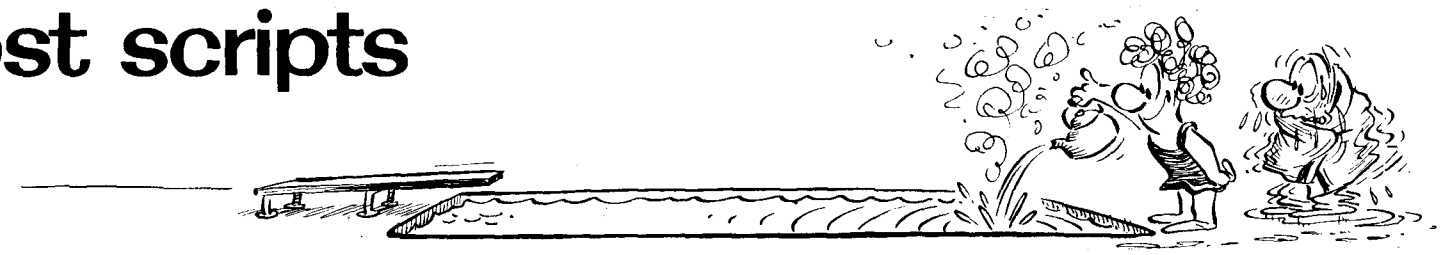
It's a big hauler. In fact, only one thing carries more weight at Ford Motor Company—our insistence on top-notch quality in everything we build.

Ford-built means better built Ford

MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE • FORD
COMET • MERCURY
THUNDERBIRD • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

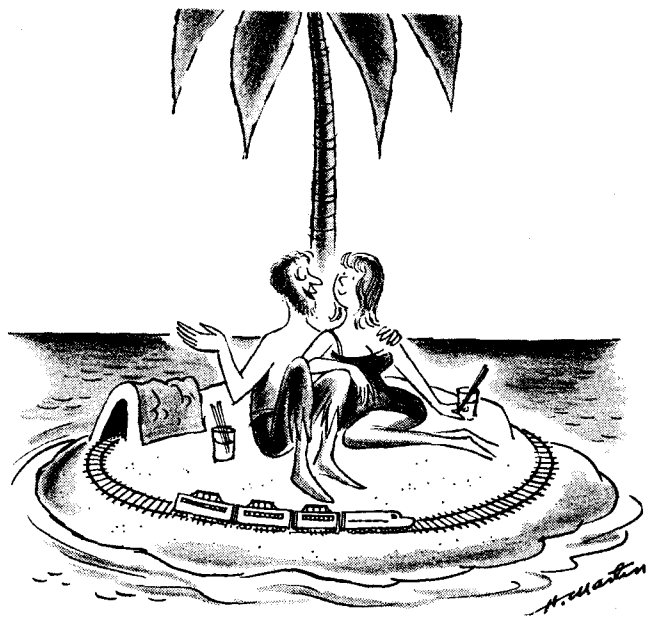
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post scripts



"Yes, I'm married, but my wife and I decided to take separate vacations this year."

"I've heard of unmarked police cars, but this is going too far!"



"Gosh, Midge, what more could a man ask for?"

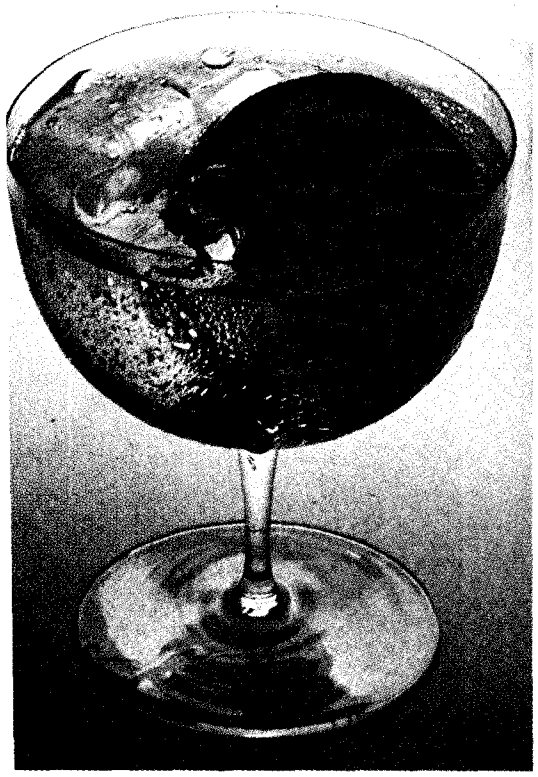
"Will you let me know when it's a quarter to five?"

"Hammersly, somehow or other you've saved our bacon."

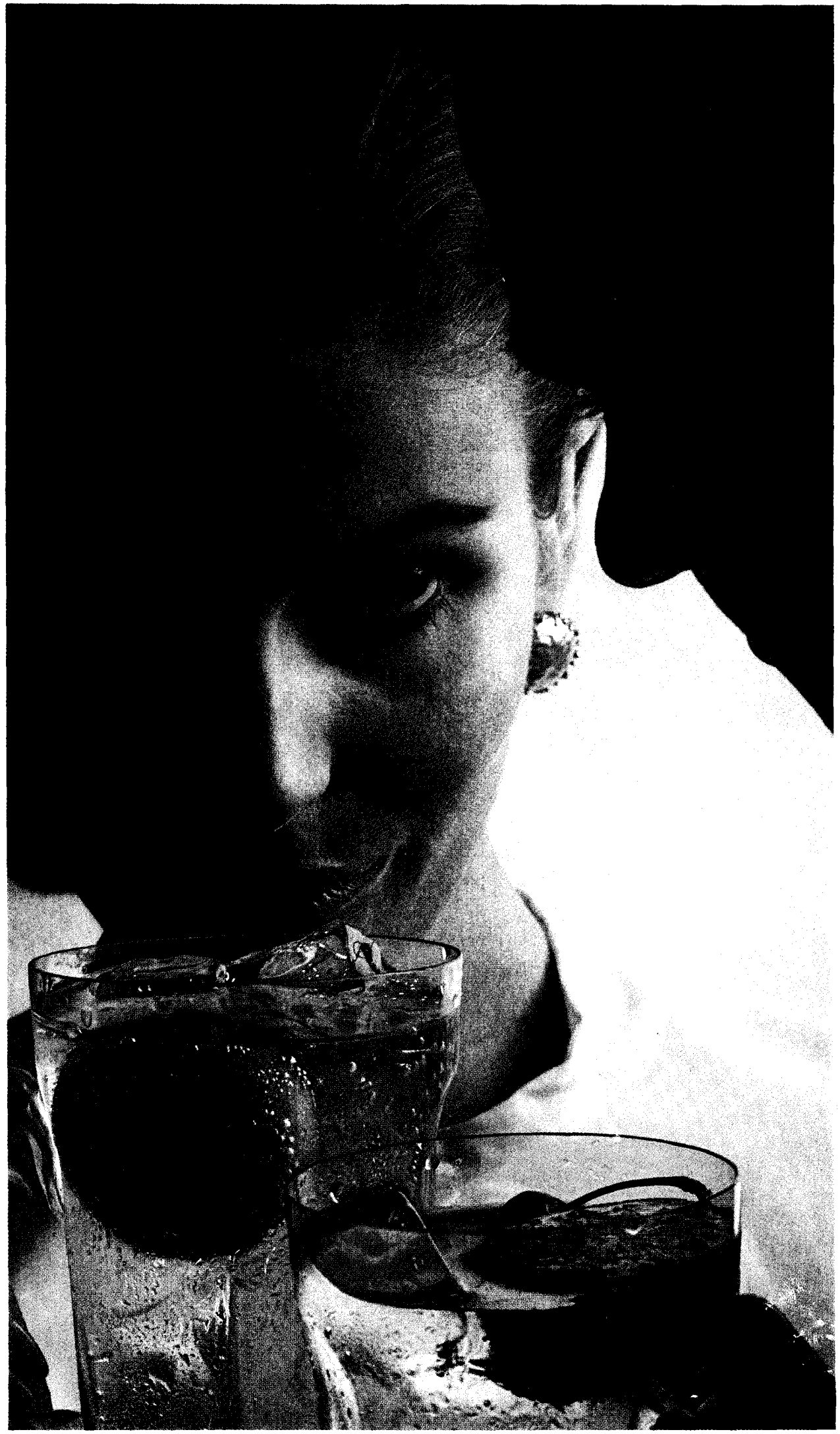
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you think vodka is an adult drink, wait till you taste it with Sprite, the adult mixer.

TRADEMARK®



ɔdka comes of age when it gets mixed up with ɔrite. Tingling! Exuberant! Naturally tart for lult tastes! Add a slice of lemon or lime. And cherry. You've got yourself a Mad Russian. ɛep adding fruit, and you've got a Petrograd ınch. Intriguing! From Russia, with love.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The crafty barber's boy in Agra displays a mask sacred to god Siva.

Toiling beneath the unrelenting sun, 30,000 unmechanized men and women help to build the Nagarjunasagar dam near Hyderabad. U.S. aid supports this irrigation project.

INDIA DOWNHILL TOWARD DISASTER

In the year since the death of Nehru, tiny Prime Minister Shastri has struggled in vain to halt India's disintegration.

By STANLEY KARNOW

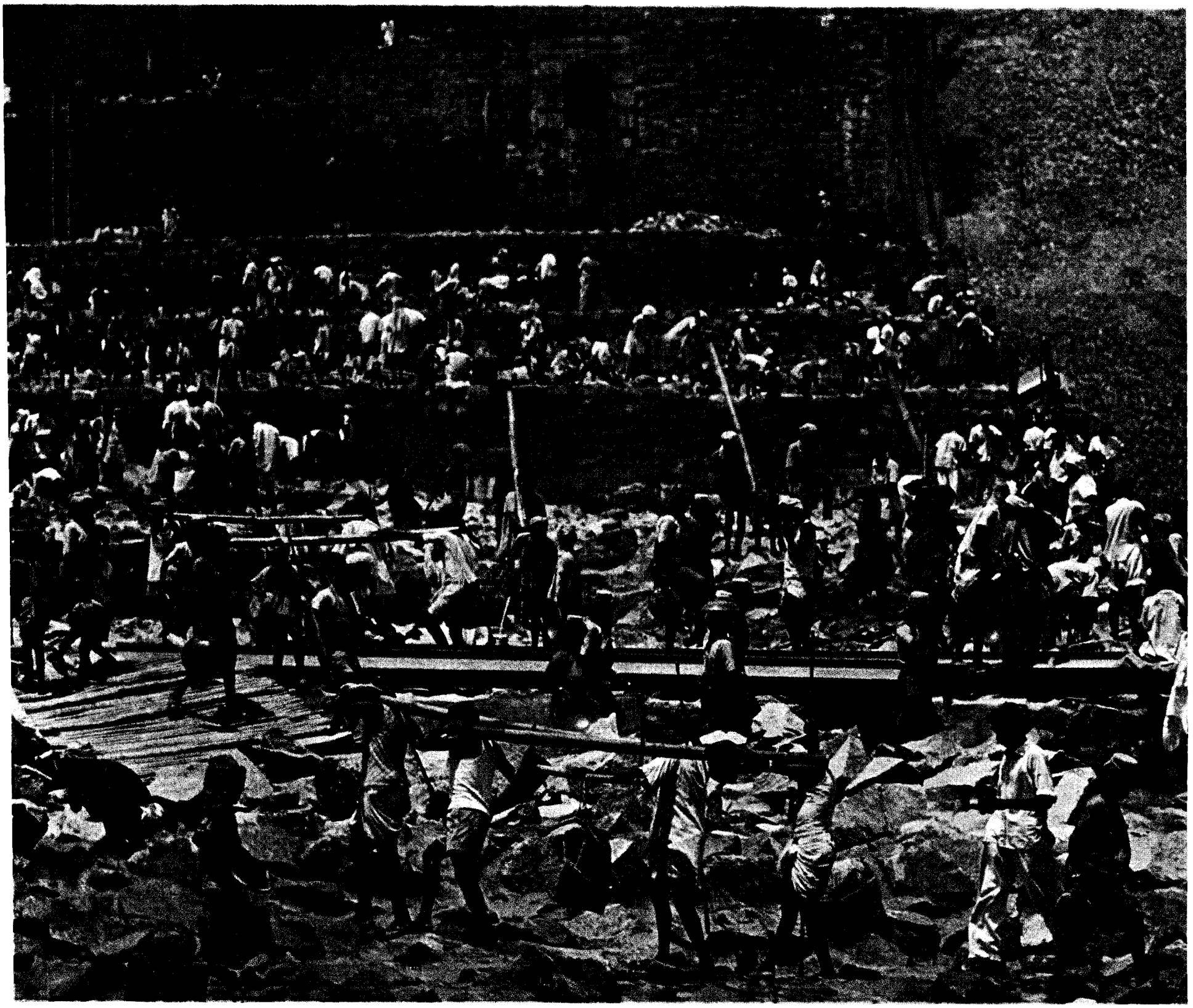
The diversity of a continent splashed a New Delhi garden where a shama thrush trilled his morning song. Wiry Bengalis and hairy Sikhs mingled with velvet-black Tamils. Stout Bombay merchants wearing gray business suits stood near ivory-skinned Brahman ladies in elegant silk saris. A huge Rajasthani, his majestic turban ablaze with crests and streamers, towered over a frail shabby-robed holy man. A timid peasant woman with gold in her nose stood alone, clutching her baby. Then a tiny man crossed the lawn from his bungalow office: India's Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri had emerged for his daily *darshan*, the communion with his people.

An initial impulse is to laugh—as Indian newsreel audiences often do—at this ludicrous little figure in his drooping chemise, baggy white *dhoti* and laceless shoes. But as he approached, Shastri's gentle smile radiated exquisite humility sufficient to defy any mocker. Strolling in the shade of a eucalyptus tree, he cocked his head to every problem and plea for more than an hour. An Agra shopkeeper proffered a sheaf of documents and complained of high taxes; Shastri promised to study the papers. A group of Madras social workers requested his patronage for their fund-raising drive; he would consider it. Watching from the sidelines, an Indian politician awaiting his turn remarked to me, "The prime minister is the most courteous man I have ever known."

Simplicity and self-effacement have typified nearly all of Shastri's 60 years. As a young welfare worker he lived in squalid outcaste settlements, helping Hindu Untouchables in their menial jobs and, as he put it, learning "the moral aspect of life—to serve your country without love of power or authority." Imprisoned for demonstrating against British rule—his eight separate jail sentences totaled nine years—he declined special favors accorded to political inmates and shared his food with common criminals. Barely five feet tall, he jokes about his doll-like size; years ago, by way of reassurance, he took for his motto the line of a Hindu poet: "Taller plants may wither away, but short grass will remain ever green."

The late Jawaharlal Nehru's strength was eloquence; Shastri's style is diffidence. In the year since he succeeded

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Nehru, Shastri has attempted to make modesty a mode of government.

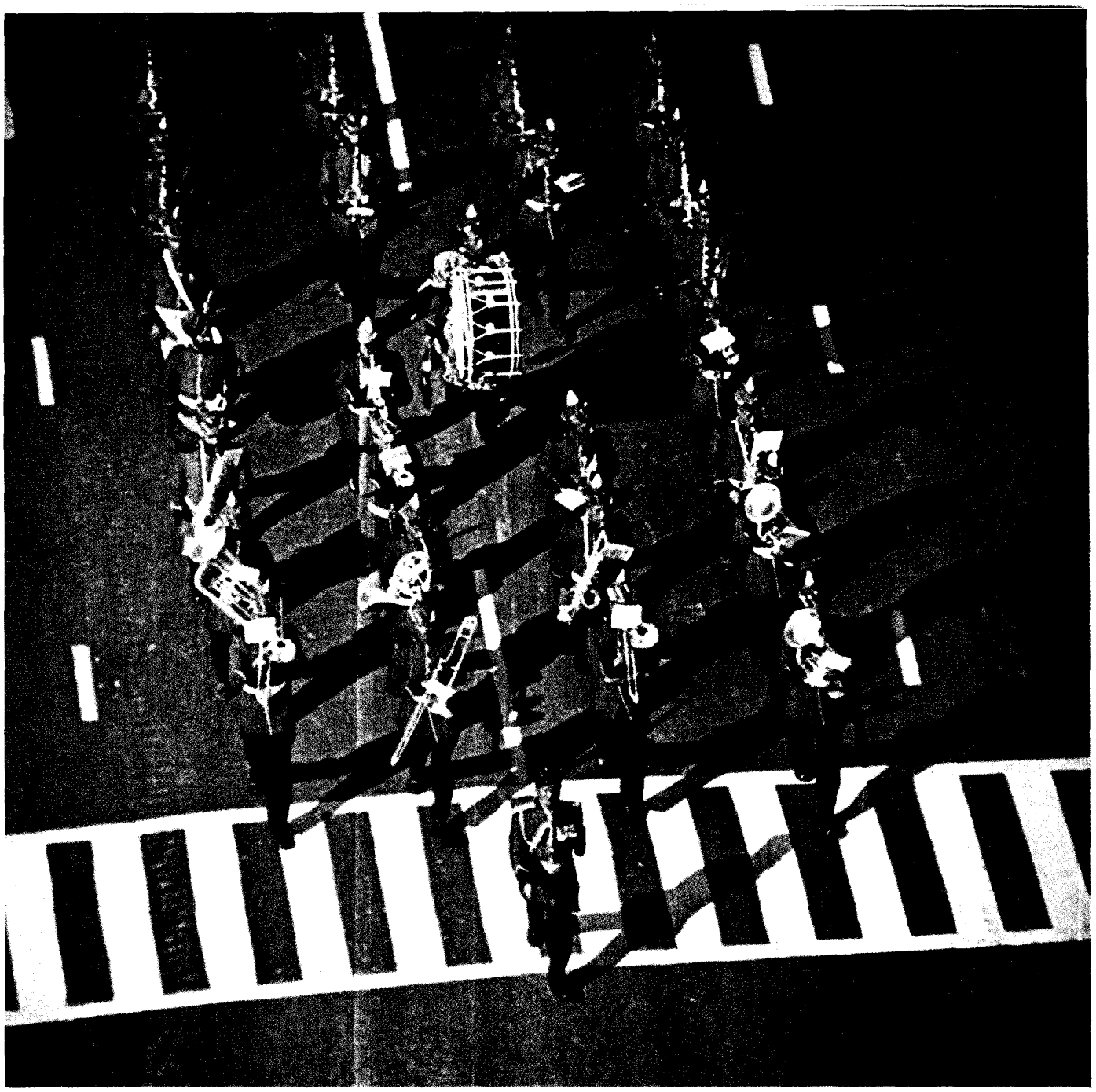
In his modesty, Shastri seems to shy away from the gigantic, puzzling, profound, pervasive challenges confronting India. He is known, for example, to favor consumer production ahead of heavy, long-range industrial projects. For fear of ruffling the socialist-minded among his colleagues, however, he couches his intentions in ambiguous hopes for "helping the common man." He has quietly approved birth-control programs to curb India's expanding population. Yet when asked to lend public support to family planning, he balks at speaking out since "I have six children myself, and it's too easy for me to advise others." His cabinet meetings run on interminably as he hesitates to interrupt loquacious ministers; if he does, it is to suggest or advise rather than command. As one Indian editor put it, "Shastri appears to be more a sympathetic observer than a responsible leader of the nation." Shastri himself explains his meekness: "People ask me to assert myself, but I'm not made that way. I cannot be a show-off."

One evening not long ago, sitting in Shastri's austere office, I asked him what he thought he had accomplished over the past year. He looked beyond me, perhaps at the large portrait of Mahatma Gandhi on the opposite wall. Then, smiling faintly, he replied in his lilting English, "I cannot say that I achieved anything very positive."

As almost every Indian astrologer foresaw, the past year was a troubled one. No sooner had he assumed office last June than Shastri suffered an arterial blood clot that laid him low for six weeks. He had scarcely recovered before he found himself floundering in a desperate food crisis that was, as he told me in his mild way, "extraordinarily difficult."

For three previous years, while the population grew (by nearly a million mouths a month), India's output of wheat and rice did not. Finally food shortages brought such high prices that riots erupted throughout the country. To the east of Delhi, in Shastri's home state of Uttar Pradesh, hungry mobs smashed shop windows and ran off with sacks of grain. At Trivandrum, capital of verdant Kerala state, thousands of gaunt students milled in the streets,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Stepping out smartly to the beat of the regimental drum, a military band parades its British colonial heritage.

Indian poverty, so familiar in the abstract, is a stark, deadly reality.

defying police to "give us rice or shoot us." Police arrested 18,000 Communist demonstrators, including the eight-armed goddess Chandika, whose ornate idol was carried by marchers in Nagpur.

In its inconclusive, Indian way, the crisis gradually abated. The U.S., which has sent some $2.5 billion worth of surplus grain to India since 1956, scheduled two fully laden, 10,000-ton wheat ships per day. Indian farmers and tradesmen, who had hoarded grain in anticipation of still higher prices, finally put their food on the market.

Through it all, Shastri's performance was less than brilliant. He failed to persuade the richer agricultural states, such as wheat-growing Punjab and rice-producing Andhra, to share their surpluses with their poorer neighbors. Nor did Shastri take severe action against hoarders. "The hoarders are a great menace," he acknowledged, "but how can you punish thousands, millions of farmers?"

Though serious, the food crisis was tame compared to another outbreak that plagued Shastri in late January. It exploded over the strangely sensitive issue of language. A common tongue is a virtual requisite for nationhood, yet Indians, as diverse as a continent of Europeans, speak 14 major languages and about 1,000 dialects. The *lingua franca* is English, in which only a relative handful of people are literate. Shastri delivers his national broadcasts in English, then repeats them in Hindi. In the *Lok Sabha*, India's parliament, members wear headsets to hear one another through a simultaneous translation system, and about 100 legislators, whose dialects defy easy interpretation, must submit their speeches a day in advance.

It was originally planned that Hindi, spoken by the northern 40 percent of India's population, would become the national language 15 years after independence, in January, 1965. In the interval, Indians were supposed to be learning their new idiom. Very few did. As the deadline approached, clerks and students, particularly in the Dravidian south, imagined themselves losing jobs or failing exams because of their ignorance of Hindi. Shastri did little to allay their worries. Inevitably a tiny spark ignited the fire.

One day, in the sprawling, southern city of Madras, reports spread that the post office had introduced Hindi money-order forms. Within hours students were marching through the streets proclaiming "Down with Hindi imperialism." Within days the entire south was aflame. Mobs gutted trains, overturned buses, sacked government buildings. At least five dissenters committed suicide, three in Vietnam Buddhist fashion by self-immolation. Police killed more than 100 others and arrested some 1,500.

In his usual way, Shastri sought the "consensus" of his cabinet, but his ministers' own regional loyalties aggravated the tension. For a few taut moments in mid-February, Shastri's government teetered on the edge of collapse. But Shastri did nothing. He feared that a gesture toward the south would unhinge pro-Hindi zealots in the north. Finally, however, he had to act. Under pressure, he took to the radio to tell the country—in English—that no alien Indian tongue would be forced down any throats. In contrast to their sudden eruption, the southern students slowly relaxed—at least until they feel restless again, as they undoubtedly will.

Shastri's position is securer than it might otherwise be because of India's complex political situation. There is no effective opposition to the ruling Congress Party, formerly led by Gandhi and Nehru. After Nehru's death, Shastri was made prime minister by a caucus of party bosses who considered him the least offensive contender. To depose him now might unleash a ruinous power struggle among the party's rival factions. Thus Shastri has remained in office and is likely to continue until the 1967 elections.

While Shastri's apparent weakness may serve to keep him in power, inefficiency and corruption are strangling economic growth, caste rigidities inhibit development, and hideous poverty saps the very energies needed for progress. While Red Chinese troops remain deployed along the slopes of the Hima-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

layas, poised to stream through the mountain passes as they did in 1962, India is nagged by chronic friction with neighboring Pakistan—which periodically flares into open warfare.

Since its defeat by the Chinese Communists, India can no longer presume to play its former prestigious role as international intermediary and peacemaker. It is a measure of India's diminished significance on the world scene that President Johnson could summarily—and tactlessly—postpone Shastri's visit to Washington, planned for early June. Such a gesture would have been unheard of in Nehru's day. Shastri will make known in Moscow his pious hope of seeing a settlement in Vietnam, but there is little he can do about it. Speaking officialese, one of his top aides said, "India's capacity to mediate a dispute in which China is involved is not considerable."

Shastri is the obvious scapegoat to blame for India's present impotence. Yet the most articulate critics of its stagnation seem unable to offer positive alternatives. "We are becoming prisoners of indecision," complained Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, Nehru's sister and former president of the U.N. General Assembly. When I asked what kind of government program she advocated, she could only reply, "The people must be sparked into enthusiasm."

Underlying Shastri's troubles are the accretions of Nehru's shortcomings and India's centuries. It could be that India is too staggering a burden for any man. For in any other land, each of India's problems would itself constitute a calamity; in India, calamities are the everyday ingredients of the world's biggest permanent crisis. By gargantuan Indian measure, for example, it seems hardly noteworthy that cholera kills some 200,000 people annually. When rivers above Delhi overflowed last year, nearly six million peasants were uprooted from more than 15,000 hamlets.

Poverty is the predictable, cliché image of India. Even so, wherever I went I discovered it a crushing, ubiquitous, perpetual reality. I returned to Calcutta, where I had lived briefly 20 years ago. Looking at one ragged mother beg *baksheesh* for her baby, I wondered whether she had been the child at another beggar's bosom two decades before.

Many rural areas are as miserable. Even in relatively rich southern farming areas, a laborer eats only two thin meals a day—a breakfast of cold rice and a dinner of boiled rice with a bit of curry sauce and, on occasion, some dried fish. In poorer districts near Delhi, peasants have a single daily meal of bread and lettucelike vegetables, and the shabbiest among them eat *gobraha*—grains of barley or millet picked out of animal excrement. Mothers save valuable food by nursing their children until the age of three or four.

The Hindu religion, observed by 85 percent of the population, is a way of life. Its law of *karma* enjoins individuals to seek perfection only within a stratified caste system. Each man is born into one of four major castes and 3,000 subcastes—or worst of all, outside any caste. His station in life is ordained, and his conduct is dictated in everything from work and food to clothes, marriage and sexual practices.

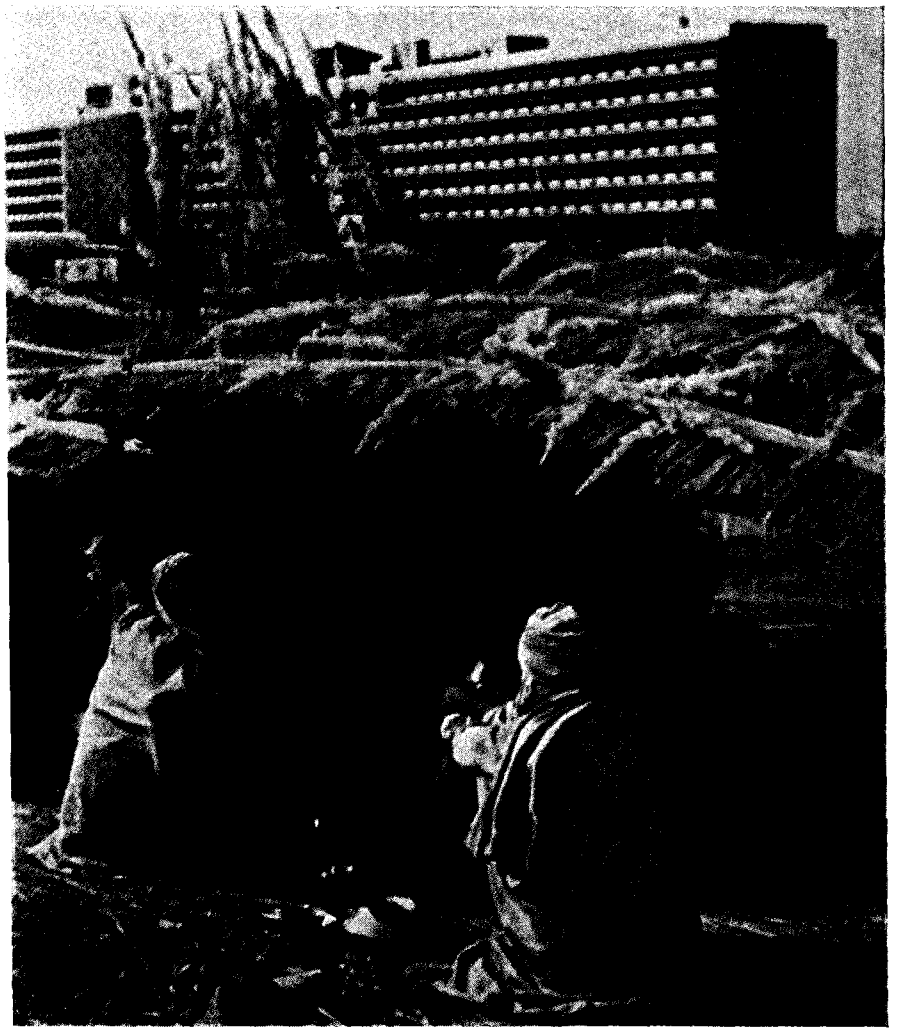
This caste *apartheid* is supposed to have been ruled out by the constitution. Time and again, however, I found it more deeply rooted than racial segregation in the U.S.—which Indian intellectuals delight in carping at. On a rural tour near Madras, I suggested to my guide, a British-educated agronomist, that we stop for lunch. He left me at a nearby inn, politely excusing himself to to go to a restaurant where his food would be handled only by members of his own caste. So strict is caste bias that it can keep underemployed peasants from making the most minor sort of improvement. A village I visited near Agra was neat and almost comfortable-looking, except for its potholed main street. The headman stiffly explained, "We are farmers, not roadbuilders."

This devotion to caste and other ancient tradition has bogged down Indian peasants in what the late Prime Minister Nehru called "a sluggish stream . . . moving slowly through the accumulation of dead centuries." Fateful resignation to misery subverts the best-laid economic plans of experts in New Delhi's imposing government buildings and at prestigious Harvard seminars.

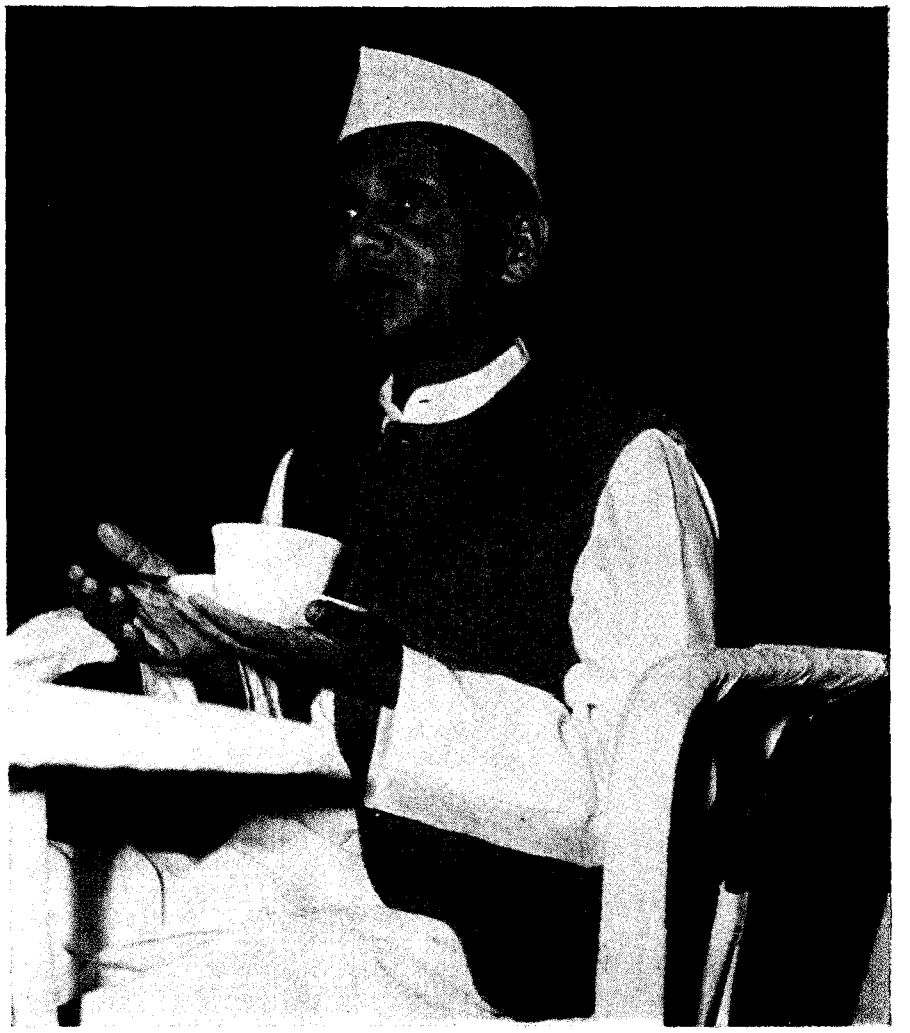
Although Nehru guided India into freedom and shaped it into an entity at a time when partition and religious strife were tearing the land to shreds, he also nurtured tragic illusions. As Lord Attlee wrote of him, he understood power and poetry without quite discerning where one began and the other ended. He was never able to come to grips with the dreary, complex, domestic dilemmas that followed the first flush of independence. He created and personified the Indian nation, yet he couldn't quite make it work.

Below the top echelon of first-rate specialists who direct the ministries, the Indian government is a cumbersome bureaucracy of more than 10 million functionaries, often arrogant and frequently corrupt, choking on their own red tape. State-owned industries are chronically lamed by sluggishness. Indian railways are so inefficient that, as finance minister T. T. Krishnamachari pointed out recently, it costs less to import American wheat than to transport it across the country.

While its inflated urban bureaucracy bumbles along, India critically lacks trained officials for its countryside. More youths than ever are being schooled, yet most prefer the relative luxury of city life, and the government neither exerts the authority nor provides the incentives to attract young men to poor, lonely villages. For nearly 600,000 Indian villages, consequently,

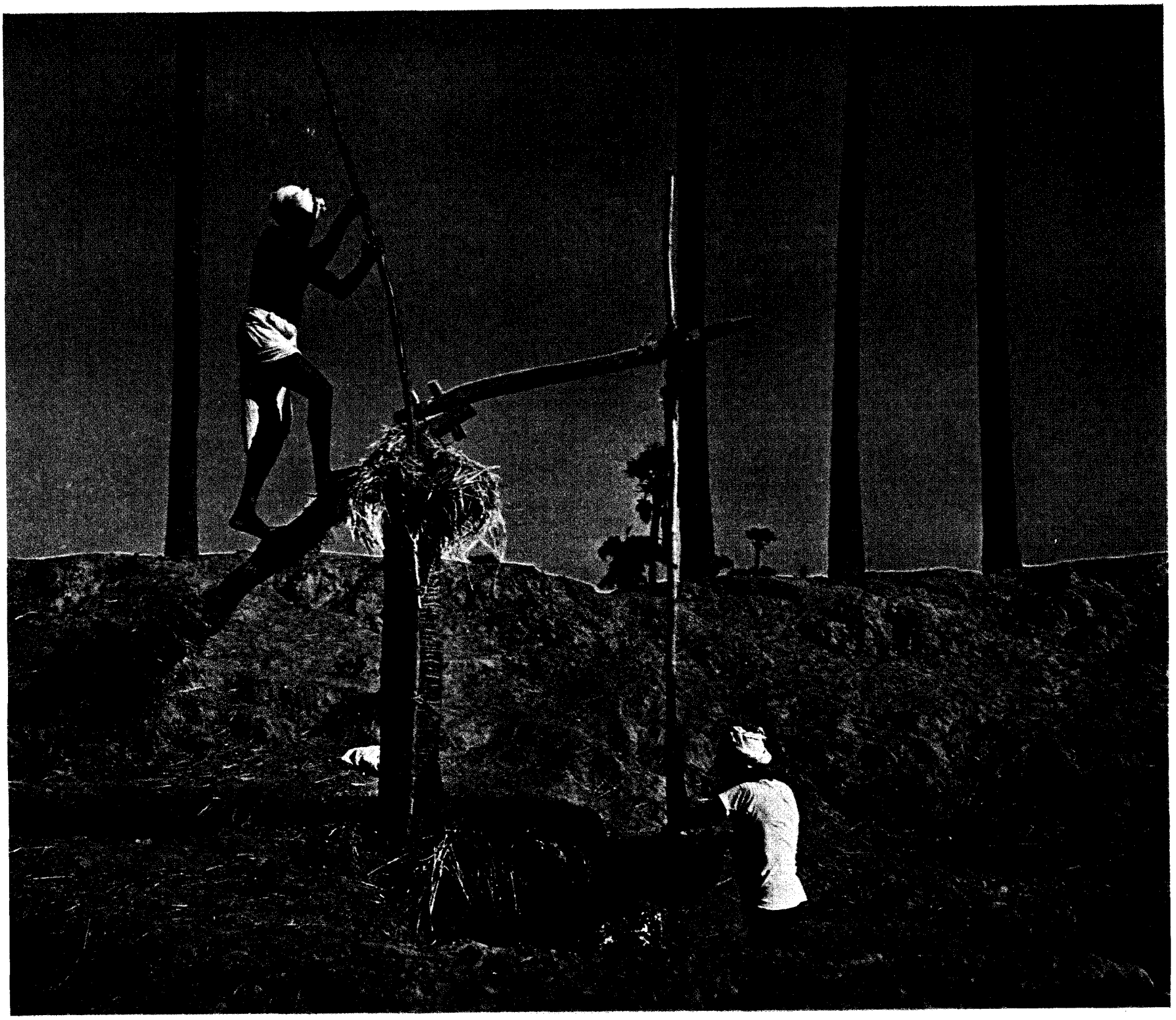


Government buildings by Le Corbusier in Chandigarh rise beyond workers' bustee huts.



Self-effacing Prime Minister Shastri gestures conciliatorily while doing business over tea.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Steadying himself with a flexible wand, nimble peasant raises irrigation water with a fulcrum hoist.

Crowded off land, peasants head for cities.

there are fewer than 70,000 agriculture specialists. On the average, they earn less than $30 per month, and only a fraction are considered qualified for their jobs. Regardless of their skills, few can competently deal with the vast regions they must cover. Roaming through southern India, I dropped in on one of them, an agricultural engineer named V. S. Rajagopal.

Eager to show me achievements, Mr. Rajagopal suggested that we drive 15 miles to Kulipahthandalam, a "model village." Red China's Premier Chou En-lai had visited it in 1956 to lay the cornerstone for its maternity ward. Other celebrities had inaugurated the schoolhouse, community hall and a loudspeaker system that, I was assured, played music all day.

But Kulipahthandalam was not as advertised. Its music system was broken down. The schoolhouse roof had caved in, the community hall was a wreck, and Premier Chou's clinic for expectant mothers was occupied by male squatters. Mr. Rajagopal was embarrassed. "I didn't realize how bad it was," he explained, "but I haven't been here for two years. You know, we are only six in our office. We are responsible for 140 villages—80,000 people. How can we possibly handle it all?"

Especially in its last years, Nehru's government was as ineffective as his clumsy bureaucracy. Often autocratic and short-tempered beneath his noble manner, Nehru hated to delegate authority. He cluttered his cabinet with mediocrities and tolerated some notoriously corrupt state officials. Even after a stroke crippled him in January, 1964, he stubbornly clung to power, and for the five months until his death the government was in paralysis. From

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it emerged his successor, Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri.

The sudden switch in personalities was extraordinary. In contrast to Nehru, the poised and eloquent Brahman, Shastri exudes quiet humility. His wife still cooks, vegetarian-style, for what sociologists would term an "extended family" of six sons and daughters, their four spouses and his seven grandchildren, including one named after John F. Kennedy. They all live under the same roof, for Shastri has not taken over the official prime-ministerial residence. His wife considers their present address a lucky number, and Shastri himself is reluctant to move into Nehru's old home. "That house has too many associations for me," he says. "I'd feel haunted living there."

The second son of a poor tax collector, Shastri was born in a village near the holy city of Benares, in the flat, populous Ganges valley. His name, Shastri, is not a name but a degree acquired at a Hindu university—tantamount to being known as Mr. Bachelor of Arts. Old friends of his recall that the young Shastri took little interest in studies. But he was inspired by Gandhi's passive resistance against British rule in the 1920's. He demonstrated against taxes, preached independence, and on one occasion, in the guise of a veiled Moslem woman, he slipped through police lines to plant the nationalist flag on the clock tower of Allahabad. During one prison term he translated the life of Madame Curie into Hindi and wrote a political treatise he has never thought good enough to publish.

Modesty and piety add up to good politics in India, where the masses would elect Hindu gods if they could. Though no hypocrite, Shastri is well aware that his self-effacing manner has strong appeal. Not long ago Shastri whispered meaningfully to a reporter, "I'm not as innocent as I look."

He describes his technique of governmental maneuvering in the trite phrases that characterize much of his conversation: "I listen to different viewpoints. I have the capacity to understand them. I keep an open mind." An old associate sketches Shastri's style more sharply: "His puniness creates compassion in you, and so he has won the first round. Then he speaks softly, emphasizing his limitations, and so you can't decently press your own viewpoint too aggressively. Only afterward do you realize that you've been gently disarmed and swayed to his side—not by logic, but through a kind of spiritual seduction."

But Shastri's Gandhian spiritualism often seems inadequate to cope with India's size and divergencies. As the recent food and language crises demonstrated, the country is threatened by the disease that Indians label "fissiparous tendencies"—the centrifugal pull of different regions toward their own interests and identity. As one astute American observer of India, Selig S. Harrison, sees the future, the odds favor the eventual fragmentation of India and a drift toward totalitarianism. "The collapse of the Indian state into regional components," he says, "would in the first instance mean partial Communist control of the subcontinent, and in time give the Communists their chance for power in New Delhi."

At present, the Indian Communist Party is badly split between pro-Moscow and pro-Peking factions. In the years ahead, however, the Communists are certain to be strengthened by one crucial trend. Lured by the illusion of a better existence, or simply crowded off the land, young peasants are straying into India's teeming cities, where the birthrate is already high. In the next 15 years the urban population of about 80 million will be more than doubled. By the end of the century it may surpass the rural population.

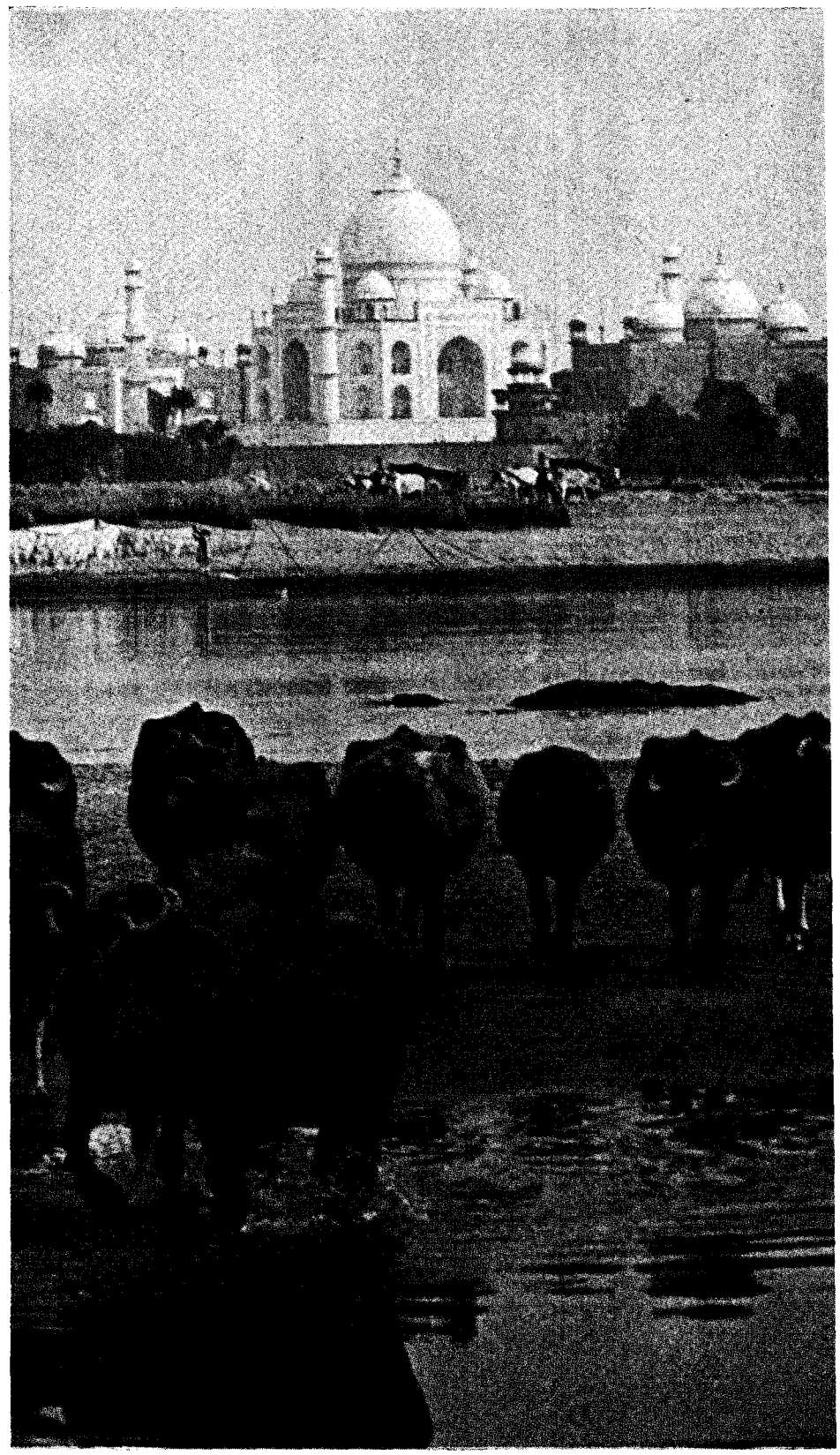
As they leave the countryside, people abandon stable traditions and, living in cities miserable beyond belief, they turn to radical appeals. Calcutta already foreshadows the sprawling shape of things to come. Of its four million residents, 700,000 occupy slapdash bamboo *bustees* because they cannot pay the three-dollar-per-month rents in housing projects. Another 300,000 sleep on sidewalks because they cannot afford any rent at all. Calcutta is a city without adequate water, electricity, sewers or transport. Spanning the silty Hooghly River, its Howrah Bridge services a half million commuters a day, and the throngs are such that a crossing can take three hours.

Abysmal as it is, Calcutta's sordidness is aggravated by what its citizens call, with a sort of cheerful pride, the "most corrupt city government in the world." Controlled by the Congress Party, the municipal council is largely an instrument of vested interests. Local aldermen are lax about collecting real-estate taxes, and they wink at assorted rackets. In recent elections the Communists and Socialists made a strong showing—but, because of their own internecine squabbling, not quite strong enough to take over the city government. A decade from now they will be more powerful.

The prospect of future upheaval in the cities whets the Soviet Union's taste for India. Among other objectives, Moscow hopes to prove an ideological thesis it has long cherished: that an underdeveloped Asian country can go Communist through urban revolution and need not experience peasant uprisings—as the Chinese Communists contend.

India ranks as a prime Russian foreign-policy target, and Soviet funds subsidize Indian publications and propagandists. A huge corps of perspiring Soviet diplomats sponsor themselves as responsible moderates on the middle path between "American imperialism" and reckless Chinese "dogmatism." The Russians have wooed India with $1.3 billion in economic and military aid. In quantity their contributions pale beside U.S. assistance—more than five billion dollars over the past decade. But the Soviets shrewdly select their projects for maximum impact. While the U.S. has provided indispensable food as well as necessary power and transport projects, the Russians have come up with glamorous steel mills, machine-building plants and oil refineries. Moreover, Soviet aid is funneled into state-owned Indian industries, thereby satisfying the strong Indian appetite for socialism.

Buffalo muddy the placid Jumna River while laundry dries near Agra's famous Taj Mahal.

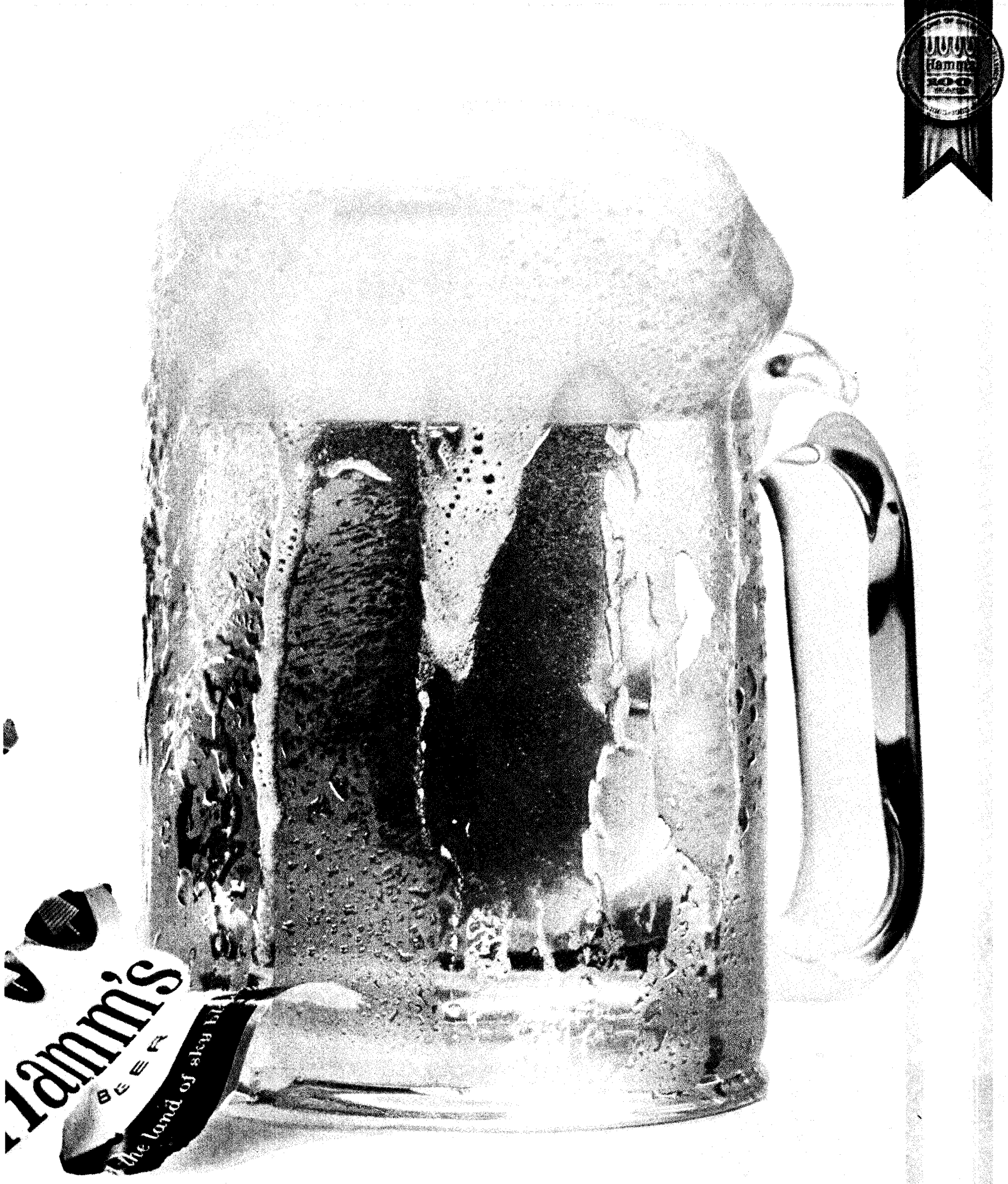


Yet additional billions in American money will not ease India's fundamental troubles. Just as India is struggling against itself for survival, so it can only win the struggle by itself. For a start, it needs equitable land distribution, efficient management, an operative tax system, foreign investment capital and an endless catalogue of other reforms. More than reform, however, India needs a revolution in its way of thinking. It is doubtful that Prime Minister Shastri, his political supporters and India's unwieldy bureaucracy can drastically overhaul the country. Under current conditions, even optimists are really pessimistic. As a prominent American diplomat, known for his hopeful outlook, put it: "India has a fifty-fifty chance of keeping afloat, but fifty-fifty simply isn't good enough." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our inside story: freshness

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's all bottled-up in Hamm's. The freshness
of a rushing stream in the land of sky blue waters.
Turn it loose. Let it splash over your thirst.
Ah-h-h-h...**that's freshness.** That's Hamm's.
Pour yourself some freshness. Have yourself a Hamm's.

© 1965 Theo. Hamm Brewing Co., plants in St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'WE HAVE OBSERVED WITH DISGUST, INDIGNATION AND SHAME...'

MASSACHUSETTS ON TRIAL *Continued from page 35*

hands in the form of cold cash. (A finder's fee is the commission legally paid to the agent who brings together the two parties in a transaction—in this case the parking authority and The Foundation Company.) For the purpose of this conspiracy, of course, the finder was found. To act out the part, Brady's brother-in-law produced one Edward F. Plourde, an impecunious and leathery-faced Connecticut Yankee who had never heard of the underground garage. The Foundation Company wrote Plourde two checks, totaling $145,000, and he duly deposited them in the Manufacturers Trust Company of New York City.

On April Fool's Day, 1960 Brady and Kiernan took Plourde to lunch at the luxurious Four Seasons Restaurant in Manhattan. Kiernan kept table-hopping to the other side of the room, where attorney Richard Simmers and Judge Richard Gordon, Brady's new fellow conspirators, were entertaining a gentleman called John J. Craven. Craven was an accountant from Boston, and Plourde had never previously laid eyes on him, but Craven was to play the role of second middleman in the transaction that was about to ensue.

The two parties dined on rich food and consumed copious quantities of alcohol. Presently Simmers, Gordon and Craven left the Four Seasons and proceeded by taxicab to the Wall Street branch of the Manufacturers Trust Company. While his companions waited on the sidewalk, Simmers excused himself and returned five minutes later with an oversized brown briefcase he had just purchased in a local shop.

Kiernan and Plourde pulled up in their own taxi, Plourde was introduced to Craven, and the five men went inside the bank. Plourde, Kiernan and Craven asked to see the manager.

"I have $145,000 in my account," Plourde told the manager. "I want to withdraw $140,000 of it on a check made out to my good friend here, Mister—Mister Craven."

"I'll endorse the check for cash," Craven said.

"We don't have that much cash on hand," the manager said. "I'll have to send to the Federal Reserve for it."

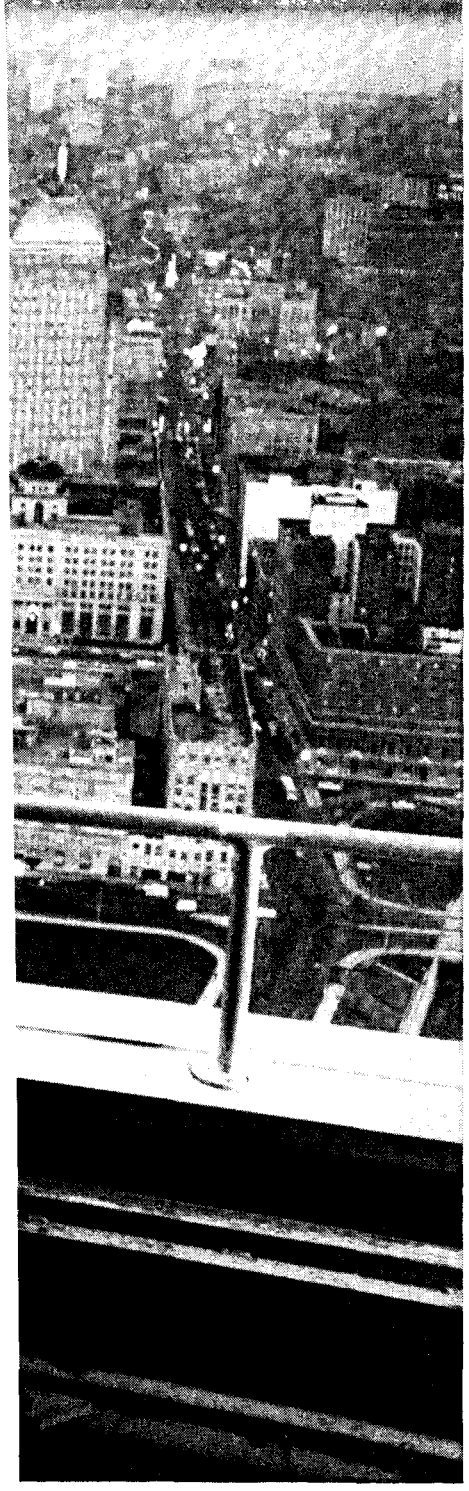
Plourde had insisted that another middleman receive the check, apparently believing this would free him from having to pay federal income tax on the $140,000.

Twenty minutes later a messenger returned with a satchel containing the money. Then the seven men squeezed into a tiny, closetlike anteroom to count it. Except for the manager and the messenger, they were all wearing their overcoats and hats, and the scent of whiskey was heavy on their breaths. Onto a small table Kiernan and Craven counted out the crisp and fragrant currency—a hundred $1,000 bills and eighty $500 bills. Simmers reached over and scooped the money into his new briefcase. Kiernan took the briefcase away from him. The five men walked out of the bank and Kiernan and Plourde taxied uptown to the Birdcage Room of the Hotel Barclay.

There, George Brady was waiting anxiously, and there, amid the twittering canaries and the potted palms, Kiernan and Brady divided their treasure. Brady stuffed his share into the pocket of his jacket. "That's a stupid place to carry money, George," Kiernan growled. Confident they would never see Plourde again, they presented him with the empty briefcase as a good-bye gift.

But it was not good-bye. A year later a worried Plourde called Brady on the telephone and asked him who was going to pay the income tax on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Boston's Mayor John Collins could be the next governor—if Teddy Kennedy supports him.

$140,000. "It's none of your damn business," Brady said, and hung up on him.

Next day, fearing he would otherwise be taxed not simply on his $5,000 commission but for the entire finder's fee, Plourde presented himself at the Hartford offices of the Internal Revenue Service and told them everything he knew. The information was referred to the Boston bureau. Investigators immediately began to look into Brady's affairs. He panicked and proceeded to inundate the Boston newspapers with wild letters accusing everyone in the parking authority—except himself—of grand larceny.

The evidence was passed to the attorney general's office, where the garage cases were brilliantly prepared, and then to Suffolk Superior Court, where they were magnificently prosecuted. Kiernan, Simmers and Gordon were defendants in the first case tried; Monahan and Kiernan were defendants in the second. Simmers and Gordon received sentences of five to five and one-half years and are now in prison. Monahan was handed a similar sentence, but is still free pending appeal. Kiernan is serving a combined nine-to-10½-year sentence, but is appealing his conviction in the second case. Brady was declared mentally incompetent to stand trial, though there were hopes of prosecuting him at a later date. These hopes were destroyed when, in September of 1963, he vanished from his suburban home into thin air.

Kiernan was recently a witness before a new grand jury, testifying on the ultimate disposition of the nearly $800,000. The proceedings were secret, but reports are circulating in profusion that Brady and Kiernan shared the money with other high officials of the commonwealth. Without doubt, we have not heard the last of the case.

And what of the underground garage itself? It was completed three years ago, and ironically it is a well-built structure and a thriving enterprise. Some politicians still contend that the larceny was painless, since the bonds (and thus the bribes) are being paid off in the nickels and dimes of the car-parking public—and who cares about paying an extra nickel to park a car?

The crime commission cared. The eruption of the garage case helped inspire the creation of the commission three years ago, and from the beginning, it commanded extraordinary powers, including the right to subpoena private citizens, public officials and confidential records. For its chairman, Governor Volpe chose Alfred Gardner, a leading Boston lawyer, a flinty-faced Yankee and a prototypical Puritan. He was to be assisted by a blue-ribbon bipartisan committee of six prominent citizens, a general counsel, half a dozen attorneys, several stenographers and bookkeepers, and 25 special investigators.

From rented offices in the heart of Boston's financial district, the crime commission embarked on a searching inquiry. The investigative staff was broken up into teams, each of which was placed under the supervision of a lawyer and assigned to scrutinize a specific area of suspicion. Acting sometimes on tips, sometimes on intuition, they fanned out into the turnpike authority, the port authority, the department of public works and dozens of other agencies. They pored over contracts, correspondence, accounts and canceled checks, and talked to thousands of people. Practically everywhere they went they encountered evasion and even outright obstruction.

During the commission's secret hearings an alarming number of high public officials and prominent private citizens sought refuge in the Fifth Amendment, or simply refused to speak. The commission's preliminary report, which the commission said would contain some changes before submission to the legislature, bore down with particular severity on William F. Callahan and the turnpike authority and charged that contributions to political-campaign chests were frequently bribes in disguise. The report was equally strong in its condemnation of big business for cooperating with venal officials.

A continuing deluge of indictments is expected to result from the crime commission's findings. The commission's report is absolutely convincing, but one lays it aside with the feeling that it did not tell the whole story—that it did not sufficiently acknowledge the improvements that have been made in Massachusetts government during the last four years.

The abuses catalogued in the report were far more rampant under the regime of Gov. Foster Furcolo (1957-61) than they are at present. It is the conviction of a great many people that Furcolo was the worst governor of Massachusetts in modern times. "The professional thieves took over the state government on a wide, systematic scale under Furcolo," an attorney close to the crime commission told me.

Furcolo himself is waiting to be tried under an indictment charging him with "conspiring to arrange a bribe" in attempting to obtain the reappointment of his public-works commissioner. In justice to him, however, one must suspend judgment until the jury hands down its verdict. Furthermore, like so many other present and past men of power in Massachusetts, Foster Furcolo was a sort of political schizoid. On the one hand, he worked hard to achieve tax reform and to improve education in the commonwealth; he even entertained literary fantasies, somehow finding the time while in office to write a bad play and an amusing political novel. The other side of him was the inept administrator unaware or half-aware of the questionable practices flourishing around him, unable or unwilling to stop them. A handsome man, half-Italian and half-Irish, Furcolo could—and still can—charm the nightingales out of the forest. "I never took a red cent for anything," he told me recently, "and no one will ever prove that I did." And what of the people around him? "Listen, if you put a man in charge of a big department with a lot of money passing in and out, I don't care *who* he is, he'll eventually start helping himself. That's an occupational hazard of modern government."

Since this did so often seem to be the case, governors Volpe and Peabody have sponsored laws which reduce many of the temptations. A superior conflict-of-interest law, designed to prevent such malpractices as the performance-bond fiasco, was passed in 1962, strengthened a year later and will probably be strengthened again. The underground-garage case probably could not be repeated today. Recent legislation now provides stern penalties for the falsification of official reports and requires all independent authorities to open their meetings to the public and their books to the state auditor. Their exemption from competitive bidding has not yet been withdrawn, but a new law subjecting authorities to this safeguard will probably be enacted.

Perhaps the greatest step forward was the creation of the crime commission itself by Volpe during his first term and its subsequent strengthening by Peabody and Brooke. The commission has proposed a great deal of additional remedial legislation, much of which eventually may be adopted. Above all, the commission recognizes the historical fragmentation of power as the chief cause of corruption, and urges that the governor be given sweeping new authority—particularly the power to appoint his own department heads and to remove them at will.

And here again important progress already has been achieved. The voters of Massachusetts are at last beginning to show signs of sophistication. In November they approved a constitutional amendment giving the governor (and the other major elected officials of the state) a four-year term, thus strengthening the executive significantly. They also drastically reduced the harassment powers of the archaic Executive Council, long a snake's nest of corruption. Furthermore, Massachusetts is today endowed with a good governor in John Volpe. During his first term (1961-63) Volpe's performance was mediocre, but he has much improved since regaining office last January.

His greatest problem is that the government of Massachusetts is practically bankrupt. Volpe is valiantly campaigning for a sales tax that would help produce the $200 million the state needs to balance its budget, assist its overburdened cities and towns, and improve education. Recognizing that the commonwealth is contaminated not only by corruption but by incompetence, he has installed as his executive officer a first-class administrator who has declared war on waste.

Edward Brooke is perhaps equally responsible for the improving climate. The attorney general and his staff have worked hand in hand with the crime commission, and have developed and supplemented the commission's raw evidence before various grand juries, with spectacular results.

Brooke is no Puritan. He possesses a needling humor and loves the opera. He also is so compulsive a perfectionist that when he enters a room he often must empty the ashtrays and straighten the lampshades before he can converse seriously. And magnetism? He invented it. Perhaps the most interesting thing about Brooke is that he is the product of a culture totally different from the one in which most Massachusetts politicians were reared; he was not conditioned by the complexes that make it so difficult for so many of them to achieve distinction. Born and raised in Washington, D.C., he did not move to Massachusetts until he entered Boston University Law School at the age of 26.

His father was a modestly successful government lawyer, and Brooke grew up in middle-class Negro neighborhoods. "I was a happy child," Brooke says. "I was conscious of being a Negro, yes. But I was not conscious of being underprivileged because of that, and I'd be deceiving you if I let you think so. As a boy, I never wanted to be a lawyer. I wanted to be a surgeon. We had a big, single-family house, and I used the attic as my laboratory for medical experiments. I used to dissect rats and cats up there, and when I was a junior in high school, I cut open a huge dog and preserved his heart in a bottle of formaldehyde."

One day last year we stood at the window of his spacious office on the third floor of the State House, looking down on snow-covered Boston Common. Suddenly a civil-rights parade appeared slushing up Beacon Hill, placards and banners splattered by mud, en route to City Hall to protest school conditions for Negroes.

"You know, I sympathize with them," Brooke said softly, "but I'm convinced that nothing I could do would harm the cause more than to conduct myself as a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

civil-rights leader while I hold this office. I'm the lawyer for the five million citizens of Massachusetts, not for its 50,000 Negroes."

Brooke's reputation as a crime buster got him reelected last November by a plurality of nearly 800,000 votes, and it has helped to make him a national figure, but he does not relish the role of prosecutor and insists that he has no desire to be remembered as another Thomas E. Dewey. "Events have cast me in that role," he says, "but being attorney general involves a lot more than just putting people in jail." It does indeed. In addition to the comprehensive anticorruption laws he has urged on the legislature, he is promoting measures which would unscramble election complexities, reduce air pollution, and protect consumers against usurious loan companies. Brooke, who wants to be a U.S. senator or, failing that, governor, is the archetype of the programmatic, problem-solving politician.

But not even the zeal of an Edward Brooke could readily solve what is perhaps the state's most incorrigible problem, its legislature, singled out by the crime commission for major responsibility in encouraging corruption. John F. Thompson, who until January was Speaker of the House, was recently indicted on 60 counts of conspiracy and of soliciting and accepting bribes from loan companies. An unwieldy, bicameral body with a combined membership of 280 in House and Senate, the legislature teems with colorful but scruffy sociological specimens who excel in the politics of personal gain. And yet it is one of the caprices of the democratic process that this reviled and tumultuous body has enacted some of the most intelligent and progressive legislation in postwar America.

If Massachusetts remains a muddle, Teddy Kennedy's political career may be damaged.

Nothing in the State House scene is quite so entertaining as to attend a legislative-committee hearing, for there can be observed the most vivid confrontations of the fragmented society. For example, there was the recent hearing before the Joint Mercantile Affairs Committee on a petition to reduce the number of highway billboards throughout the state. Snowy-haired dowagers from Louisburg Square, dyspeptic squires in herringbone, garden-club luminaries, anti-litterbug ideologues—they were there in force, and all in favor. Most of the legislators, among them a heavy-set gentleman of Italian ancestry sucking milk through a straw, seemed unmoved.

SQUIRE: You people—you politicians are ruining New England! You're polluting the scenic North Shore! I didn't come here to see a bunch of billboards and neon signs! We're going to wage political campaigns! We're going to run you politicians out!

REPRESENTATIVE: I don't see no harm in billboards. They make jobs, don't they?

SQUIRE: I'll defeat you in Dorchester with garden clubs!

REPRESENTATIVE: There aren't no garden clubs in Dorchester.

SQUIRE: I'll start some!

CHAIRMAN: Are you against pornography?

CLUBWOMAN: There are no billboards in Honolulu.

SENATOR: There are other things in Honolulu more distracting to the eye.

DOWAGER: I should like to read a resolution from the Berkshire Hills Confederation of Garden Societies.

CHAIRMAN: Hurry up, lady. I've got a doctor's appointment at 3:30.

DOWAGER: "Resolved ——"

CHAIRMAN: Yeah. There's a headshrinker I've got to see.

CLUBWOMAN: *Outrageous!*

The sponsor of the petition was himself a legislator—Democratic Representative Michael Dukakis of Brookline, a young attorney who is the unofficial chieftain of the New Breed in the lower chamber. Dukakis, the son of an immigrant from a Greek ghetto in Turkey, owns a Phi Beta Kappa key and is a graduate *cum laude* from Harvard Law School but, more important, he happens to be disturbed by the ugliness of modern society, and he is determined to do something about it. His anti-billboard petition was voted down, but he will press on in the next session. Unlike so many legislators, Dukakis does not consider the economic factor paramount. He asks, rather, "How are we going to use government to develop an environment which is human?"

How, for example, is government going to deal with urban explosion? How is it going to eliminate slumlords and substandard housing? How is it going to relate the civil-rights laws to the continued growth of Negro ghettos? What plans does it have to enforce aesthetic standards on superhighways and mammoth housing projects? "These are the questions that go to the heart of the complexity of modern state government," Dukakis says, and his own answers are contained in various laws and programs he is promoting in the legislature. Like Edward Brooke, Dukakis is animated by a vision of the good society, and the prospects that men of his caliber will eventually take over the legislature have improved. Brooke and Dukakis are forerunners of what must eventually become the predominant mood of Massachusetts politics.

For Massachusetts is changing. The corruption so notorious now is essentially the sickness of a dying system. The commonwealth is caught up in a period of historic tension, in a wrenching transition from the politics of revenge and private gain to the politics of problem-solving. Furthermore, the fragmented society is mending, however slowly. The Irish, so long held back, are now at large on every level of the social structure—even in the board rooms of the banks. And within 10 years the Irish may even reach the point where the quality of their political leadership coincides with the scope of their economic success. As for the Italians, they are roughly where the Irish were 30 years ago, and their search for identity in the transitional society invokes many of the complexes one associates with Curley. In fact, the present friction between the Italians and the Irish sometimes seems to parody the old struggle between the Irish and the aristocracy. Indeed, the Irish have begotten their own Brahmins. The best one reached the White House, and his younger brother now represents the commonwealth in the United States Senate.

High on a hill in the run-down Roxbury section of Boston, overlooking smokestacks and a teeming Irish district, stands the New England Baptist Hospital. The walls of Sen. Edward Kennedy's room in that institution were festooned with nautical scenes he had painted in oils, and some crude watercolors done by his small children, and some photographs of a very young and lean John F. Kennedy; a pair of baby shoes dangled from the television set. When I first visited the senator in early December, he was still flat on his back, but the next week he came shuffling proudly into the corridor to greet me, leaning on an aluminum cane, clad in a steel brace, light-blue pajama bottoms and shiny black shoes.

Of course, one's immediate impression of the senator is his similarity to his deceased brother. Not so much his physical similarity, though that exists, as the coincidences of voice and mannerism. Like John F. Kennedy, the senator exudes an effortless personal charism. Like the elder brother, he somehow manages to be outgoing and reserved at the same time, and, in his private conversation, outspoken though never reckless. When someone is talking to him he repeats "Yuh, yuh, yuh" over and over, anticipating, as President Kennedy did, what you intend to say before you are halfway through a sentence. When you talk to him on the telephone, the experience is almost weird; you are convinced you are listening to the late President.

There are some who feel that the effect of the President's death was not as deep on Edward as it was on Robert, but this is doubtful. True, there is not the slightest register of emotion in his voice when he mentions the name (he says "President Kennedy" more often than "my brother" or "Jack"), but he frequently expresses his aspirations in terms of meeting the standards the President established. ("I'm going to take my time and prepare my Senate speeches just as well as my brother prepared his—like his speech urging independence for Algeria.")

One of our conversations took place on the open hospital porch in December; it was 20 degrees above zero. The senator was lying face down in a Foster frame, bundled up in woolens, his forehead resting on a cushioned rectangle of steel. But even in that position his right arm was extended, and his gloved finger stabbed the air as he emphasized a point, uncannily like John F. Kennedy at a press conference.

Even the thought pattern seems to be the same. The formidable Kennedy memory is in evidence, and the familiar Kennedy command of statistics and facts, but—as James Reston once observed of the deceased President—little grasp of abstractions. "I would say that my own beliefs and philosophy. . ." and then the senator trails off into groping syntax and obscure meaning.

The senator does not possess, so far as I could perceive, a deep and searching intellect, but there is no question of his shrewdness. His informal intelligence network covers the state, and there is little going on within it that he does not know about. "I keep aware of what's happening," he admits with familiar understatement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

choose your Picnic Partners

(7-Up and picnic basket foods) Right now your grocer is featuring all kinds of good picnic eating. And with any picnic food, the perfect partner is 7-Up. Discover new flavor in everything you eat. Sip 7-Up between bites. Feel how 7-Up alerts your taste buds . . . sharpens your enjoyment. And fresh, clean-tasting 7-Up quenches a picnic thirst like nothing else can. No wonder it goes to all the best picnics. 7-Up . . . where there's action!

Copyright 1965 by The Seven-Up Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I had come to the Baptist Hospital to talk to the senator about the condition of Massachusetts, and of its Democratic Party—and to learn whether he really intended to commit his personal mystique, and the immense moral authority inherited from his brother, to an attack on the state's most serious problems. "I agree with what you say regarding my moral authority," he answered. "I don't feel any need to be detached. I fully recognize my responsibility. The problems of the state and the party are certainly urgent. During my first year in the Senate I did not deliver a speech outside of Massachusetts. I spent eighteen out of twenty-four weekends in the state. But the changes of which you speak are going to take a lot of time, a long time. We must work as best we can in a quiet way. I don't want to be a dictator."

To a certain extent the senator has attempted to improve the state's Democratic Party. He seems to enjoy the mechanics of local politics more than his brother did, and his wholesome image has already attracted a number of bright young men and women into the party. He chose as chairman of the Democratic State Committee former Representative Gerard Doherty, a controversial figure but a vast improvement over his predecessors. The senator has committed his powerful personal organization to the support of a few younger candidates for office, and he has been instrumental in the appointment of several unspectacular but competent men to key state and party posts.

But does any of this signify a really deep commitment? Early this year it was announced that the senator would return to Boston in March in order to address a special joint session of the legislature on state problems. A number of people, including one or two very prominent Democrats, urged him to employ his mystique to practical advantage by making a strong statement on the fiscal crisis in Massachusetts. They wanted him to urge legislators of both parties to rise above politics and enact the unpopular new taxation needed to balance the budget, relieve overburdened municipalities and revitalize education. "If Ted Kennedy is going to wear the crown, then let him wear it," one major public official said. "Let him involve himself in the grit as well as in the glory of leadership."

It was a difficult decision for the senator to make. If he phrased his plea for fiscal responsibility too strongly, he could stand accused of ordering the Democrats to embrace Governor Volpe's sales-tax proposal, and thus enhance the chances of another Republican victory in 1966. If he said nothing, or too little, he could be accused of indifference to the state's deepest problem. When he arrived in Boston, legislators opposed to the sales tax pressured him to confine himself to platitudes and generalities.

His speech, preceded by a standing ovation and attended by every notable in the government, was a disappointment. (Even the Boston newspapers, which never criticize the Kennedys, implied as much.) He did mention the fiscal problem, but only in vague terms. Beyond this, everyone had expected the senator to duplicate in distinction his brother John's famous "City on a Hill" speech ("We shall be as a city upon a hill—the eyes of all people are upon us") delivered to the state legislature shortly after he was elected President. Here again, they were disappointed; the senator's speech was vapid.

"I didn't intend it to be another 'City on a Hill' speech," the senator explained afterward. "I simply wanted to thank everyone who had sent me expressions of concern when I was in the hospital."

At the moment one of Ted Kennedy's chief tasks is to decide who will be his personal candidate for governor in 1966. A great deal will depend on that decision. With the new four-year term it is essential for the sake of the state that both the Democrats and the Republicans nominate their best possible men, since whoever sits in the governor's chair two years hence will predestine the course of the commonwealth for the next several decades. The unanswered question is whether the senator will make his choice primarily on the basis of ability or loyalty. Does Ted Kennedy want a superior governor in the State House, or someone who will simply be responsive to his wishes? Will the Kennedy candidate be Senate President Maurice Donahue, Secretary Kevin White, or Edward J. McCormack? Boston Mayor John Collins or former White House aide P. Kenneth O'Donnell?

Mayor Collins would seem to emerge from this crowded field as the man most clearly qualified on the basis of brains and performance. He is a fierce infighter and has made many enemies; his critics call him ruthless. But he is a problem solver. Since he became mayor in 1960, Boston has been dramatically transformed from an economically sick city into a robust and booming one. Moreover Collins, a Democrat, has courageously endorsed Governor Volpe's tax program—"for the simple reason," he says, "that if we don't pass it our cities and towns will go broke." Collins may well be the best mayor Boston ever had, and the senator concedes his ability. But as governor, would he be too independent for Ted Kennedy's taste?

The senator may have to embrace Collins if he wishes to prevent McCormack from becoming governor. Kennedy has never really forgiven McCormack for that debate in South Boston, when he and McCormack were running for the senatorial nomination in 1962. ("If your name were Edward Moore, your candidacy would be a joke. But nobody's laughing. Your name is Edward Moore Kennedy.") McCormack says today. "As far as I'm concerned, our rivalry is ended." It is not as easily disposed of as that. Like all the Kennedys, Ted Kennedy can carry a grudge, and for a variety of intricate reasons he appears to harbor a deep and lingering dislike of Edward McCormack. Of McCormack's defeat by Ted Kennedy in 1962, veteran political leader John E. Powers observes that "When the Kennedys knock you out, there's no long count. You are down and you are out. You don't come back. There is no second chance with the Kennedys."

Nonsense, declare many other Democrats, who question whether the senator is all that powerful, and whether his endorsement is all that priceless. The Kennedys have never had any trouble winning for themselves, but they have found it difficult to transfer their popularity to others. Besides, there will probably be a wild, internecine scramble of candidates for governor no matter what the senator decides to do. It is almost true to say that the Democratic Party does not exist in Massachusetts, but only a loose confederation of conflicting factions. Privately, many younger Democrats criticize Ted Kennedy for his failure to defeudalize the party. "The Kennedys have been in power in this state since 1947," one of them told me. "I think it's about time that we had a little less of their glamour and a little more of their tangible involvement."

As a matter of fact, the senator works extremely hard for Massachusetts in Washington. He is engaged at the moment in promoting significant bills on such matters as coordinated regional development in New England, and he has used his influence to good advantage in helping to persuade the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to construct a huge complex in Greater Boston.

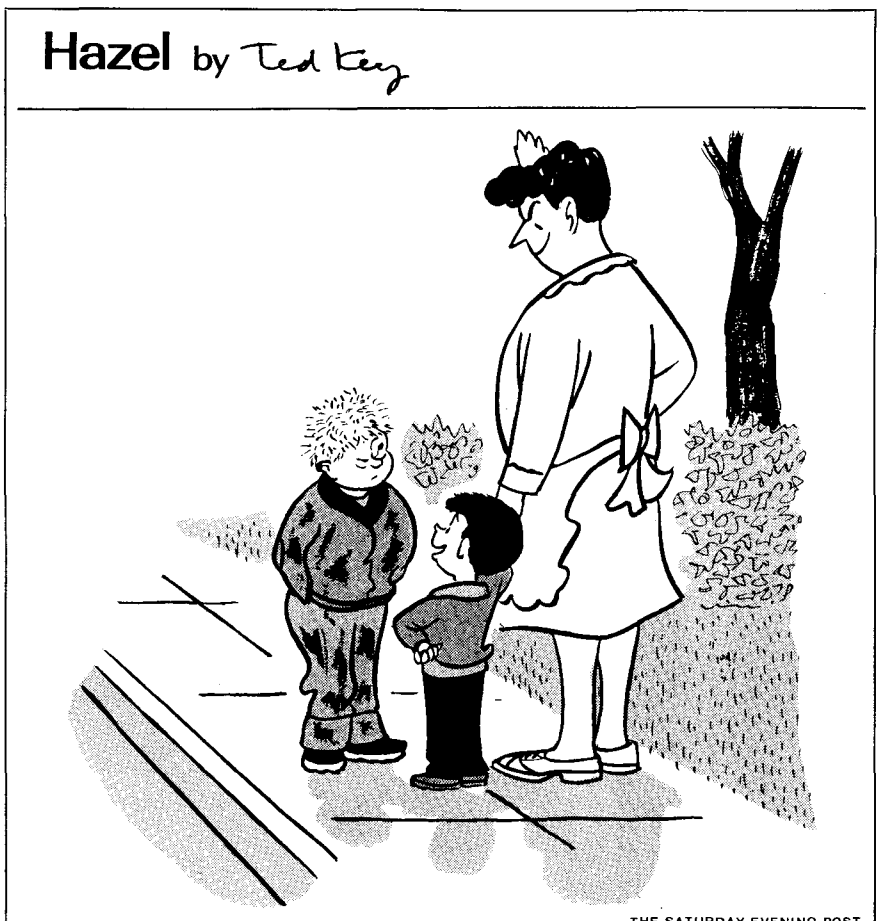
Nevertheless, one is left with the composite feeling that, like Prince Hamlet, Ted Kennedy is at the moment conducting a desultory dialogue with himself, undecided whether to plunge body and soul into the tangled issues of his state and party, or, like his late brother, withdraw from them. With the growing sophistication of the electorate, he may find that he cannot afford to stand too far above such problems as corruption and party discipline. He may not be able to depend indefinitely on the mystique of his name to maintain his stature; that will increasingly depend on the degree of his involvement. And if in three or four years' time the Democrats are as divided and self-destructive as they are today, and if corruption continues to be an issue in the party, can he avoid accepting his share of the responsibility? John Kennedy's national political fortunes did not depend on what he did for his own state, but Ted Kennedy's may. The image of Massachusetts is now so unsavory that he could not reasonably hope to be considered for national office if he could not first point to the tangible reforms he has achieved at home.

Senator Kennedy's day-to-day intelligence apparatus is working as well as ever, but increasingly in the political dens of Beacon Hill one hears complaints. "The reason I got into politics was because of Ted," a young Democrat remarked. "I know that *he's* set for six years, but if he doesn't continue to encourage us, we'll defect to another flag." His bad back, of course, limits his direct contact with the people who admire and need him most; he has not fully recovered, he fatigues easily, and he cannot take chances with crowds. But still the question persists: What does Ted Kennedy really want? Does he genuinely wish to help a state that needs him badly, or does he simply wish to use it to advance his ambitions? I do not know—and really, I wonder whether the senator knows.

But this much is certain: With or without Edward Kennedy's intimate involvement, Massachusetts is changing. It is witnessing the rise of a discriminating suburban population which has disavowed the politics of private gain, and will tend in the future to elect to major office those men who reflect high standards of public service.

The very deluge of indictments is evidence that no other state is doing more to purify its Augean stables than is Massachusetts at this moment.

"The bloodbath is coming to a close," Attorney General Edward Brooke declares. "From now on our emphasis will be to revamp and perfect our political system—to remove temptations, build in deterrents and pioneer positive laws." Brooke is convinced that Massachusetts could actually become a model state. It will take a tortured effort to achieve that, but stranger things have happened in this confused and hopeful epoch. □



"Care to repeat what you called me yesterday?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A room overlooking the pool sounds fine."

Long Distance is a big help when you're planning a trip. You can phone ahead for reservations, then you know you'll have a nice place to stay. Try it next trip and see. Wherever you go... go first by Long Distance.

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How our High School earned the money for its choir robes

The Choral Department of New Haven High School needed money to purchase new robes and provide transportation for its three performing choirs. Choir members had tried to raise the money through various plans such as selling candy and fruitcake but were never able to make enough profit.

Then the Director of vocal music, Carl W. Nicholas, turned to The Curtis School Plan —an easy way for groups to earn money for any worthwhile purpose. In two weeks, the members of the choirs earned enough profit to support themselves for the rest of the year. Mr. Nicholas' reaction after the successful fund raising, "I can honestly recommend your subscription plan to any group that wishes to earn money for a worthy cause."

The Curtis School Plan is now being used by over 10,000 junior and senior high schools in the United States. Founded in 1919, it is the largest—as well as the oldest—school plan in the country.

The Curtis School Plan offers more leading magazines than any other school plan, including Ladies' Home Journal, The Saturday Evening Post, Holiday and American Home. No wonder it offers the opportunity for greatest earnings. Schools—and organizations such as church groups, Boy Scouts and PTAs—have used the plan to establish scholarship funds, purchase athletic equipment and for other worthwhile purposes.

If your group or the school in your community isn't now using The Curtis School Plan and you would like more information, write to the **Curtis Circulation Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In CURLY TOP at six: The charm remains.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

HER EYES ARE STILL DANCING

Today a mother and civic leader, Shirley wants to go back to the studios and her career, and to the public that keeps buying those 'little girl' dolls and won't forget.

By C. ROBERT JENNINGS

In May, 1940, Shirley Temple completed her 22nd film for 20th Century-Fox, the studio where she had been an actress at four, a star at six, and—before she was 10—an Oscar winner, the No. 1 box-office draw in the country, the company's biggest single financial asset, and the most photographed person on earth. It was supposed to be her last movie. Miss Temple's retirement was announced by her mother with the formal drama of a royal abdication, and a hint of bitterness as well. Mrs. Gertrude Temple, who had been receiving $1,000 a week of her own, blamed bad scripts. Fox executives pointed at the red ink on Shirley's previous picture, a one-million-dollar pastiche of Maeterlinck's hoary *The Bluebird*, and to a foreign market that had just marched off to World War II. The Darling of the '30's, it seemed, was a has-been at the age of 12.

Since Shirley had earned some $30 million for the studio kitty, Fox gave her a little upright piano, some of her old costumes and its blessing. Mrs. Temple bravely predicted that "we'll still do at least one picture a year." The Federal Government celebrated by collecting taxes on approximately half a million dollars. Shirley dreamed of

With her second husband, Charles A. Black, a California executive. "Before meeting Shirley," he says, "I had never been to one of her movies."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taking a romp through the Palo Alto hills near their home, Shirley and husband follow Lori; Susan Agar, a daughter by her first marriage; Charles Jr. and three of the numerous household pets.

costarring with her idol, Fred Astaire, but Hollywood realists looked the other way. After all, the kid was *12*. The musical somehow never happened, nor did the picture a year.

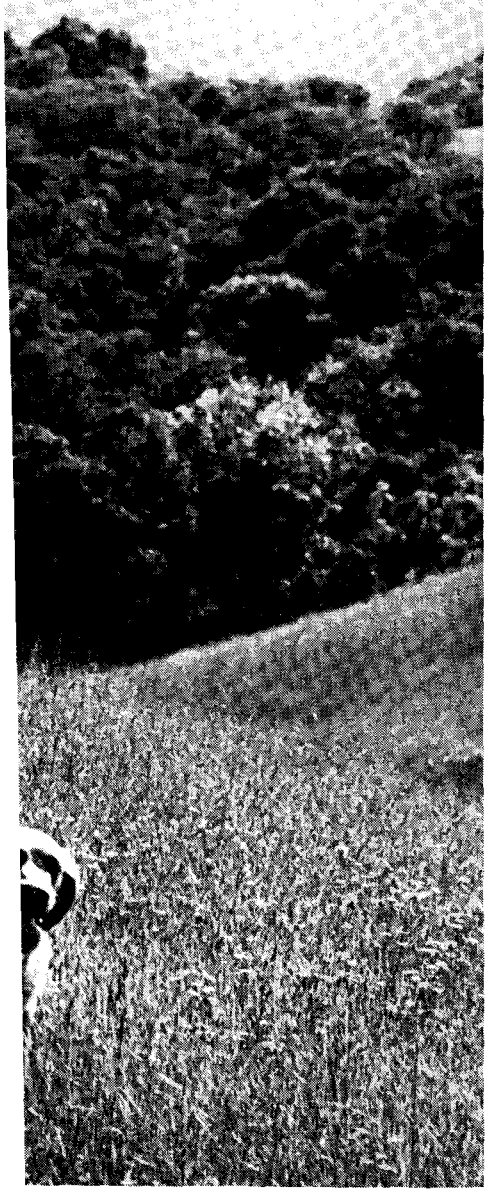
A few months ago Shirley's old studio shook out the red-and-gold banners—WELCOME HOME, SHIRLEY—and invited her to a feast of friendship, champagne and humble pie. (The last had already been on the commissary menu in 1949, when Fox executives paid David O. Selznick $100,000 for the appearance of their former prodigy in *Mr. Belvedere Goes to College.*) A spokesman announced Miss Temple's return to star in a new TV series, *Go Fight City Hall*—the pilot episode is still making network rounds—and choked out the painful truth that "if there had not been a Shirley Temple, there would not be a 20th Century-Fox today."

Everything had changed but Shirley. Gone were her old costars—Lionel Barrymore, Monty Woolley, Adolphe Menjou (who found her "terrifying, an Ethel Barrymore at four"), Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, who called her Butch, and Gary Cooper, who called her Wriggle-britches. Old "crushes" like James Dunn, Jack Oakie and Joel McCrea had retired. The most "famous" Old Face at the party was Shirley's former personal schoolteacher. Somebody was introduced as "the man who took her to Washington to sit on F.D.R.'s lap." Somebody else remembered the party given in 1935 to celebrate the sensational merger of Fox and 20th Century. "At one point," he said, "I happened to pick Shirley up in fun, and a horrible silence fell on the room. The bankers from New York turned white. Here I was, holding practically all the assets of the company in my two hands. I was so scared I nearly dropped her."

The old Shirley Temple sound stages had vanished with the advent of steel-and-glass skyscrapers, within which a new generation of executives now grinds out more footage for television than for theaters. The dressing-play room of Shirley's big bungalow had by this time become the studio dispensary. Shirley remembered that her mother had forbidden her to play in the surrounding dirt. "But if I had only dug a little deeper," she said, "I would have struck oil!" And, as many a tourist knows, oil rigs subsequently blossomed on the 20th Century lot, some of them where the southern manor house of *The Littlest Rebel* had been preserved. "I used to think of the mansion as an overwhelming edifice," Shirley said, "with towering white columns. But a few years ago I visited it with my own children, and

'I class myself with Rin Tin Tin. People just fell in love with a little girl.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the building had shrunk, the columns were skinny and the porch was narrow."

But the years have dimmed little of Shirley's luster. She is still "one-take Temple," according to the director of her TV pilot. Her scriptwriter has apparently remembered an old studio rule that she was to appear "in every scene possible," and she did. Camera technicians had no need to produce artificial glamour. At 37 Shirley keeps an enviable figure and radiates a soft, photogenic beauty. She is in total command of everything, recalling the days when the studio order was: "The little girl's hands must be on the wheel all the way." She obtained the contract she wanted, which had provision for plenty of free time to give to her family and to her private life as a junior matron of San Francisco society.

The word "society," of course, has connotations she very much dislikes. "I don't think of the people around home as being 'society' so much as people who *accomplish* something," she says in the tones of the conservative Republican she is. "We are mostly just young families, although the real-estate man calls us 'the new old fogies.' We just have a sense of community responsibility. Of course, being Shirley Temple is still an important part of my life. But I don't feel any conflicts. The big job is to keep a balance: my husband and my children come first."

She is the wife of Charles Alden Black, 45, the articulate and handsome assistant to the president of Ampex Corporation, which manufactures various kinds of recording tapes and computer devices, and the son of the late chairman of Pacific Gas and Electric, one of the country's largest private utilities. She is a model mother to her three spritely children, Lori, 11, Charles Jr., 13, and Susan, her 17-year-old daughter by her first husband, actor John Agar. She apparently has none of the neuroses which so often beset actresses who have to adjust to private life after a spectacular screen career. "I class myself with Rin Tin Tin," she said recently. "People in the depression wanted something to cheer them up, and they fell in love with a dog and a little girl. I never had to work very hard. We all just seemed to play games. I always think of *her* as 'the little girl.' I'm not too proud of the movies I made as a 'grown-up,' except for *That Hagan Girl*, which nobody remembers but which gave me a chance to act."

She rarely looks at her old movies on television, and then only with dispassion: "I always look at the technical part—if there's sobbing, I wonder how long it took them to do the scene. We don't run them at home any more. Charles showed them for the girls' birthday parties up to age seven, but now they prefer the roller rink." The old reels lie in the pool-house.

To Americans of two generations, however, Shirley has always been very much on the screen, growing up in public almost since the April day she was born to a chic, Germanic mother and a shy, Pennsylvania-Dutch bank clerk in Santa Monica, Calif. "Daddy left the bank by mutual consent," she recalls, "after I became *notorious*. Mothers used to bring their children in to tap in front of him and sing in off-key voices." Before she was three Gertrude Temple had entered Shirley in a dancing school, in an effort to make her infant as sociable as her two older brothers. When a film company, called Educational Pictures Inc., visited the school to make tot tests for one-reelers, Shirley predictably ran and hid behind the piano. But they found her, and she was soon imitating *femmes fatales* like Mae West and Marlene Dietrich in a series called *Baby Burlesks*. "In one I was dumped in a cart behind an ostrich whose blindfold was then yanked off," Shirley recalls with feeling. "I was scared to death. In another I was a 'lady explorer' being chased by Negro extras who were supposed to be cannibals. They were tripped by an invisible wire and landed in a great scattered heap—everybody in tears. No wonder they didn't allow mothers on the set!"

At the age of four a Fox scout spotted her in a short called *The Frolics of Youth* and invited Mrs. Temple to bring her to the studio. There the co-producer of *Stand Up and Cheer* scribbled the words of *Baby, Take a Bow* on the back of an envelope, and Mrs. Temple read them to her daughter. Shirley was then taken into a rehearsal hall, plopped on top of a grand piano, and shortly thereafter, backed by a regiment of leggy chorines and a 40-piece orchestra, sang the song to Jimmy Dunn. "It was perfectly done," Mrs. Temple remembers. "Even I was thrilled. Harold Lloyd was standing in the back with me. He was saying, 'My God! Another Coogan!' Then someone asked, 'Has she got an agent?'"

The studio lopped a year off Shirley's age, just as if she were an adult actress, and signed her to a contract for $150 a week. Then executives began to watch in awe while, in picture after picture, Shirley Temple melted the hearts of audiences around the world. In short order she displaced Janet Gaynor and Greta Garbo at the summit of box-office polls and began to average 3,500 fan letters a week. And every single week she earned 10,000 depression dollars. In Congress she was hailed as the most beloved individual in the world. And even *Vanity Fair*, a publication which shunned sentimentality, nominated her for its 1934 Hall of Fame, "because she sings in tune and dances tap and ballet without a tumble; because, in *Little Miss Marker*, she made a delightful entertainment out of a sorry picture; and because she has won the heart of America without losing her own head." To top all this, her teeth grew on schedule, she never got sick, she liked spinach and castor oil, and she could cry on cue "by thinking of my pony, Spunky, and how he flunked every screen test." She also could stop crying "by thinking of Ching-Ching, my Peke, and all the money he was making in the movies." She may have been the screen's first method actress.

Shirley's infallible memory is a Hollywood legend, and she has almost total recall of the old days: "When I was supposed to copy Bill Robinson's tap steps, I'd deliberately do them a different way, and he'd laugh until the tears ran down his cheeks. . . . When I first heard them call for the dolly, I thought they were going to give me one. When I learned it was just something to roll the camera on, I was so disappointed that Jimmy Dunn gave me a real doll. . . . Once I heard someone say, 'Put the baby in the fireplace,' and I was so scared I started to run until they explained it meant a little spotlight. . . . I loved eating hamburgers with the Roosevelts at Hyde Park, but the President was upset because I wouldn't smile. When I explained that my eyetooth had come out that morning, he said, 'Doesn't matter, I lost *all* my teeth and I still smile.' So I smiled and we laughed. . . . Harry Truman was always quite grumpy. . . . Henry Morgenthau took me through the Treasury Building and gave me some yellow tomato juice, some newly minted coins, and told me he was going to balance the budget. But of course I didn't have any idea what he was talking about, and I'm afraid I still wouldn't. [She would.] . . . My favorite was J. Edgar Hoover, who made me a G-man. He still wears his Shirley Temple police badge when I go to see him. . . . And my favorite movie was *Wee Willie Winkie*. I marched, drilled, did the manual of arms and had a wooden rifle. It was wonderful." Back home in Brentwood she kept a Roy Rogers flare gun, some G-man artillery, cap pistols, and had an air rifle "that was quickly taken away from me." Her favorite radio show was *Gang Busters*. "I was a real bossy girl then," she says.

Good leading men were never a problem for Shirley, and almost all enjoyed working with her. From left, with George Murphy in the musical, LITTLE MISS BROADWAY; *in her own favorite,* WEE WILLIE WINKIE, *with Victor McLaglen; in the 1934 hit,* STAND UP AND CHEER, *with moon-eyed Jimmy Dunn.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Local committee work takes up hours of Shirley's time. Book on desk contains her current schedule.

Her codes are strict, and the family privacy always comes first.

Visiting Moscow this spring, she was greeted in the streets and appeared on a Soviet TV program.

H. G. Wells, speechless in her presence, called her "the most amazing child in the world." Told that Wells was one of the most important men in the universe, Shirley said, "Oh no he's not. God is the most important, and the governor of California second." She lost interest in General Pershing upon learning that he knew none of the notables in her autograph book. She wanted to know how, then, he came to his exalted rank. In the same morning she was interviewed by Bernarr Macfadden and Thomas Mann. Shirley Temple dolls, dresses, hair ribbons, drinks and infant merchandise shaped the tastes of children all over the world. Mothers with straight-haired daughters stampeded beauty shops whenever a special was announced on a Shirley Temple permanent.

Celebrities paid a party agency as much as $1,000 to "book" Shirley Temple for a mere appearance at a function. Screenwriter Donald Ogden Stewart recalls his son's saying, "Daddy, I'd like Shirley Temple for my birthday." She came to his party—for a fat fee. She appeared in an average of 20 portraits daily for magazines, newspapers and advertisements, upstaging F.D.R. and Edward VIII as the most photographed celebrity. She was the ablest song-plugger in the country, and sheet-music sales of songs she introduced exceeded even those of Jeanette MacDonald and Bing Crosby. Graham Greene, the English novelist, even called her "lewd." It didn't keep her from receiving 135,000 presents on her eighth birthday. When she was ten, a Dies Committee witness denounced her as a Communist dupe, and Osa Johnson shot a spotted leopard for her. She still has the skin on her piano.

During the war Hollywood considered her obsolete, but bombers were named after her, and soldiers spent days outside her door to see her come and go. In 1944, when she was 16, David O. Selznick placed a heavy bet on her rebound in *Since You Went Away*, and Shirley paid off handsomely. James Agee, the late critic, called her "enchanting." But when she was 17 she dealt her fans an unexpected blow by walking down the aisle to become the wife of Sgt. John G. Agar, a good-looking physical-education instructor whom she had met at a party given by her neighbor, Zasu Pitts. It was Hollywood's flashiest wedding since Vilma Banky married Rod La Rocque in 1927.

Two years later she gave birth to a daughter, and two years after that her fans got the *coup de grâce*: she filed a divorce suit against Agar, who had meanwhile become an actor, and told Louella O. Parsons, "John is a nice boy, but he's a little mixed up." John himself made no statement. Producer Selznick, still holding her contract, urged Shirley to take her daughter to Europe, study the culture, the repertory companies, become a "mature actress," and even change her name. "For the first and only time in my life," she says, "I didn't like men at all." Then, out of the blue, it happened.

Enter Charles Black: Hotchkiss, Stanford, Harvard Business School, Stanford Business School, executive, San Francisco "establishment," and eight years older than Shirley. He met her at a dinner party in Hawaii, where she had gone to brood on Selznick's admonitions. "I really wasn't very interested in meeting Shirley Temple," Black recalls. "I was living a very full life of my own and—well, I just didn't care. I had never seen a Shirley Temple movie in my life." But after they met, he invited Shirley to go with him to another dinner at the home of writer James Norman Hall. Shirley adds: "It's corny, but it's all true. You know, some enchanted evening across a crowded room. We haven't had an uncrowded moment since."

Shirley left the Islands "sort of snagged," and Black resigned from his Hawaii job to hook up with KTTV in Los Angeles, "as I felt I couldn't compete for her hand 3,000 miles away." They were married in December, 1950, in a private ceremony at the Blacks' family home in Monterey. The following spring Charles was recalled to the Navy and served as a lieutenant commander in the Pentagon for the duration of the Korean War.

During this period Shirley T. Black mowed her own lawn in their Bethesda, Md., residence, and irate tourists would scream at her, "Please move, we're trying to photograph Shirley Temple's house." Once she was driving a tractor when a woman asked, "Does Shirley Temple live around here?" "Nope," said Shirley. "Do you know where she lives?" the woman asked. "Nope." "Well!" said the woman. "You certainly don't seem to know much about your neighbors."

At the urging of their good friend Dan Kimball, then Secretary of the Navy, Shirley had her second baby at the Naval Hospital, like all the other Navy wives. The Caesarean delivery developed trouble, and for six weeks she lay near death. "They had me get up the second day and walk," Shirley explains, "and the stitches broke and I eviscerated. It wasn't discovered until my bandages were changed eight hours later." She also got pleurisy and a blood clot in the lower right lung. For the girl who had never been sick a day in her life, it was "very, very frightening."

In 1953 the Blacks moved to Los Angeles, where Charles became business manager for ABC-TV. The following year they went north to Atherton, near Palo Alto, where he was engaged as director of business operations for the Stanford Research Institute. Two years ago they moved to nearby Woodside, and they now live on three bucolic acres in a Tudor house, atop the tallest hillside in the area. There is a fine view of San Francisco, 25 miles away.

Like most mothers, Shirley is up at 6:30 "to officiate at the great exodus of husband to work and children to school." Then she gets busy on an extraordinary schedule of civic activities, involving hospitals, charities and other good works. The list runs for two mimeographed pages of a self-prepared "Shirley T. Black Activity Résumé." Free time is given over to golf, gardening and interior decorating, at which she is a licensed and skilled professional. "I learned the business from studying sets," she says. "I enjoy color psychology and am good on scale. But I can't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work for strangers. They just want to ask me about Elizabeth Taylor."

Her codes are strict and simple. She lives her life in Quaker black and white. Recently she took her youngest daughter's class to a movie, only to march them out of it. "Right off," she says, "the parents of the family were killed in an auto crash and the children and dog critically hurt. I was furious. I blistered the manager and wrote a letter to the producer."

Dinner at the Blacks' is served shortly after six and is a ritual: "We all talk together about *any* subject, taking turns as chairman. Puppies, politics, religion, Bach. . . . We want our children to know the art of old-fashioned conversation." Dinner guests have to arrive at 5:30 if they count on having a drink first. At larger parties Charles Jr., in his military-school uniform, opens the door, while Lori and Susan conduct tours of the house, which is filled with Orientalia and Spanish *objets* from the Hearst castle at San Simeon. Out back, guests can see four chickens cackling at the dogs and deer. On Sunday mornings the family reads Bible stories, Shirley's own religious training having been centered on similar readings at home.

Somehow Shirley still finds time for business. In 1958, when her old films were on TV sets everywhere, she persuaded a toy company to put out a new version of the old Shirley Temple doll—still known in the trade as the *Gone With the Wind* of its kind. (At home recently she pointed to one of the new dolls and said, "That was *my* deal.") The same year she narrated and acted in a TV series, *Shirley Temple's Storybook.* Based on fairy tales, it proved once again that she could, if she wanted to, steal Christmas from Tiny Tim. As a child star her income, before taxes, amounted to roughly five million dollars from movies and merchandise, and she is said to know where every dime she ever made may be at a given moment. She leases her collection of 900 dolls to museums by the year.

The Blacks do not have much time for travel, but when they do they cannot leave "the little girl" behind. This spring they finished a European holiday in Moscow, where Shirley wanted to confer with Soviet medical specialists about treatment for a brother, once an expert gymnast, who has multiple sclerosis. Stopping in London, they were besieged in their hotel by packs of Fleet Street reporters. In Moscow she was asked to appear on a television tribute to cosmonauts Belyayev and Leonov. Shirley thoughtfully added her own tribute, in brave Russian, to the American space effort.

Constantly aware of "the Shirley Temple legend," she always turns when a friendly stranger calls out, "Hi, Shirley," but it annoys her, she admits, "because I'm prepared to think it's a personal friend. But I realize that no publicity campaign, no parents, no studio genius made me a name. The public did it, and I feel a responsibility to them." In cities, she is unfailingly asked for autographs. "And someone always sends me a Shirley Temple—Grenadine, Seven-Up and about five cherries. I don't like it, but people think it's cute to send me one. Once it was called a Hopalong Cassidy, and for a while a Margaret O'Brien. Maybe," she adds with a sigh, "it will be a Beatle someday."

The well-disciplined life is a natural outgrowth for her. "Even as a baby," Mrs. Temple says, "Shirl had an unusual seriousness about her. I always have to ask her permission to talk to interviewers, and she sizes everybody up very thoroughly." Shirley acknowledges, "I have a mean eye. I don't like people who read stories about me to know where the children go to school or what day the maid is off. Mixed-up fans still come around. Just lately we had a known sex maniac and another time a child molester. A man came to the door the other day and said he'd married me in 1940 and sold his stamp collection to get here. One of my brothers is an FBI agent, and I have to call them to keep a check on that kind of visitor." The Black home is relatively free of the security apparatus Shirley grew up with—six-foot walls, electrified gates, barred windows, electric eyes wired to police alarms, and chauffeurs with pistols. She herself can deal with any situation, showing no fear and little emotion.

Many of her friends today wonder why she refuses to sever the silver cord to Hollywood. "I love the work," Shirley explains, "and Charles likes me to do it. I don't want to perpetuate a myth; I just *enjoy* it. I even like the air in the sound stages."

Mrs. Gertrude Temple agrees. "It was never really work for her," she adds, "and it still isn't. I went down to see her the last day she was shooting this TV pilot for Fox. She was so tired and anxious to get home—Charles always meets her. But she said, 'Mom, I loved it, I loved it all.' And you could see it in her eyes. Why, her eyes were dancing." □

In her bedroom, Lori has a conference with mother. The Blacks center family life on the children, hold regular dinner-table discussions on topics ranging from politics to Bach.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

A plea for a responsible vote

Legislation to protect the voting rights of every American citizen is long overdue. However, in its zeal to correct the wrongs of the past, the Administration may have gone too far with the bill it has recommended. The new law, which would affect those states with a history of discrimination against Negro voters, contains a provision that would invalidate literacy tests in the states to which it applies. It is obvious that several southern states have used unreasonable tests for the sole purpose of disfranchising the Negro. We agree that such tests should be abolished. But should we abandon literacy tests? We don't think so. On the theory that an illiterate voter is an ill-informed voter, 18 states, including New York, require proof that the prospective voter can read and write. Clearly, the ability to read does not guarantee the ability to vote intelligently, but it is a good beginning.

The pundits, the candidates and the moon

The game of guessing-the-candidate turned out to be so much fun last year that it started right up again immediately after the election. This kind of speculation is about as productive as picking the pennant winners three years in advance, but most experts find it irresistible. The current guessing skips 1968 in favor of 1972, the first year, say the pundits, "in which the nomination is going to be worth anything." Even the Republicans seem to assume that President Johnson will emerge untarnished from all battles, foreign and domestic, and win again in 1968. As his replacement, the leading nominee is Vice President Humphrey, even though he seems already to be gradually disappearing into Lyndon's shadow. The next choice is Ted Kennedy (see page 25), though he has shown little so far but personal courage, a pleasant smile and a famous name. His brother Robert, who seems more talented and less likable, runs a close third. On the G.O.P. side, the leader is none other than Richard Milhous Nixon, now hard on the heels of William Jennings Bryan as the gamest loser in American politics. But we must not forget Michigan's Governor Romney, Pennsylvania's Scranton, columnist Goldwater and a host of others. And in case this long-range speculation is not quite absurd enough, it would be well to consider one more candidate. By 1972 an American may have gone to the moon and returned in triumph. Stand by, gamesmen! The fun has only started.

The tactful nuns

There is all too little tact around these days, and we salute the discretion shown by a group of American nuns who felt understandable concern over the selection of Italian actress Sophia Loren to play the leading role in a forthcoming M-G-M movie about the life of Mother Cabrini, the only American citizen to be canonized by the Roman Catholic Church. They didn't mention the awkward matter of her disputed marriage to Carlo Ponti; they didn't cluck over her earthy film roles. "Mother Cabrini," the nuns explained, "was a small, slender woman. Miss Loren is bulky."

PRINTED IN U.S.A

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED